

SELECT TRIALS

AT THE

Sessions-House *in the* Old-Bailey,

FOR

MURDER, ROBBERIES, RAPES, SODOMY, COIN
ING, FRAUDS, BIGAMY, and other OFFENCES.

To which are added,

Genuine ACCOUNTS of the LIVES, BEHAVIOUR,
CONFESSIONS and DYING SPEECHES of the
most eminent CONVICTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

From the YEAR 1720, to this Time.

VOL. IV. From *February* 1733, to *September* 1741.

Amongst a great many other remarkable TRIALS are,

For Murder.

James Hall, Sarah Mal-
comb, T. Billings, T. Wood,
and Catherine Hayes, Capt.

John Jayne, Richard Savage,
James Clough, Lewis Houf-
fart, Major J. Oneby, Burn-
worth, Blewit, and their
Gang, T. Athoe, and his
Son, &c. &c. &c.

For the Highway.

W. Gorden, W. Wrea-
thock, and his Gang, T.
Carr, and E. Adams, Mary
Young alias Jenny Diver,
James Dalton, &c.

For Forgery.

Richard Brabant, Parson

Kinnersly, and W. Hales,
&c.

For Rapes and Attempts
to Ravish.

Arthur Gray, Samuel
Street, Colonel Charteris,
William West, &c.

For receiving stolen
Goods.

J. Barthelmi, Jonathan
Wild, &c.

For Burglary.

John Sheppard, Edgworth
Befs, &c.

For Sodomy and Sodomiti-
cal Practices.

Margaret Clap, Charles
Hitchin, &c.

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. SMITH in *Dame-street*, G. FAULKNER in
Essex-street, and OLI. NELSON in *Skinner-Row*. 1742.

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Privately stealing from the Person to the Value of 1 s. is Death.

Hannah Cummins, Martha Holcombe, *alias* Nichols, *and* Mary Clark, Margaret Hobbs, *alias* Copper, *and* Hester Hobbs, *alias* Lewin, Patrick Gaffney.

Privately Stealing in the Shop, House, or Stable, to the Value of 5 s. is Death.

Jacob Dubourdie, Thomas Edesbury, *alias* Edsworth, *and* Sarah Griffith, *alias* Griffin, Elizabeth Skipper.

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S E L E C T
T R I A L S
A T T H E
Sessions-House *in the* Old-Bailey.

V O L. IV.

SARAH MALCOLM, *alias* MALLCOMBE, for the Murder of Ann Price, Spinster, Elizabeth Harrison, Spinster, and Lydia Duncomb, Widow, Feb. 4. 1733.



SARAH MALCOLM, *alias* Mallcombe, was indicted for the Murder of Ann Price, Spinster, by wilfully and maliciously giving her with a Knife one mortal Wound on the Throat, of the Length of two Inches, and Depth of one Inch, on the 4th of February, of which Wound the said Ann Price instantly died.

She was a second Time indicted for the Murder of Elizabeth Harrison, Spinster, by strangling and choaking her with a Cord, on the said 4th of February; by Reason of which Strangling and Choaking the said Elizabeth Harrison instantly died.

She was a third Time indicted for the Murder of Lydia Duncomb, Widow, by strangling and choaking her with a Cord, on the said 4th of February, by which Strangling and Choaking, the said Lydia Duncomb instantly died.

She was likewise indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murders.

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B

She

She was again indicted for breaking and entering the Dwelling house of *Lydia Duncomb*, Widow, and stealing 20 Moidores, 18 Guineas, one Broad-Piece, Value 25 s. 4 Broad-Pieces, Value 23 s. each, one half Broad-Piece, Value 11 s. 6 d. 25 Shillings in Silver, a Silver Tankard, Value 40 s. a Canvas Bag, Value 1 d. and two Smocks, Value 12 s. on the said 4th Day of *February*, about the Hour of Two in the Night of the same Day.

To all which Indictments she pleaded Not Guilty.

The Time of her Trial was appointed to be on the Friday following. at Ten of the Clock in the Morning.

On *Friday, Feb. 23, 1733.* *Sarah Malcolm* was brought to the Bar, in order to take her Trial.

Council. If your Lordship pleases, we will begin with the Indictment for the Murder of *Ann Price*; and, if the Jury shall find the Prisoner guilty of that, we shall not give the Court any further Trouble.

Court. Proceed in your own Method, Gentlemen.

Clerk of the Arraigs. You the Prisoner at the Bar, these Men which you shall hear called, and personally appear, are to pass between our Sovereign Lord the King and you, upon Trial of your Life and Death: If you will challenge them, or any of them, your Time is to challenge them, or any of them, as they come to the Book to be sworn, and before they be sworn.

Then the twelve Jurors (who tried other Prisoners on the *London Side*) were sworn and counted.

Clerk. *Sarah Malcolm*, otherwise *Mallcombe*, hold up your Hand. Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the Prisoner, and hearken to her Cause.

She stands indicted by the Name of *Sarah Malcolm*, otherwise *Mallcombe*, late of *London*, Spinster; for that she not having the Fear of God before her Eyes, but being moved and seduced by a devilish Instigation, on the 4th Day of *February*, in the sixth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord the King that now is, in the *Inner-Temple*, in *London* aforesaid, in and upon *Ann Price*, Spinster, in the Peace of God, and our Sovereign Lord the King, then and there being, then and there she the said *Sarah Malcolm* did make an Assault, and with a Knife made of Iron and Steel, of the Value of Three Pence, which she the said *Sarah Malcolm*, then and there in her Right Hand held,

held, feloniously, violently, and of her Malice afore-thought, on the Throat of the said *Ann Price*, did strike and cut; by which striking and cutting the said *Sarah Malcolm* did give to the said *Ann Price* one mortal Wound, of the Length of two Inches, and Depth of one Inch; of which mortal Wound the said *Ann Price* instantly died; and that so she the said *Sarah Malcolm*, in Manner and Form aforesaid, feloniously, violently, and of her Malice afore-thought, the said *Ann Price* did kill and murder, against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

She likewise stands charged on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder. Your Charge is to enquire whether she be guilty of this Felony and Murder, whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty. If you find her guilty, you are to enquire what Goods and Chattels, Lands or Tenements she had at the Time the said Felony or Murder was committed, or at any Time since. If you find her not guilty, you are to enquire whether she fled for it: If you find that she did not fly for it, you shall enquire of her Goods and Chattels, as if you had found her guilty. If you find her not guilty, and that she did not fly for it, say so, and no more, and hear your Evidence. But if you quit her on the Coroner's Inquest, you must find how *Ann Price* came by her Death.

Council. My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, this is an Indictment by which *Sarah Malcolm*, the Prisoner at the Bar, stands charged with the Murder of *Ann Price*, by cutting her Throat in the Chamber of *Lydia Duncomb*, in the *Inner-Temple*.

I shall not endeavour to aggravate a Crime in its own Nature so horrid, but shall only lay before your Lordship and the Jury, some Particulars relating to the Fact.

Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb* was a Widow Lady, about eighty Years of Age; she had lived forty Years, four Pair of Stairs high, in the *Inner-Temple*; she had one Maid, *Elizabeth Harrison*, who had lived with her many Years, and was grown old in her Service, for she was about sixty, and very infirm withal: But though she was now past her Labour, the good Lady (who was Bed-ridden herself) retained her still, in respect to her former faithful Services, and hired others to do her Work: The Prisoner had formerly been employed on such Occasions as a Chair-woman, and, by

that means had an Opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mrs. *Duncomb's* Circumstances. But about three Months ago, Mrs. *Duncomb* hired *Ann Price* (the unhappy Creature, for the Murder of whom the Prisoner stands indicted) to be a constant Servant; she was a young Maid, not above seventeen. Mrs. *Duncomb* had a middling Fortune left her by her Husband; and thus she lived with her two Maids contented, and in Peace, till this Night, this fatal Night, the 4th of *February*! when (if my Instructions are right) the Prisoner entered the Chambers of this little Family, and cruelly deprived them both of their Lives and their Money.

This barbarous Fact was undiscovered till Sunday Noon, when Mrs. *Love*, who used to visit Mrs. *Duncomb*, came to dine with her. She found the Door shut, and having no Answer when she knocked, she concluded that the old Maid was sick, and that the young one was sent out on an Errand: She waited a considerable time for her Return, but to no Purpose. She wondered what could be the Meaning of it, and went down to Mrs. *Rhymer* (who was Mrs. *Duncomb's* Friend, and lived in the *Temple*) and acquainted her with it. Mrs. *Rhymer* came back with her to the Door, but could get no Entrance. They then began to think some Misfortune had happened; and meeting with *Ann Oliphant*, a Laundress; (whose Master's Chambers were opposite to Mrs. *Duncomb's*) they persuaded her to get out of her Master's Garret Window, and so into Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chambers. She did so, and opened Mrs. *Duncomb's* Door. They entered: But the Surprise, the Horror they were in, is not to be expressed, when the first Object they fixed their Eyes on, was the poor unhappy young Maid murdered! inhumanly murdered! and lying weltering in her own Blood, her Hands clench'd, her Hair loose, and her Throat cut from Ear to Ear. A terrible Spectacle! But this was not all, the tragical Scene did not close here; the honest old Servant lay strangled on her Bed, and a little further, her good old Lady, robbed of her Life in the same manner.

Those who lodged in the *Temple* must be under a particular Consternation on this Account, when by their manner of living, they are obliged to trust their Keys, their Chambers, their Properties, and even their Lives to others.

About

About Twelve the same Night, Mr. Kerrel coming home, found the Prisoner (who was his Laundress) in his Chambers; he little expected to see her there at such an Hour. He had heard of these Murders, and that she had formerly chair'd for Mrs. *Duncomb*, he ask'd her if any Body was taken up for the Murders? She said, No. He told her, it was suspected the Fact must have been done by some Body that was acquainted with the Deceased: And, as he had heard, that she had formerly done Business there, she should continue no longer in his Service, and therefore bid her look up her Things and go. Upon examining, he missed some of his Cloaths, and she confessed she had pawned them. This made him still more uneasy, and he resolved she should stay no longer: Upon which she went down Stairs. His Suspicion caused him to search further, and in the Close-stool he found some Linnen, and a Silver Tankard, with the Handle bloody. Looking under his Bed, he found a Shift and an Apron all bloody. These Discoveries gave him an extraordinary Concern; he call'd the Watch, and sent them after her: And such was the Providence of God, that she had not Power to go beyond the *Inner-Temple Gate*: There she was found sitting between two Watchmen; she was brought back to him; he shewed her the Tankard and the Linnen bloody as they were, and asked her if they were hers; she said, yes, and that the Tankard was left her by her Mother. The Officers of the *Temple* carried her to the Constable, by whom she was taken before Alderman *Brocas*.

These are the Facts, and if we can prove these Things were found upon her, and that she owned them to be hers; and, if we prove that they were not hers, but Mrs. *Duncomb's*, I believe the Jury will have no Difficulty to find her guilty.

John Kerrel Sworn.

John Kerrel. The Prisoner has been my Laundress about a Quarter of a Year. She was recommended to me as an honest Woman, by a Gentleman in the *Temple*. On Sunday the 4th of this Month, as I returned from Commons, I met Mr. *Gebagan*, and going with him through *Tanfield Court*, we found a Mob there, and enquiring what was the Matter, we were told of the Murders that had been committed. Says Mr. *Gebagan*, *This Mrs. Duncomb*

was your Sarah's (*the Prisoner's*) Acquaintance. We went forward to the Coffee house in *Covent Garden*; there we heard several discoursing about these Murders, and it was the general Opinion, that they must have been committed by some Laundress, who was acquainted with the Chambers. From thence we went to the *Horseshoe and Magpye* in *Essex street*, where we staid till One in the Morning, and then returned home. I found my Door open, and the Prisoner in my Room. So, Sarah, says I, *are you here at this Time of Night? You knew Mrs. Duncomb; have you heard of any Body that is taken up for the Murders?* No, says she, *but a Gentleman who had Chambers under her, has been absent two or three Days, and he is suspected.* Says I, *No Body that was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb shall be here, till the Murderer is found out; and therefore look up your Things, and go away.* In the mean Time Mr. Gebagan went down to call the Watch, but he could not find the Door readily, and so he came up again, and I went down to call two Watchmen, and brought them up, and I found her turning over some Linnen in my Drawers. I asked her who it belong'd to? She said it was her own. I went into the Closet, and missing my Waistcoats, I asked her what she had done with them? She called me aside, and said she had pawned them at Mr. Williams's, in *Drury lane*, for two Guineas, and pray'd me not to be angry. I told her I was not so angry on that Account, but I suspected she was concerned in the Murder. The next Thing I took Notice of was a Bundle lying on the Ground; I asked her what it was, she said it was her Gown. *And what's in it,* says I? *Why, Linnen,* says she, *that is not proper for Men to see;* and so I did not offer to open it. I searched further, and missed several Things of my own, and found other Things that did not belong to me, and then I charg'd the Watch with her, and bid them take her away, and take Care of her. When she was gone, I found another Bundle in my Bedchamber; upon this, I called to Mr. Gebagan, and shewed it him; whereupon we resolved to make a thorough Search, and so looked in the Close-stool, where we found some more Linnen, and a Pint Silver Tankard, with a bloody Handle. We then went to one of the Watchmen, again, and he said, he had let her go, upon her promising to come again at ten o'Clock in the Morning. I
bid

bid him find her out by all Means. He hipp'd to his Brother Watchman at the Gate, and they went and brought her to me. I shewed her the bloody Tankard and Linnen, and asked her, if they were hers? She said, Yes; they were left her by her Mother. I asked, how the Handle of the Tankard came to be bloody? She said, she had cut her Finger; and as for the Linnen, she said it was not Blood upon it, but a Disorder.

Court. What Kind of Linnen was it? Did you open the Bundle?

Mr. Kerrel. I opened that which I found in my Bed-chamber; but my Confusion was so great, that I don't know whether it was Shifts or Aprons. She told me the Tankard had been in pawn, and that she had pawn'd my Waistcoats to redeem it. The Watchman carried her to the Watch-house, and there they found a green Silk Purse, with 21 Counters, in her Bosom.

Court. Are you positive, that she owned the Tankard and the Linnen to be hers?

Mr. Kerrel. Yes; but the Linnen in her Gown was left unopened, till after she was sent to the Watch-house.

Prisoner. Was the Linnen you found in the Close-stool bloody?

Mr. Kerrel. I am not sure whether it was that, or the Linnen I found under my Bed that was bloody, for I was very much surprized, and I brought one Parcel down, and *Mr. Gebagan* brought another, and we threw them down in the Watchman's Box, and so they were mixed together.

Court. Shew the Tankard to the Jury, and unseal the Linnen, and let them see that too, and the other Things.

Mr. Kerrel. This is the green Silk Purse, that was found upon her in the Watch-house; she said, she found it in the Street: but somebody taking Notice that it was clean, she then said, she had wash'd it since. This is the Gown that some of the Linnen was wrapp'd in, and this is the bloody Apron that was found under my Bed, and which, she said, was not bloody, but the Marks of a Disorder.

Pris. Was the Linnen wet or dry?

Mr. Kerrel. I can't say which, but it was bloody.

Pris. Did you take it up?

Mr. Kerrel. I took up that under the Bed, and in the Close-stool. The clean Linnen that was in the Drawers she took out herself, and the Watchman afterwards fetch'd away that which was in the Gown.

Pris. Was the Gown bloody, or the Shift bloody in the Sleeves, or the Bosom, or any where but in the lower Part?

Mr. Kerrel. I cannot say.

Court. Is the Shift here?

Mr. Kerrel. Yes.

Court. Produce it then, and let some Body look on it.

Ann Oliphant, (looking on it). I think here's a little Blood on the upper Part of the Bosom.

Pris. Upon your Oath is it Blood, or a Stain?

Ann Oliphant. I cannot be positive; but it seems like the rest.

Pris. to Mr. K. Did you suspect me on Account of finding me in your Chambers so late on *Sunday* Night, or was it because you saw me counting Money there on *Sunday* Morning?

Mr. Kerrel. I saw no Money that you had on *Sunday* Morning. I suspected nothing of you, till I found you so late in my Chambers.

Pris. Swear him if he did not see me counting Money in the Morning, or if he did not count it after me?

Mr. Kerrel. No, I did not.

Pris. Did not you count 90 *l.* in your own Bed after me?

Mr. Kerrel. No, I say I know nothing of it. If you had so much Money, you might have fetched my Things out of pawn.

Pris. What! Did not you reckon how many Broad-pieces and Moidores, and how much Silver there was?

Mr. Kerrel. No, if I had, I should have suspected you afterwards; but I had not then heard of the Murder, for it was not known till two in the Afternoon, and after I had heard it, I went to the Coffee-house, and did not return Home till one o'Clock on *Monday* Morning. If I had seen you have so much Money on *Sunday* Morning, I should have had such a Suspicion of you, when I first heard of the Murder, that I should have come Home directly.

Pris.

Pris. 'Tis hard that he will deny, upon his Oath what he did with his own Hands.

Court. What Time in the Morning was this?

Pris. About nine o'Clock; and he asked me where I had it? And I told him from some Relations in the Country.

Court. What Time did she come to your Chambers?

Mr. Kerrel. About nine in the Morning. I sent her for some Tea. *Mr. Gebagan* breakfasted with me, and she staid till about ten o'Clock, when the Horn sounded for Commons.

Council. There was, you say, clean Linnen taken out of the Drawers?

Mr. Kerrel. I think this is the same.

Council. Was there any Blood upon it?

Mr. Kerrel. No, I should have seized her presently, if I had found any Blood, before she went away first.

Council. Did she own that clean Linnen to be hers too?

Mr. Kerrel. Yes

John Gebagan sworn.

John Gebagan. I have Chambers over the *Alienation-Office*, three Pair of Stairs high. Mine are on the Left-Hand, and *Mr. Kerrel's* on the Right, we are very intimate together. On Sunday Morning, the 4th of February, I rose about eight o'Clock, and saw *Mr. Kerrel's* Door shut. About nine, the Prisoner came up, and opened his Door, and went in, and it was not ten Minutes before he came to my Bed-side, and, says he, *You was a good Advocate for me last Night, and I'll give you a Breakfast.* He gave her a Shilling to fetch some Tea; she made it, and staid till the Horn blew for Commons. And after Commons he and I went out together. Going through *Tanfield-Court*, we found a Mob there, and seeing *Mr. Clark*, a Writer, we asked what was the Matter? He told us of the Murder, and said to *Mr. Kerrel*, this is your Landress's Acquaintance. We went to a Coffee-house in *Covent-garden*, where some Gentlemen, talking about the Murder, said, they should suspect some of the Landresses. We staid there till Eight, and then went to the *Horse-shoe and Magpye* in *Effex-street*, where we staid till One in the Morning, and then going Home, we found his Door open, a Fire and Candle in the Room, and the Prisoner

standing by the Fire-side. Says Mr. Kerrel, Sarah, *this Mrs. Duncomb was one of your Acquaintance, have you heard of any Body's being taken up for the Murder?* She said that one Mr. Knight, who had Chambers under Mrs. Duncomb's, was suspected. *Well!* says Mr. Kerrel, *I'll have nobody stay in my Room, that was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb.* I went down to call the Watch, but there being a double Door to the *Alienation-Office*, I fumbled, and could not get it open, so he came down and brought the Watch up. He missed his Waistcoats, and asked her where they were? She desired him to let her speak a Word with him in private? He said, *No, I have no Business with you that needs be made a Secret of.* Then she told him they were pawned. He kicked a Bundle that lay in the Closet, and asked her what it was? She said it was an old Gown of hers, with a Shift and Apron in it; but it was a very indecent Sight for a Man to see, and therefore desired him not to look into it, and so he put it aside again. Then the Watch took her down, and when she was gone he looked under his Bed, and found another Bundle: *Zounds!* says he, *here's another Bundle of Linnen that this Bitch has left behind her;* and looking further, he found the Linnen and the bloody Tankard in the Close-stool. We went down together, and he called to the Watch, and asked him where the Woman was? The Watchman said he had let her go. *You Dog,* says Mr. Kerrel, *go and find her again, or I'll send you to Newgate.* The Watchman soon met with her, and brought her to us. *You bloody murdering Bitch you!* says I, *was it not enough to rob the People, and be damn'd to you, but you must murder them too? I'll see you hang'd, you Bitch! you bloody Bitch you!* So I shewed her the Tankard, and she began to wipe the Handle with her Apron; but, says I, *No, you bloody Bitch, you shan't wipe it off.* She said it was her own, and that her Mother gave it her, and that she had fetched it out of Pawn, where it had lain for 30 s. *You bloody Bitch you,* says I, *your Mother was never worth such a Tankard.* I had much ado to keep my Hands off of the Bitch.

Court. How came ye to know, that the Prisoner was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb?

Mr. Gebagan. She told me so herself.

Court.

Court. Did you see the Linnen that was taken out of the Close-stool ?

Mr. Gebagan. Mr. *Kerrel* gave me that Linnen and the Tankard, and I carried them down. I saw this bloody Apron and bloody Smock taken out of the Gown. The Bundle was in the Closet when Mr. *Kerrel* mist his Waist-coats, but it was not opened then; the Watchman fetched it away afterwards.

Pris. Was the Blood on the Tankard dry ?

Mr. Gebagan. It appeared then to be fresh.

Pris. Was the Blood on the Shift and Apron wet or dry ?

Mr. Gebagan. I don't know certainly.

Pris. Who took the Shift up ?

Mr. Gebagan. I had it in my Hand, the Blood on it, was like that on the Tankard, which I thought was wet.

Pris. It had been folded up ever since till now, and if it was wet then, it must be damp still, if no Air has come to it. — Was the Linnen in the Close-stool bloody, and what Linnen was it ?

Mr. Gebagan. I don't know what Linnen it was, nor whether it was bloody or no.

Pris. Was the Linnen in the Gown delivered to me before I went to the Watch-house ?

Mr. Gebagan. No; on her saying it was indecent, it was left, but the Watchman came afterwards, and said the Constable thought it necessary to have the Smock and Apron.

Pris. What Gown had I on ?

Mr. Gebagan. I don't know.

Pris. I would ask Mr. *Kerrel* the same Question.

Mr. Kerrel. You came up in that blue Riding-Hood you have on now, but I did not mind what Gown.

Pris. Had I any Blood on my Cloaths, or was I clean drest ?

Court. Why it was Monday Morning when you was taken, you had twenty-four Hours Time to shift your Cloaths.

Pris. Had I shifted myself with clean Linnen ?

Mr. Kerrel. I don't know, I did not observe.

John Masfreter sworn.

John Masfreter. I was on my Watch in the Temple that Night the Murder was done; and nothing past but Gentlemen

Gentlemen going to their Chambers. Next Night, or Monday Morning at past one o'Clock, Mr. Kerrel called *Watch!* I went up to him, and he bid me call another Watch, and so I brought *Richard Hughs* to him. Then Mr. Kerrel said, *Come up, Watchmen*; so we went up and he searched his Drawers, and what Linnen was not his own he threw out. Then he went to search for his Cloaths in a Portmanteau-Trunk in the Closet, where he mist his Waistcoats, and asked the Prisoner what was become of them? She said she had pawned them. He said he could freely forgive her for pawning them, but he suspected she was concerned in the Murder, because he had heard her talk of Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb*; therefore, says he, *Watch, take Care of her, and do not let her go.* So we carried her down, and as nothing was found upon her, I and my Brother Watchman agreed to let her go, upon her promising to be forth-coming at ten in the Morning. It was a very boisterous Night, and in five Minutes after she was gone, Mr. Kerrel and Mr. *Gebagan* came down with a bloody Tankard and bloody Linnen. Mr. Kerrel asked me where the Woman was? I said I had let her go. Says he, if you don't bring her again, I'll take Care of you. So I called my Brother Watch, and he found her sitting between two other Watchmen at the *Temple-Gate*. We carried her back to Mr. Kerrel. He shewed her the Tankard, and asked her whose it was? She said it was hers, that she had had it these 5 Years, and that it was given her by her Mother. He asked her how the Handle came to be bloody? She said, she had a Prick in her Finger, and she shewed it me. It looked as if it was done with a rusty Nail.

Council. Did it appear to be a fresh Hurt?

John Mastreter. No; but a Prick she had, I am certain of.

Pris. Was the Blood on the Tankard wet or dry?

John Mastreter. I can't tell; but I believe it was dry, because it did not bloody me when I took hold of it.

Pris. Mr. *Gebagan* swore it was wet.

Mr. *Gebagan.* She rubbed it, and I thought it was.

John Mastreter. I had not the Tankard in the Chamber, but it was brought down to me.

Pris. Was you by when the bloody Linnen was taken?

John

John Maistreter. No, the other Watchman had that. It was clean Linnen that was given me.

Council. These Things were found after one o'Clock on *Monday Morning*, which was twenty-four Hours after the Murders, and therefore I don't see of what Service it would be to the Prisoner, if she could prove, that the Blood was dry ; might it not very well be dry in that Time?

Richard Hughs sworn.

Richard Hughs. As I was upon my Watch in the *Temple*, at past one o'Clock on *Monday Morning*, I heard Mr. *Kerrel* call *Watch !* My Brother Watchman (*Maistreter*) went, and then he called me too ; we went up Stairs, and the Prisoner opened the Door to us. Mr. *Kerrel* looked in his Drawers, and in the middle Drawer there was a Pair of Ear-rings, which she owned, and took them out and put them in her Bosom. In another Room there was some Cloaths, and he asked her about his Waistcoats, she went to whisper him, and said they were pawn'd ; he was angry with her, and said, *Why did not you ask me for Money ?* Then he bid me and *Maistreter* take Care of her ; but as we were not charged with her before a Constable, we thought we had no Occasion to keep her in Custody, and so we discharged her ; she went as far as *Tanfield-Court Arch*, and then she turned back, and said it was late, and she lived as far as *Shoreditch*, and therefore had rather sit up in the Watch-house all Night than go Home : *No, says I, you shall not sit up in the Watch-house, and therefore go about your Business, and be here again at ten o'Clock.* She said she would come at ten, and so she went away. But soon after she was gone, Mr. *Kerrel* came down with a Tankard and some clean Linnen, and very angry he was that we had let her go. I went after her, I found her at the *Temple Gate*, sitting betwixt 2 Watchmen : I told her Mr. *Kerrel* wanted to speak with her, and (that I might get her along the more easily) I said, that he was not so angry then, as he was before, and so I brought her with me : He shewed her the Tankard, and she said it was her Mother's ; he asked how it came bloody, she said she had prick'd her Finger.

Court. Was it fresh Blood upon the Tankard ?

Richard Hughs. It looked much as it does now. Then I carried her to the Constable and there left her, and went away

away and filled my Pipe. But presently I recollected, that when I was in Mr. Kerrel's Room, I kicked a Bundle in a Gown, and asked what it was, and she said her Shifts and Apron were in it, and not fit to be seen. I told the Constable of it, and he sent for it; so I went and asked for the Bundle, *whereof* the Shift and Apron were put.

Council. *Whereof?* *wherein*, you mean; look upon them, is that the Apron, and that the Shift?

Richard Hughs. I am sure these are the same; for I unfolded them in the Chamber, they were both bloody as they are now.

Pris. Was the Blood wet or dry?

Richard Hughs. I am not sure which.

Pris. 'Tis hard if he opened them and handled them, and saw they were bloody, and yet can't say whether they were wet or dry.

Ann Love sworn.

Ann Love. I had been acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb 30 Years. On Sunday the 4th of February, I went in order to dine with her; it was exactly one o'Clock when I came to her Chamber Door. I knocked and waited a considerable Time, but nobody answered; I went down to see if I could find any body that had seen any of the Family, or knew whether the Maid was gone out or no. I met with Mrs. Oliphant, and asked her; she said she had seen none of them. I went up again, but could make no body hear: Then I concluded that the old Maid *Elizabeth Harrison* was dead, and that the young Maid *Ann Price*, was gone to her Sister's to acquaint her with it. I went then to Mrs. Rhymer, (who was Mrs. Duncomb's Executrix) she came with me, and I went up again with her, but we could not get the Door open; I looked out and saw the Prisoner at my Lord Bishop of Bangor's Door; I called her up, and said, *Sarah, prithee go and fetch the Smith to open the Door.* She said she would go with all Speed, and so she went.

Council. Why did you call her?

Ann Love. Because I knew she was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb. The Prisoner returned without the Smith. Mrs. Oliphant came to us, *Ob!* says I, *Mrs. Oliphant, I believe they are all dead, and the Smith is not come, What shall we do to get in?* She said, she believed she could

could get out of her Master's Chamber into the Gutter, and so open Mrs. *Duncomb's* Window ; I desired her to do so by all Means : She accordingly got out upon the Leads, broke a Pane of Glass in Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chamber-window, opened the Casement, jump't in and opened the Door, and I and Mrs. *Rhymer* and the Prisoner went in.

Council. And what did you see there ?

Ann Love. In the Passage, the poor young Girl *Nanny* lay murdered upon her Bed, and wallowing in her Blood, with her Throat cut from Ear to Ear. In the next Room the old Maid *Elizabeth Harrison* lay dead, and was thought to be strangled ; and in the next Room to that, Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb* dead too, and strangled in her Bed ; and her Box, where she kept her Money, was broke open, and nothing left in it but some Papers.

Council. Do you know that Tankard ?

Ann Love. No ; if it was hers, I suppose she kept it locked up, for I don't remember that I have seen it in Use.

Council. Have you seen the Prisoner in Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chambers at any Time before those Murders ?

Ann Love. Yes : I was there about eight o'Clock the Night before the Fact, and Mrs. *Oliphant* and the Prisoner were then in the Room.

Council. Do you know on what Account the Prisoner came.

Ann Love. She pretended she came to enquire of the old Maid's Health.

Council. What Time did she go away ?

Ann Love. She and Mrs. *Oliphant* went away a little before eight, and I staid about a Quarter of an Hour after.

Council. When you went, did any Body lock the Door after you ?

Ann Love. I don't know ; it was a spring Lock, and there was a Bolt within Side, and I believe it was bolted when Mrs. *Oliphant* got in at the Window ; for when she opened the Door, I thought I heard the Bolt pulled back.

Council. Did the Prisoner ever live with Mrs. *Duncomb* ?

Ann Love. She was her Chair-woman before last Christmas.

Council. Did the Prisoner use to lie there ?

Ann

Ann Love. I am not sure of that.

Council. Have you seen her there at any other Time than what you have mentioned?

Ann Love. Yes; about a Month before the Murders she came there, under Pretence of looking for the Key of her Master's Chambers.

Pris. If you saw me there when the Murder was discovered, do you know what Cloaths I had on?

Ann Love. I did not take Notice of your Cloaths, but I desired you to make a Fire, and so you did.

Council. Did you see any Thing lye upon the Table?

Ann Love. There was a Case Knife, with a white Handle, but the Blade was broke short off. I did not see the Blade.

Council. What became of that broken Knife?

Ann Love. I don't know; it was taken away, but I can't tell who took it.

Ann Oliphant sworn

Ann Oliphant. Mrs. Love came to me, and said, she had been knocking at Mrs. Duncomb's Door, and could not get in, and that she believed Mrs. Betty (the old Maid) was dead, and that Nanny was gone to acquaint her Sister with it, and that the old Lady could not get up. This was about one o'Clock, and at two she told me she had sent Sarah (the Prisoner) for a Smith to break open the Door, but he was not come, and she knew not how to get in. Says I, *My Master Grisly's Chambers, you know, are opposite to Mrs. Duncomb's. He went away last Tuesday, and Mr. Twysden has left the Keys with me to let the Chambers. Now I'll see if I can't get out of his Chamber Window into the Gutter, and so into Mrs. Duncomb's Apartment.* She desired me to try, and so I did: I got into the Gutter: I broke a Pane in Mrs. Duncomb's Window, opened the Casement, and went in. Here's her Window, and here's her Door; the Door was locked and bolted; I opened it, and Mrs. Rhymer and Mrs. Love came in: I did not then see the Prisoner, but I believe she came soon after. In the first Room we found the young Girl, *Ann Price*, with her Throat cut from Ear to Ear, her Hair loose, and hanging over her Eyes, and her Hands clenched thus ——— In the Dining Room we found *Elizabeth Harrison*, lying upon a Preis-Bed; she was strangled, her Throat was scratched: Mrs.

Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb* lay across her Bed in the next Room, and she was strangled too.

Council. Was the Prisoner there then?

Ann Oliphant. Yes, and she talked to me, but I was so concerned that I don't know what she said, and in a few Minutes the Mob came in.

Council. Was not you at Mrs. *Duncomb's* the Night before the Murder?

Ann Oliphant. Yes, I went to see her about 8 o'Clock; she said she was sorry my Master was gone, because it was so lonesome. The Prisoner was then sitting by the Fire by Mrs. *Betty*, and Mrs. *Betty* said, *My Mistress talks of dying, and would have me die with her.* I got up to go away, and the Prisoner said she would go down with me; and so she did, and we parted in *Tanfield-Court*.

Council. You say you opened the Casement, and found the Door locked and bolted; how do you think the Persons, who did the Murder, could get in and out.

Ann Oliphant. I don't know. I heard somebody say, they must get down the Chimney, 'tis a large Kitchen Chimney; but I could thrust the Lock back, 'tis a spring Lock: I have often put to the Bolt myself without Side, to save Mrs. *Betty* the Trouble of coming to shut the Door after me.

Council. Have you shut the Bolt, do you say, when you were without Side?

Ann Oliphant. I mean, the Bolt of the Lock, not the other Bolt.

Council. Is there any Way for a Person to get out and leave the Door bolted?

Ann Oliphant. I know of none.

Council. Can't they get out at the Stair-case Window?

Ann Oliphant. No: They have lately been barr'd.

Council. Mr. *Grifly's* Chambers had been empty, you say, ever since *Tuesday*, could they not get into his Chambers, and so into hers?

Ann Oliphant. I don't know: There's a silly Lock to his Door, and I believe it may be easily pick'd.

Frances Rhymer sworn.

Frances Rhymer. I have known Mrs. *Duncomb* thirty Years; and within these three or four Years she has been very infirm, and her Memory much decay'd, and therefore

fore she desired me to receive and take Care of her Money, and she made me her Executrix.

Council. Then you have seen her Box where her Money was kept?

Frances Rhymer. Yes; I have opened it Twenty Times.

Council. Do you know this Tankard?

Frances Rhymer. Yes, very well, it was hers. She used to put her Money in it, and the Tankard and Money were both kept locked up in her Box.

Council. Have you seen any Money in the Tankard lately?

Frances Rhymer. Yes; I kept the Key of this Box, and the *Thursday* before her Death she asked me if I had got her Key? I said yes, and she said she wanted a little Money. I asked her how much? She said about a Guinea. So I opened her Box, and took out a Bag; it was a 100 *l.* Bag, it lay at Top of the other Money in the Tankard.

Council. Is this the Bag?

Frances Rhymer. It is was such a Bag as this. I carried it to her by the Fire-side, and gave her a Guinea out of it.

Council. And how much do you think was left in the Bag?

Frances Rhymer. There might be, I believe, about 20 Guineas.

Council. You say, the Bag lay upon other Money?

Frances Rhymer. Yes, besides what was in the Bag there were several Parcels, that she had sealed up in Papers for particular Uses. There were six little Parcels sealed up with black Wax, I believe there were two or three Guineas in each. In another Parcel, she told me, there were 20 Guineas to be laid out in her Burying, and in another there were 18 *Ludores*.

Council. *Moidores* I suppose you mean.

Francis Rhymer. Yes, I believe they call them *Moidores*. These, she said, were for me, to defray any extraordinary Charges that might happen. Then there were a green Purse, with thirty or forty Shillings in it for poor People.

Council. Look on that green Purse, do you think that's the same?

Frances Rhymer. I think it was not so long a Purse as this.

Pris. Will she take her Oath to every Farthing of Money that was in the Box?

Frances

Frances Rhymer. No, I don't pretend to that.

Council. This, you say, was on *Thursday*, what did you observe in Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chambers on the *Sunday* following?

Frances Rhymer. When Mrs. *Oliphant* let us in, the first Thing I took Notice of was the poor young Creature in the Passage, with her Throat cut from Ear to Ear; then in the Dining-Room there lay Mrs. *Betty*, strangled, and in the other Room I found Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb* in the same sad Condition, and her strong black Box was broke open, and all the Money and the Tankard were gone.

Pris. You was there when I was called up, what Cloaths had I on?

Frances Rhymer. I was too much concerned to take Notice of your Cloaths.

Pris. Was the Door lock'd or bolted before Mrs. *Oliphant* opened it?

Frances Rhymer. I don't know.

Pris. Did you see any Way that a Person could possibly get out and leave the Door bolted?

Court. Some Body did get in and out too, that's plain to a Demonstration.

Frances Crowder sworn.

Frances Crowder. I knew Mrs. *Duncomb* fix or seven Years. I know this Tankard; about five Years ago she desired me to sell some Plate for her, and then she shewed me this Tankard, but, says she, *I would not sell this, I intend to keep it for a particular Reason, only I would have you ask what its worth.* Her Plate was marked with a D

D
and a C [C L. for her Husband's Name was *Charles*.] She made use of the Tankard to put her Money in. And afterwards she told me, that she intended the Tankard for her Niece *Keely*.

Council. Look on that clean Linnen. These are the Shifts that were found in Mr. *Kerrel's* Drawers.

Frances Crowder. Mrs. *Duncomb's* Shifts had a particular Cut, and I verily believe on my Oath, that these were hers. I have one of hers here, that is the very same in every Respect. They are all darned too in a particular Manner; there is not one Piece on all her Linnen, but all is darned.

Pris. Have they any particular Mark?

Frances

Frances Crowder. No, there is no Mark, but they have all the same Cut and Darning.

Pris. One Shift may be cut like another.

Frances Crowder. Mrs. *Duncomb* has cut Shifts for me exactly in the same Manner: These Shifts have not been wash'd, I believe, for many Years, but they were laid up in the Box with her Money and the Tankard.

Pris. Mrs. *Rhymer* took no Notice of this Linnen. It was strange that she could not see it; she that opened the Box so often, must know every Trifle that was in it.

Court. She was not asked that Question.

Mrs. Rhymer. I have seen Linnen at the Bottom of the Box; but I did not open it, to look at it.

Court. Can you swear to that Linnen?

Mrs. Rhymer. No.

Thomas Bigg, Surgeon, sworn.

Thomas Bigg. Mr. *Farlow* came to me at the *Rainbow* Coffee House at *Temple-Bar*, to go with the Coroner, and view the Bodies. In the first Room I found the young Maid, *Ann Price*, lying in Bed with her Hair loose, and only her Shift on: Her Chin was fixed down, as if done with a Design to hide the Cuts in her Throat. I lifted her Chin up, and found three Incisions; one of them was not mortal, but the middle one divided the Windpipe, which was cut three Parts through, and either this or the third Wound, was sufficient to cause her Death. Wounds in the Windpipe, indeed, are not always mortal, for they may sometimes be cured; but, in a Case like this, where the great Blood-Vessels were cut, the unavoidable Consequence must be Death. She had no Headcloths on, and her Hair was loose, and she seemed to have struggled hard for her Life. In leaning over the Bed, the Mob pressed so hard upon me, that I was in Danger of having my Legs broke, so that I could not be so particular in my Observation as I could have been. The next Body I view'd was that of *Elizabeth Harrison*: She was strangled, and it appeared to have been by some narrow String, as an Apron-string, or a Packthread. It was pulled so tight, that the Skin was divided, and the Mark very deep. There was likewise the Mark of Knuckles on her Windpipe, and the Blood had gush'd out at her Nose. She had a Gown and Petticoat on, and a Pair of Stockings. I knew her when

I was an Apprentice. She had fore Legs, and for that Reason, I suppose, she might lie in her Stockings. Her Gown too seemed to be a Sort of a Bed-Gown, and I believe, being old and infirm, she lay both in that and her Petticoat too. The last Body was that of Mrs. *Duncomb*. There was a little Crease about her Neck, which was just enough to give a Suspicion that it was made by a String, being tied round, but the Mark was so small, that had she not been very antient and weak, that a little matter, indeed, would have put an End to her Life, one could hardly have thought that to have been the Cause of her Death.

Council. Did you see the Strings on the Apron?

Mr. Bigg. Yes, they were bloody at the Ends.

Prisf. Might they not have been murdered with those Strings, and no Blood appear in the Middle?

Mr. Bigg. They might have been strangled without making the Strings bloody at all. But the Strings being bloody only at the Ends, which when the Apron was tied on, would hang before, the Blood might come upon them in the same Manner as upon the rest of the Apron, or it might be, by folding the Apron up before it was dry.

Prisf. If I had this Apron, and did the Murder in it, how is it possible, that my Shift should be bloody both behind and before.

Council. My Lord, we shall now shew, that it was practicable for the Door to be bolted within Side by a Person who was without.

William Farlow sworn.

William Farlow. Betwixt the Door and the Post there is a Vacancy, through which a Man may put his Finger. I put a Packthread over the Bolt within Side, and then went without and shut the spring Lock, and then drew the Bolt by the Packthread, and it shut very easily.

Mr. Peters sworn.

Mr. Peters. There being a Difficulty started, how the Door could be left bolted within Side, I took Mr. *Farlow*, Porter of the *Temple*, with me; he put a String about the Neck of the Bolt, and then I shut him out, and he pulled the Bolt to by both Ends of the String, and then letting go one End, he pulled the String out.

Prisf. It's hard that People can swear positively to so many

many Things, and yet could not perceive what Cloaths I had on.

Court. They tell you their Thoughts were taken up with other Things.

Pris. The Watchman searched me, but did they find any Blood about me?

Court. You have been told already, that you had Twenty four Hours Time to change your Cloaths; and, that they did not mind what Cloaths you had on.

Council. We have another Witness, Roger Johnson, who is a Prisoner in Newgate.

Roger Johnson sworn.

Roger Johnson. The Prisoner was brought to Newgate on Monday the 5th of February: I had some Knowledge of her, because she used to come thither to see one Johnson, an Irishman, who was convicted for stealing a Scotchman's Pack. She saw a Room where the Debtors were, and asked if she might not be in that Room. I told her it would cost her a Guinea, and she did not look like one that could pay so much; she said, if it was 2 or 3 Guineas, she could send for a Friend that would raise the Money. Then she went into the Tap-house among the Felons, and talked very freely with them. I called for a Link, and took her up into another Room, where there was none but she and I, *Cbild*, says I, *there is Reason to suspect that you are guilty of this Murder, and therefore I have Orders to search you;* (though, indeed, I had no such Orders) and with that I begun to feel about her Hips, and under her Petticoats. She desired me to forbear searching under her Coats, because she was not in a Condition, and with that she shew'd me her Shift, upon which I desisted. Then I examined down her before, and feeling under her Arms, she started and threw her Head back: I clapt my Hand to her Head, and felt something hard in her Hair, and pulling off her Cap, I found this Bag of Money. I asked her how she came by it, and she said it was some of Mrs. Duncomb's Money; but, Mr. Johnson, says she, *I'll make you a Present of it, if you will but keep it to yourself, and let nobody know any Thing of the Matter, for the other Things that are against me are nothing but Circumstances, and I shall come off well enough, and therefore I'll only desire you to let me have Three-pence*

or Six pence a Day till the Sessions is over, and then I shall be at Liberty to shift for myself. I told the Money over, and, to the best of my Remembrance, there was twenty Moidores, eighteen Guineas, five Broad-Pieces, I think one was a 25 s Piece, and the others 23 s. Pieces, a half Broad-Piece, five Crowns, and two or three Shillings: I sealed them up in the Bag, and here they are.

Court. How did she say she came by the Money?

Johnson. She said she took this Money and this Bag from Madam Duncomb, and begged me to keep it secret: My Dear, says I, I would not secrete the Money for the World. She told me too, that she had hired three Men to swear the Tankard was her Grandmother's, but could not depend upon them; that the Name of one was William Denny, another was——Smith, and I have forgot the Third. After I had taken the Money away, she put a Piece of Mattress into her Hair, that it might appear of the same Bulk as before. Then I locked her up, and sent to Mr. Alstone, and told him the Story; And, says I, do you stand in a dark Place, to be a Witness of what she says, and I'll go and examine her again.

Pris. I tied my Handkerchief over my Head to hide the Money, but Buck happening to see my Hair fall down, he told Johnson; upon which Johnson came to me, and said, I find the Cole's planted in your Hair, let me keep it for you, and let Buck know nothing of it. So I gave Johnson five Broad-pieces, and twenty-two Guineas, not gratis, but only to keep for me, for I expected it to be returned when Sessions was over. As to the Money, I never said I took it from Mrs. Duncomb, but he asked me what they had to rap against me, I told him only a Tankard; he asked me, if that was Mrs. Duncomb's, and I said Yes.

Court. Johnson, were those her Words, This is the Money and Bag that I took.

Johnson. Yes; and she desired me to make away with the Bag.

Mr. Alstone. On the Day she was committed, Mr. Johnson sent for me, and said he had found a Bag of Money in her Hair; he shewed me the Money, and would have had me to have taken it, but I refused. I asked him where the Bag was, he said he had left it with her. I told him he should have taken that too, because there might be
some

some Mark upon it. He said he'd call her, and get it from her, and he desired me to stand out of Sight, and hear what she said. I accordingly stood in a dark Place, and she came up and delivered the Bag to him, and desired him to burn it, or to destroy it some Way or other. She said she only wanted Witnesses to swear to the Tankard, and for all the rest she could do well enough. She afterwards told me, Part of the Money that was found on her was Mrs. Duncomb's, and taken out of her Chamber; that two Men and a Woman were concerned with her, and that she herself was the Contriver, and laid the Scheme of the Robbery; that she let them in, and sat upon the Stairs to watch while they committed the Fact, but that she knew nothing of the Murder; that one *Will. Gibbs* had been with her from the two *Alexanders* (the Men who she said was concerned with her) and that she had sent them ten Guineas.

Council. My Lord, we have here her Information * upon Oath before Sir *Richard Brocas*.

Court.

* *The Examination and Confession of Sarah Malcolm, taken on Oath, Feb. 6, 1732, before Sir Richard Brocas, Knt.*

Who on her Oath saith, That on Sunday Morning last, about two o'Clock, she, this Examinant, was concerned with Thomas and James Alexander, Brothers, and Mary Tracey, who murdered Elizabeth Harrison, Lydia Duncomb, and another Person, whose Name she, this Examinant, does not at present know, on or about the Time last mentioned, in the Temple in this City, which was done in the Manner following.

That she, this Examinant, had several Conferences with the abovesaid Persons, concerning the robbing of Mrs. Duncomb; and that about ten o'Clock, on Saturday Night last, James Alexander got into Mrs. Duncomb's Chambers, and concealed himself under a Bed till about 2 o'Clock, when he opened her Chamber-door, and let the said Mary Tracey and Thomas Alexander into the said Chambers; and, that she, this Examinant, stood on the Stairs as a Watch, whilst they committed the said Murders, and at the same Time stole from out of the said Chambers about 300l. in Money, a
Silver

Court. If it is upon Oath it cannot be read, for Persons are not to swear against themselves; all Examinations ought to be taken freely and voluntarily, and not upon Oath, and then we can read them. Indeed if afterwards the Examinant will accuse others, his Information may be separately taken upon Oath, but then it is not to be brought in Evidence against him.

Pris. Johnson swears he found Twenty Moidores on me, and Mrs. *Rhymer* swore there was but Eighteen lost.

Court. She was not positive, but said there might be about so many.

Council. My Lord, we have gone through our Evidence, I shall only take Notice of a few Particulars, and then submit the whole to your Lordship and the Jury.

Mr. *Kerrel* and Mr. *Gebagan* have given an Account, that, upon searching Mr. *Kerrel's* Room, they found some clean Linnen, which the Prisoner owned to be hers.

Mrs. *Crowder*, upon comparing the Cut and Darning of this Linnen, verily believes that it was Mrs. *Duncomb's*, and that it was in the Box where the Money was kept.

Mrs. *Rhymer* too had seen some Linnen there, but is not so particular.

Mr. *Kerrel* found a Tankard in his Close-stool, with the Handle bloody; the Prisoner owned this Tankard to be hers, but endeavours to account for the Blood, by saying that she had prick'd her Finger.

Maistreter says, That her Finger indeed appeared to have been hurt, but that the Wound was not fresh. And Mrs. *Rhymer* and Mrs. *Crowder* both swear positively, that the Tankard was Mrs. *Duncomb's*.

The bloody Linnen, and especially the Apron, are strong Circumstances against her; and, as to Mrs. *Duncomb's* Door being left bolted within-side, we have shewn, by two unexceptionable Witnesses, how easily it might be done.

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C

Johnson's

Silver Pint Tankard, and a Silver Spoon, with divers other Goods to a great Value; which said Money and Goods were by the abovesaid Persons brought down to her, and then distributed in equal Portions amongst them, between 4 and 5 o'Clock on Sunday Morning lastpast.

Johnson's finding the Money in her Hair, and her desiring him to conceal it and destroy the Bag, and the rest of her Conversation with him, discovers how well practis'd she was in Wickedness; and her confessing that the Money was Mrs. *Duncomb's*, and that she took it out of Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chambers, is a Circumstance so strong as amounts to a Proof.

Pris. Yes, I owned Part of the Money to be hers, but not that I took it out of her Chambers; and it was *Johnson* that instigated me to burn the Bag.

Council. And the Prisoner has frequently called upon the Witnesses to declare whether the bloody Linnen was wet or dry; what Cloaths she had on, and whether they were bloody or not? I know not what Service it could do her if it was allowed that the Blood was dry, and that there was no Blood on her Cloaths, when it is remembered, that it was twenty-four Hours, from the Time the Fact was committed to the Time that the Linnen was found, and she was suspected; a Time sufficient for the Blood to dry, and for her to shift her Cloaths.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Pris. Modesty might compel a Woman to conceal her own Secrets, if Necessity did not oblige her to the contrary; and 'tis Necessity that obliges me to say, that what has been taken for the Blood of the Murdered Person, is nothing but the free Gift of Nature.

This was all that appeared on my Shift, and it was the same on my Apron, for I wore the Apron under me next to my Shift. My Master going out of Town, desired me to lie in his Chamber, and that was the Occasion of my foul Linnen being found there. The Woman, that washed the Sheets I then lay in, can testify that the same was upon them; and Mr. *Johnson*, who searched me in *Newgate*, has sworn that he found my Linnen in the like Condition. That this was the Case, is plain; for how is it possible that it could be the Blood of the murdered Person?

If it is supposed that I killed her with my Cloaths on, my Apron indeed might be bloody, but how should the Blood come upon my Shift? If I did it in my Shift, how should my Apron be bloody, or the back Part of my Shift? And whether I did it dressed or undressed, why was not the

the Neck and Sleeves of my Shift bloody, as well as the lower Parts ?

I freely own, that my Crimes deserve Death ; I own that I was accessary to the Robbery, but I was innocent of the Murder, and I'll give an Account of the whole Affair.

I lived with Mrs. *Lydia Duncomb* about three Months before she was murdered ; the Robbery was contrived by *Mary Tracey*, who is now in Confinement, and myself, my own vicious Inclinations agreeing with hers. We likewise proposed to rob Mr. *Oaks* in *Thames street* ; she came to me at my Master's, Mr. *Kerrel's* Chambers, on the *Sunday* before the Murder was committed ; he not being then at Home, we talked about robbing Mrs. *Duncomb* ; I told her I could not pretend to do it by myself, for I should be found out. No, says she, *there are the two Alexanders* [Thomas and James] *will help us*. Next Day I had 17 Pounds sent me out of the Country, which I left in Mr. *Kerrel's* Drawers. I met them all in *Cheapside* the *Friday* following, and we agreed on the next Night, and so parted.

Next Day, being *Saturday*, I went between seven and eight in the Evening, to see Mrs. *Duncomb's* Maid, *Elizabeth Harrison*, she was very bad : I staid a little while with her, and went down, and *Mary Tracey*, and the two *Alexanders*, came to me about ten o'Clock according to Appointment. She would have gone about the Robbery just then, but I said it was too soon. Between Ten and Eleven she said, *We can do it now*. I told her I would go and see, and so I went up Stairs, and they followed me : I met the young Maid on the Stairs, with a blue Mug, she was going for some Milk to make a Sack-Poffet : She asked me who those were that came after me ? I told her they were People going to Mr. *Knight's* below. As soon as she was gone, I said to *Mary Tracey*, *Now do you and Tom Alexander go down, I know the Door is left ajar, because the old Maid is ill, and can't get up to let the young Maid in when she comes back*. Upon that they went down, and *James Alexander*, by my Order, went in and hid himself under the Bed ; and, as I was going down myself, I met the young Maid coming up again : She asked me if I had spoke to Mrs. *Betty* ? I told her, No ; tho' I should have told her otherwise, but only that I was afraid she

might say something to Mrs. *Betty* about me, and Mrs. *Betty* might tell her that I had not been there, and so they might have a Suspicion of me. I past her and went down, and spoke with *Tracey* and *Alexander*, and then went to my Master's Chambers, and stirred up the Fire. I staid about a Quarter of an Hour, and when I came back, I saw *Tracey* and *Thomas Alexander* sitting on Mrs. *Duncomb's* Stairs, and I sat down with them. At Twelve o'Clock we heard some People walking, and by-and-by Mr. *Knight* came, and went to his Room and shut the Door. It was a very stormy Night ; there was hardly any Body stirring abroad, and the Watchmen kept up close, except just when they cried the Hour. At Two o'Clock another Gentleman came and called the Watch to light his Candle, upon which I went further up Stairs, and soon after this I heard Mrs. *Duncomb's* Door open ; *James Alexander* came out, and said, *Now is the Time*. Then *Mary Tracey* and *Thomas Alexander* went in, but I staid upon the Stairs to watch. I had told them where Mrs. *Duncomb's* Box stood : They came out between four and five, and one of them called to me softly, and said *Hip ! how shall I shoot the Door ?* Says I, *'Tis a Spring Lock ; pull it to, and it will be fast ;* and so one of them did. They would have shared the Money and Goods upon the Stairs, but I told them we had better go down ; so we went under the Arch by *Figtree-Court*, where there was a Lamp ; I asked them how much they had got ? they said, they had found fifty Guineas, and some Silver in the Maid's Purse ; above 100 *l.* in the Chest of Drawers, besides the Silver Tankard, and the Money in the Box, and several other Things ; so that in all they had got to the Value of about 300 *l.* in Money and Goods. They told me they had been forced to gag the People ; they gave me the Tankard with what was in it, and some Linnen, for my Share, and they had a Silver Spoon and a Ring, and the rest of the Money among themselves. They advised me to be cunning, and plant the Money and Goods under Ground, and not be seen to be *flush* ; then we appointed to meet at *Greenwich*, but I did not go.

I was taken in the Manner as the Witnessees have sworn, and carried to the Watch-house, from whence I was sent to the *Compter*, and so to *Newgate*. I own that I said the Tankard

Tankard was mine, and that it was left me by my Mother. Several Witnesses have sworn what Account I gave of the Tankard being bloody ; I had hurt my Finger, and that was the Occasion of it. I am sure of Death, and therefore have no Occasion to speak any Thing but the Truth. When I was in the *Compter*, I happened to see a young Man whom I knew, with a Fetter on ; I told him I was sorry to see him there, and I gave him a Farthing and a Shilling, and called for half a Quartern of Rum to make him drink. I afterwards went into my Room, and heard a Voice call me, and perceived something poking behind the Curtain ; I was a little surprized, and looking to see what it was, I found a Hole in the Wall, through which the young Man I had given the Shilling to spoke to me, and asked me if I had sent for my Friends ; I told him, No. He said he'd do what he could for me, and so he went away ; and some Time after he called to me again, and said, *Here's a Friend*. I looked through, and saw *Will. Gibbs* come in ; I think it was *Will. Gibbs* ; says he, *Who is there to swear against you ?* I told him my two Masters would be the chief Witnesses. *And what can they charge you with ?* says he ; I told him the Tankard was the only Thing, for there was nothing else that I thought could hurt me. *Never fear then,* says he, *we'll do well enough ; we will get them that will rap the Tankard was your Grandmother's, and that you was in Shoreditch the Night the Fact was committed ; and we'll have two Men that shall shoot your two Masters :* But, says he, one of the Witnesses is a Woman, and she won't swear under four Guineas, but the Men will swear for two Guineas a-piece, so he went away, and brought a Woman and three Men ; I gave them ten Guineas, and they promised to wait for me at the *Bull-Head* in *Broad-street* ; but when I called for them, as I was going before *Sir Richard Brocas*, they were not there. Then I found I should be sent to *Newgate*, and I was full of anxious Thoughts ; but a young Man told me I had better go to *the Whit*, [*Newgate*] than to the *Compter*.

When I came to *Newgate*, I had but 18 *d.* in Silver, besides the Money in my Hair, and that 18 *d.* for my Garnish ; I was ordered to a high Place in the Goal. *Buck*, as I said before, having seen my Hair loose, told *Johnson*

of it, and *Johnson* asked me if I had got any *Cole* planted there? he searched and found the Bag, and there was in it 36 Moidores, 18 Guineas, 5 Crown Pieces, 2 Half Crowns, 2 Broad Pieces of 25 s. four of 23 s. and one half Broad Piece. He told me I must be cunning, and not be seen to be flush of Money; I desired him to keep it for me till I got clear, and only let me have a little now and then as I wanted it; then says he, *Do you know any Body that will swear for you?* No, says I, *can you help me to any?* I would not do such a Thing for the World, says he, *if I thought you guilty*; so he took the Money and we parted, but in a little while he called me down again, and said, *What have you done with the Bag?* I have it, says I, *but what would you advise me to do with it?* Why, says he, *you might have thrown it down the Necessary House, or have burnt it, but give it me, and I'll take Care of it*; and so I gave it to him. Mr. *Alstone* then brought me to the Condemned-Hold, and examined me; I denied all, till I found he had heard of the Money, and then I knew my Life was gone; and therefore I confessed all that I knew; I gave him the same Account of the Robbery as I have given now. I told him I had heard my Masters were to be shot, and I desired him to send them Word. I described *Tracey* and the two *Alexanders*, and when they were first taken, they denied that they knew Mr. *Oaks*, whom they and I had agreed to rob.

All that I have now declared is Fact, and I have no Occasion to murder three innocent Persons by a false Accusation; for I know I am a condemned Woman, I know I must suffer an ignominious Death, which my Crimes deserve, and I shall suffer willingly; I thank God that he has granted me Time to repent, when I might have been snatched off in the midst of my Crimes, and without having an Opportunity of preparing myself for another World.

My Lord, as there was more Money found upon me than belonged to Mrs. *Duncomb*, I hope your Lordship will be so good as to order what was my own to be returned me.

Court. The Court cannot determine whose Property the Money is, till the Jury have brought in their Verdict.

The Jury withdrew for about a Quarter of an Hour, to consider of their Verdict, and when they returned, the
Prisoner

Prisoner was again brought to the Bar ; and they were called over by the Clerk of the Arraignment, and answered to their Names.

Clerk. Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed on your Verdict ?

Jury. Yes.

Clerk. Who shall say for you ?

Jury. Our Foreman.

Clerk. *Sarah Malcolm*, hold up your Hand. You of the Jury, look upon the Prisoner ; how say you ? Is *Sarah Malcolm* guilty of the Felony and Murder, whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty ?

Foreman. Guilty.

Clerk. How say you ? Is she guilty on the Coroner's Inquisition, or not guilty ?

Foreman. Guilty.

Clerk. What Goods, Chattels, Lands, and Tenements, had she at the Time of the Felony and Murder committed, or at any Time since to your Knowledge ?

Foreman. None.

Clerk. Hearken to your Verdict, as the Court has recorded it. You say, that *Sarah Malcolm* is guilty of the Felony and Murder whereof she stands indicted, and that she is likewise guilty on the Coroner's Inquest ; and you say, that she had no Goods or Chattels, Lands or Tenements, at the Time of the said Felony and Murder committed, or at any Time since to your Knowledge, and so you say all.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

Sarah Malcolm, 22 Years of Age, descended of honest, creditable Parents in the County of *Durham*. Her Father (as she said) had a pretty Estate, about 100 *l.* a Year, which he soon ran out, and then with the Reversions of it, his Wife, her Mother, being an Irish-woman, went to *Dublin*, and there purchas'd a publick Place of the City, liv'd in good Credit, and gave her very good Education at School, in Reading, Writing, and such other Things, as are proper for a Girl, above the meanest Rank of People. She liv'd with her Father and Mother, who made much of her, because of her sprightly Temper, a considerable Time ; till some Years ago, her Parents coming to *London* about certain Affairs, she came with them ; and some Time after

that, approaching nigh to Woman's Estate, she went to Service, and was, as I had Information, in several good Families, where she did her Business to the Satisfaction of her Mistresses, and was never blam'd for Dishonesty. Her Father returning to *Dublin*, where his settled Business was, a little after that her Mother died, and then, unluckily for *Sarah*, was left to her own Shifts; about which Time, by Acquaintance, she got herself made one of the Laundresses, or Chairwoman of the Temple, where she served some Gentlemen for a considerable Time. Before this, she was in a Place call'd the *Black-horse* Ale-house, where she cultivated her former Acquaintance with Mrs. *Tracey*, and where she contracted Acquaintance with the two Brothers, *Thomas* and *James Alexander*.

And she said, that *Tracey* and these young Men often advis'd her to rob her Master, and this she always refused to do. The younger of the Brothers propos'd to go to her Mistress, and say, that *Sarah* having been familiar with her Master, had provided Poison to dispatch her Mistress, thinking if such a Thing were done, the Master would marry her: But all this was only with such an Amusement, to impose upon and extort Money from the Mistress, who was too wise to be bit with such Pretences; and seeing they could get nothing, they left her, and returned to *Sarah*, calling the Mistress an old cunning Woman, Cursing her, and giving her ill Names. This gave Occasion of the Story passing through the Town, that she intended to Poison her Mistress, which Thought never enter'd into her Mind, she having been against their going to her on that Account; but her allowing them to go on such a villainous Errand, certainly show'd the great Wickedness of her devilish Disposition. They alledg'd also, that she was the Person who murder'd an old Man of the other End of the Town, for which, 2 or 3 Years ago, a Barber was convicted, and who went to Death denying the Fact. She said, that there was not the least Ground of entertaining any such Suspicion upon her, but that she must be content to bear with such Censures and Reproaches, although it was hard upon her, as that the World should make her much more wicked than she really was.

As to the Murders, Burglary and Robbery, of which she was indicted and found Guilty, the Account she gave
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me was to the purpose following. Having been acquainted with *Mary Tracey*, who had been much Abroad following her Husband in the Army, in diverse Countries, and concerned in many desperate and wicked Exploits, for above five Years past; the said *Mary* and she contracted a great Intimacy, and were often together, and *Tracey* often importun'd her to rob one or other; and she being in that Way of Business already mention'd, in the *Temple*, and having served the Deceased Mrs. *Duncomb* sometime before *Christmas* last; *Tracey* often press'd upon her to rob her old Mistress, who she knew never wanted a considerable Sum of Money, and several valuable Goods in the House. She was not averse to this Proposal, but hesitating upon it, she said, *she should be taken and hang'd for the same, and that it was impossible for her to do it, without the Assistance of some others.* Upon this, *Tracey* nam'd the two Brothers *Thomas* and *James Alexander*, with whom she had been acquainted about a Year before; at last *Sarah* was prevailed upon to consent, and all the four meeting together, they concerted their wicked Plot, and put it in Execution, as is too well known. On *Sunday*, the 28th of *January* last, the *Sunday* before the murder was committed, she met with *Tracey*, and treated her with Coffee in her master's Chambers, for he was out of Town, and there the whole of their Conversation run upon the robbing Mrs. *Duncomb's* Chambers, which they agreed to do either upon that or the following Week; and in the mean Time, getting the two *Alexanders* to engage and concur with them, they put their Design in Execution, upon *Saturday* Night, or *Sunday* morning ensuing, which happen'd to be upon the 4th Day of *February* last; when pretty late at Night they all met according to Appointment: and *Sarah* got *James Alexander*, the younger of the two Brothers, convey'd into the Chambers, where he hid himself under a Bed, 'till Mrs. *Duncomb*, and her old and young Maid were compos'd to rest, and then about two in the morning, *Thomas* open'd the Door and let in Mrs. *Tracey* and *James Alexander* into the Chambers, while *Sarah Malcolm* herself waited upon the Stairs to take Notice, that nobody should come to interrupt them in their villainous Design. She insisted she knew nothing of any Design of murder, and she doubted, if they really had any such Intentions,

and that the Occasion of it must be accidental ; after they found some of them awake, fearing a Discovery, or, if any Noise were made, that they should be apprehended in the Fact ; the Devil concurring with their own wicked minds, employ'd about such monstrous Works of Darkeness, they then proceeded in a Hurry, to the utmost Height of Wick- edness, to murder three innocent Persons, the good old Lady Madam *Duncomb* and her two Servants, *Elizabeth Harrison*, and the young Maid *Ann Price*, who was lately come into the Service ; and this they did in a very barbarous manner, by cutting the Throat of the Maid *Ann Price*, from Ear to Ear, after she had made no small Struggle for her Life ; and by strangling the old Gentle- woman and her antient Maid, who were both sick, and could not make much Opposition, with a small Cord ; and all the three they left, in this pitiful Condition, lying up- on their own Beds, and in different Rooms.

Sarah affirmed, that she knew nothing of all this, 'till about two o'Clock that *Sunday* Afternoon, about which Time the Murderers were first discovered. Upon which they immediately proceeded to the plundering and rifling the House, out of which (as she said) they took to the Va- lue of 300 *l.* in Money, besides several other small Things ; and then they immediately came out, with the Rewards of Iniquity in their Hands, and divided the Plunder pretty e- qually among the Four, under a Lamp in the Temple. I objected to her that there was not Time to divide such a Sum of Money equally among four, and that under a Lamp, for they might be discovered : Then she alledged, that they had made their Divisions in the Chambers, and came down in Haste, and threw above 50 *l.* Value and the Tankard in her Lap, and then left her abruptly, without telling her any Thing of the murder, only that they had gagg'd all the Three, as had been formerly agreed upon, before the Execution of their most mischievous and wicked Plot : And this she always held by, though with a small Variati- on : I told her, that certainly she was guilty of the In- dictment, thus far, that she was one of the principal Per- sons in laying the whole Scheme of robbing the Chambers ; that she introduced them to the Chamber, and watched while they went in, with a Design to gagg them ; and then that

have already declared what you say is Truth. Relation to the Fact charged upon you, I hope none will prevail on you to say otherwise; so recommending my self your faithful Friend always in Prayer for you 'till Death,

Kenfington, March
2d, 1733.

MORGAN MACCAY.

The following Letter was written by the above mention'd
Sarah Malcolm.

S I R,

YOU cannot but know that Sadness is the Rack of an Affliction not to be expressed, a Judgment more pre-judicial than the worst Revenge from an Enemy's Hand; it is like a venomous Worm, which not only consumes the Body, but eats into the very Soul: It is a Moth that feeds on the very Marrow and Vitals, a perpetual Executioner, torturing the Soul, and exhausting her Spirits. So, Sir, if Conscience has touched you, it must certainly leave Sadness on your Spirits; and as it beboves every one at their last Hour to die in Peace with God and all the World, I freely forgive you and all the World.

Feb. 26,

1733.

SARAH MALCOLM.

At the Place of Execution.—She appear'd at first pretty serene and calm, reading upon a Book; and as I went to wait upon her in her last Moments, another Gentleman was there also, who came to officiate upon that Occasion, as I also desired him very earnestly to do, but this Request he would by no means comply with; and then, as bound in Duty, I pray'd for her, and she in Appearance was very serious in complying with the Devotion, but she could not well compose herself, and cryed most bitterly, and poured out a Flood of Tears all the Time: When Prayers were well nigh over, I asked, if she would have a Psalm Sung, as they commonly desire, but this she refused; and then as I was concluding the Prayers, and recommending her Soul to Almighty God, at the Point of Death she fainted away, and was a good while before she recovered. What I here deliver to Mr. Applebee to publish,

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is the Substance of her own Words and solemn Declarations to me, upon the Sincerity (as she at least pretended) of a dying Woman, and of one who was immediately to appear before, and answer at the Tribunal of the great God : If there be any Thing contradictory, or what may seem disingenuous on this Account, it is owing to the unhappy Temper of this unfortunate Wretch *Sarah Malcolm*, who often varied in her Declarations concerning this barbarous Murder ; but this may be depended upon, that I have here delivered my Sentiments as comprehensive to the World as the Case of this unfortunate Woman would permit me.

Just before the Cart drew away she look'd towards the *Temple*, and cry'd out, Oh ! my Master, my Master ! I wish I could see him ; and then looking up to Heaven often cryed, Lord have Mercy on me, Lord receive my Spirit, and then the Cart withdrew.

She was Executed on *Wednesday*, the 7th, of *March*, 1733, in *Fleet-street*, near *Fetter-lane*.

William Gordon, for a Robbery, *February* 26, 1733.

WILLIAM GORDON, of *St. Margaret's Westminster*, was indicted for assaulting *Francis Peters*, Gent. on the Highway, putting him in Fear, and taking from him a Hat, with a Crape Hatband, Value 5 s. a Wig, Value 40 s. a Silver Watch, Value 4 l. a Gold Ring, Value 15 s. and twelve Shillings in Money, *February* 26.

At the Prisoner's Prayer, the Witnesses were examined a-part.

Mr. Peters. On the 26th of *February*, near Eight at Night, I and my Daughter were returning from *Kensington* in a Hackney Coach ; the Wooden Shutters of the Coach-doors were drawn up close ; a little on this Side of *Knight's-bridge*, somebody tap'd at one of the Wooden Shutters, and my Daughter let it down, when presently a Man on Horseback put something into the Coach (I suppose it was a Pistol) and said, *Deliver your Money !* I took out some money, I guess it might be about twelve Shillings, and gave him. He then said, *Give me your Hand*, which I did, and he pulled off my Ring. It was a mourning Ring, I had it made

made with several others of the same Kind, on the Death of my Uncle; the Inscription was, *Dan. Brown, ob. 22 May. 1732, Æt. 80.* He asked for my Sword; I told him I had none; *Then give me your Watch*, says he. I pulled my Watch out, and in pulling the Chain slipped off. I gave the Chain to my Daughter, and the Watch to the Prisoner. Whether it was after I had given him my Watch, or before, I cannot be certain, but he snatched off my Hat and Wig. I expostulated with him on that Occasion. I told him it was very unusual for Men of his Profession to take such Things, and that it being very cold, it might endanger my Health. He swore plentifully, gave me a great deal of opprobrious Language, and told me that he would take all he could get. While we were in this Debate, a Man came from the Causeway with a Candle and Lanthorn, upon which the Highwayman rode off. The Man with the Lanthorn followed, and alarmed the Neighbourhood, and my Servant, (*Tho. Watts*) who was behind the Coach, got down and went after them, but returned before the Prisoner was apprehended. I ty'd a Handkerchief about my Head, and the Coachman drove on. Next morning, being *Tuesday*, I sent for Mr. *Delander*, who made my Watch, to have it advertised. He went Home to look for the Number, and brought me Word, that the Prisoner was taken at *Knightbridge*. I have a Friend there (*Major Aldy*) who is a Justice of the Peace. I sent my Man that Way, to enquire if any of my Goods were found upon the Prisoner; my Man went to the Major, who sent me Word of the Particulars, and that he could not detain the Prisoner without my Evidence. I took Horse, and went thither that Afternoon. Mr. *Aldy* shewed me these Goods. This is the Watch, I have Reason to know it, for I have had it these twenty Years. The Swivel is broken off, and here's my Name *F. P.* in a Cypher, engraven on the Back of the Case. This is the Wig, 'tis sealed with black Wax ('tis my Daughter's Seal, with my Coat of Arms in a Lozenge) this, with as much Certainty as is possible, I believe to be mine; and this is the Ring, which I verily believe to be mine too. Here's the Inscription on it, which I mentioned before, though indeed I gave away several of the same Sort upon my Uncle's Death; but they were all made fit for the Persons they were designed

signed for, and this fits me exactly. Mr. *Aldy* told me, the Prisoner was in the Round-house, and asked me if I would have him sent for, but I chose to go to him. There's an Inner Room in the Round-house, in which the Prisoner was locked up. I told him he had used me hardly, in taking my Hat and Wig. He said he had no Remembrance of it, but he was sorry——

Court. What did he say he was sorry for?

Mr. *Peters.* He did not say for what, but only that he was sorry. I told him I did not expect him to make a Confession to me. As near as I can guess, he at that Time had on the same Kind of Habit as the Person had who robbed me: And I thought him much of the same Bulk and Size, being a very lusty tall Man, though I am the less certain as to that, because he that robbed me was on Horseback, and I could not so well determine as to his Height: And, as it was near Eight at Night, it was too dark for me to distinguish his Person, or the Colour of his Cloaths, though when the Lanthorn came, the Glympe of the Candle gave a better Observation, but not enough to enable me to be positive.

Pris. When the Gentleman came to me in the Round-house, he said that I was the Man; upon which I told him, if I was, *I was sorry for it.*

Court. The Gentleman speaks very fair, he does not swear that you said you was sorry you had robbed him, but only that you was sorry.

Thomas Watts. I was behind the Coach when my Master was robbed; it was about eight o'Clock on Monday Night, betwixt *Knightsbridge* and the *Park Gate*. I believe the Prisoner to be the Man; I could distinguish his Person by the Light of the Lanthorn; he had a whitish Great Coat on; he bid the Coachman stand, and then went to the Window, and bid them open it. Then he said, *Give me your Money*; which I suppose was done, because I heard him say, *Is this all?* Then he said, *Give me your Sword*; my Mistress answered, *My Father has none.* And then he asked for my Master's Watch and Ring, and I believe they were delivered to him, but I do not know for certain. And about that Time I saw him make a motion with his Hand in the Coach, and he brought out my Master's Hat and Wig. A Man coming along with a Lanthorn, I beckon'd and

and spoke to him softly. He came towards me, and I jumped down, and told him, that a Highwayman was robbing my Master ; the Light coming up, the Prisoner turned his Horse and rode towards *Knightsbridge*. *That's the Man*, says I ; and so I and the other Man followed, and alarmed the People ; but the Prisoner was not then taken. So I came back, and found my Master with a Handkerchief on his Head. Next morning my Master sent me to *Newgate*, to see if any such Person was come in. I heard of none there, and then I went to the *Gatehouse*, and there was none there neither ; but going towards *Kensington*, I called at the *Sun Alehouse*, where I heard that such a Man was taken, and coming back I saw the Prisoner going from the Round-house to the Justice's. The Justice gave me a Note to my Master, to desire him to come and see the Prisoner in the Afternoon, and my Master went.

Henry Spencely. As I was coming Home from *London* with my Lanthorn, I saw a Coach standing in the Road, and the Footman behind beckoned to me. I went towards him, and said, *What do you want, honest Friend?* He made me no Answer just then, but presently such a Man as the Prisoner is for Bulk, brushed by me. He was in a white Rug Coat, he had something in his Hand, which I guess was a Pistol : I struck at him, and cried out, *Stop Highwayman !* The Town was alarm'd, but nobody stoppt him.

Court. How so ?

Spencely. Because I suppose they did not dare to do it. I followed him, and Mr. *Peters's* Man came after me, expecting the Highwayman had been taken ; but finding that he was not, he returned to his Master, and I continued my Pursuit till I came to the Half-way-house betwixt *Kensington* and *Knightsbridge*, and looking through the Window, I saw the Prisoner sitting on Horseback in the Kitchen.

Court. On Horseback in the Kitchen ? Was the Door high enough for him to ride in ?

Spencely. Yes, I saw he was such a Man as I had seen at the Coach-side about a Quarter of an Hour before, that was at about eight o'Clock, and this was at about a Quarter past eight. I would have gone in and taken him directly,

rectly, but two Women (who were with me, and saw him sitting upon the *House*—— the *Horse*, I would say —— as well as I) would not let me. Says I, *There's a Highwayman, by G ——d, ——* I beg your Lordship's Pardon, —— and I'll go and pluck him off his Horse, (for I was a Man sufficient to do it without any Assistance) but, as I said, the two Women would not let me. They begged me not to venture, *For*, said they, *If you should be murdered, we shan't bear to see your Wife*. Though I had certainly done it nevertheless, if he had been alone; but besides the Prisoner, I saw the Landlord there, and a Woman, and a Soldier, and the House was a House of ill Repute. So I proceeded to get more Help, and met the *Kensington Stage-Coach*, with some Men in it, and desired them to assist, but they refused. Then I went to Mr. *Swinnow's*, where the two young Women (who went forward while I stopt to speak with the *Kensington Coach*) were got before me. There I found *Henry Cornish*, and he agreed to go with me. We went back to the Half-way-house, but the Prisoner was not then in the Kitchen.

Mr. *Peters*. When you saw the Prisoner through the Window, had he one or two Hats on?

Spencely. I can't say as to that; but not seeing him in the Kitchen when I came back, I asked the Landlord if such a Man had not been there? He did not answer me readily, which made me suspect the Prisoner was concealed in the House; but at last he said, such a Man had been there, but he was gone. I told him that Gentleman was my Friend, and I should be glad to drink with him. My Landlord made me no Answer, and I finding that the Pretence I made would signify nothing, I told him that that Man was a Highwayman, that I had seen him thro' the Window but a little while ago, and that I had been to get Assistance to take him. Presently a Man came to the Door, and cry'd, *Hollo!* somebody said, *That's he*. I was just going to step out, but my Landlord pushed out before me, and seized him first: I followed directly, and others after me, and then my Landlord pulled him off the Horse.

Court. Did he make any Resistance?

Spencely. After we had seized him, he dragged us, I believe, a matter of 18 or 20 Yards before we could get him

him down, and he struggled a little upon the Ground, but I believe that was rather to make away with what he had about him, than upon any other Account.

Court. What Cloaths had he on at that Time?

Spencely. A dark Wig, a light Rug Coat, with a red Coat under it.

Prisoner. Was I drunk or sober?

Spencely. He was seemingly very sober. We brought him into the House and searched him. I examined his Right-hand Coat Pocket, and took out a Handkerchief, a light Bob Wig, and this Ivory Whistle; it has a single *Call* at one End, and a double *Call* at the other. You shall hear now ——— Here's the single *Call* [whistles] ——— and here's the double one ——— [whistles again.]

Mr. Peters. The Wig, that *Spencely* found, was not mine.

Spencely. While we were searching him, the Landlady seemed to take the Prisoner's Part; *What are you going to rob the Man?* says she ——— *He's a substantial Inn-keeper, ——— and, as he is a Gentleman, use him like one.* I carried him before the Justice at *Knightsbridge*, and there the Things, that were taken from him by several Persons, were produced and put in a Hat. I saw there was a mourning Ring among them with the Name of *Dan. Brown* upon it.

Mr. Peters. I have People here who made the Watch, the Ring, the Hat, and the Wig, if your Lordship pleases to have them called now?

Court. No; fix them first upon the Prisoner. Shew that they were in his Possession before you give any further Proof of their being your Property.

——— *Arundel.* I am Landlord of the Half-way-house. On *Monday*, the 26th of *February*, about six at Night, the Prisoner, on Horseback, called at my Door for a Mug of Beer; he drank, and did not stay a Quarter of an Hour, but went away, and came again in about Half an Hour more. Then he alighted, and came in adooors, and I put his Horse in the Place where I brew my Beer, for my Pigs were in the Stable. He called for a Quartern of Brandy, and when he had staid a little while, he bid me

me bring out his Horse, which I did, and he mounted and rode away. It was then 7 o'Clock, or a little after.

Court. Which Way did he go?

Arundel. I don't know.

Mr. Peters. Had he but one Hat on then, or Two;

Arundel. I saw but one Hat. He came a third Time, and called at the Door for a Mug of Beer. It wanted then about ten minutes of Eight. We desired him to come in, as People often ride into our Kitchen. He did so, and had another Quartern of Brandy, and would have had a third Quartern, but I did not care for drinking any more. Then he rode out again, and said, *Now for London.*

Court. Had he one Hat or two when he called this third Time?

Arundel. He had two Hats, and the uppermost had a Crape Hat-band. — Presently after he was gone, Mr. *Dukes*, a Distiller of Hammersmith came in, and said, *You had a Highwayman drinking here just now. I don't know what he was, says I, but he paid me honestly for what he had, and it was no Business of mine to enquire into other People's Affairs; though if I had known as much before, I should have taken him if I could.* Then *Spencely* came in and said, a Highwayman had been there on Horseback, and that he saw him though the Window, but was afraid to come in. While we were talking, the Prisoner came the fourth Time to the Door, and cry'd *Hollo!* I went to the Door, and caught him fast by the Arm, and said, *I take you on Suspicion of being a Highwayman.* He snatched his Arm away, and I caught hold of the Lappet of his Great Coat. He made off eighteen or twenty Yards, but I still hung by his Lappet, though I could not have held much longer; but then I fetched him off his Horse, and said, *I have him!* *Spencely* I believe was the next Man, for he was just by at the Door, when I came out; but I think no Man was *anewst* me, when I first seized the Prisoner; then he was searched.

Mr. Peters. Did he pull out a Watch when he came in with the two Hats?

Arundel. Yes.

Mr. Peters. Had it a Chain?

Arundel. No, it was a Silver Watch, I looked on it to see the Hour.

Court.

Court. Is that the Watch?

Arundel. It was about this Size, but I can't swear to it.

Prisoner. Was I drunk or sober?

Arundel. I don't think he was quite sober, but he was thoroughly merry; for if a Man is capable of sitting upon his Horse, I can't think he can be said to be drunk.

Susan Arundel. The Prisoner was three Times at my House that Night, but I never saw him before. I took Notice of him by his coming so often, but I knew nothing of him before.

Court. The Court is now enquiring how long you have known him, and therefore you need not be afraid on that Account. — Did you observe whether he had one Hat or two?

S. Arundel. The first Time he came into the House he had but one Hat; but the second Time he had two.

Court. The second Time?

S. Arundel. Yes, the second Time he came *into* the House. He was *in* the House but twice, for the first time he called, he only came to the Door.

Court. Then it was the third Time of his calling, that you saw him with two Hats: Did he pull out a Watch then?

S. Arundel. Yes, he held it in the Palm of his Hand by the Fire-side. I said it was 8 o'Clock, but he said, it wanted ten minutes.

Court. Had it a Chain or not?

S. Arundel. I saw no Chain.

Court. Was it a Silver Watch, or a Gold one?

S. Arundel. Silver. Then he paid, and went away, and presently Mr. *Dukes* came from *Hammer-smith*, and said, we had a Highwayman there, who had robbed a Coach. Upon which I said to my Husband, *My Dear, if he comes again stop him*, After that there came in five or six People more, and the Prisoner came a fourth Time, and rid to the Door as usual; says I, *My Dear, that's the Man, I beg you would go and take him*. And with that my Husband went out, and the People followed, and I heard them say, that my Husband pulled the Prisoner off his Horse.

Solomon Powel. I was called out of my House by a young Man and *Henry Corney*, to assist in taking a Highwayman,

wayman, and after he was taken he was searched; I did not see the Things taken from him, but when we came before the Justice, they were put in a Hat, and I saw among them a large Knife and a Whistle, and 16 s. 3 d. in Money.

Henry Corney. I assisted in taking the Highwayman. The Prisoner is the same Person that we took. I saw him searched, and saw a Wig, a large Knife, a Whistle, some Powder and Ball, and 16 s. and Three-pence taken from him.

Court. Any Thing else?

Corney. Nothing else.

Court. Recollect.

Corney. Yes, there was three Keys.

Court. Nothing else?

Corney. No; the Wig had a black Seal in it: I believe this is the same. After the Search, I went out into the Road to the Place where he was taken, and there I found two Hats one in another; I brought them in, the Prisoner owned one of them, and the other had a black Crape Hat-band. I found a good double breasted brown Cape-coat too; but the Prisoner did not own it, nor did any body else. We found a loaded Pistol too near the same Place, this is the same; but this was not found till after he was carried to the Round-house.

Court. Do you know any thing of that Ring? [*A Ring is shewn him, he looks at it, and returns it.*]

Corney. Yes, I remember now, that this mourning Ring was taken out of his Breeches Pocket at the Half-way-house. This is the very same, I am sure of it by the Name.

Court. What Name?

Corney. Name——Name——let me see——it is——it is——*Daniel Brown.*

John Wheeler. I was called to aid *Spencely*. I believe the Prisoner is the same Man, that we then took at the Half-way-house. He was searched there, and I saw a large Knife, two Keys and a Whistle, and some Money taken from him.

Court. Any thing else?

Wheeler. I did not see any more taken from him; but there was a Wig and a Watch produced.

John

John Gritton. Coming from *Kensington*, I met the *Kensington* Stage Coachman, and he told me, a Highwayman had robbed a Coach, and was gone into the Half-way-house. I went thither, and called for a Mug of Beer; by and by the Prisoner came to the Door, and *Hallo'd*. The Landlord went out and I followed, and assisted. The Landlord and the Prisoner struggled on the Ground together; but, in about five minutes, we got the Prisoner into the House, and I took a Silver Watch, out of his Hand. It had no String nor Chain, and there was a Cypher on the back side. This is the Watch, to the best of my Knowledge: I kept it all Night in my Custody, and delivered it to the Justice next Day.

Justice *Aldy*. This is the same Watch that I had from that Witness.

Gritton. I searched the Prisoner further, and took a Wig, with a black Seal in it, out of his Coat Pocket. — I believe this to be the same. I gave it to *George Lines*, who delivered it to the Constable or the Justice. The Prisoner stood still, and was easy while we searched him.

George Lines. That's the Wig that was taken from the Prisoner in the Half-way-house, I can swear to the Seal. I delivered it to Justice *Aldy*, and the Justice gave it to the Constable.

Prisoner. How was I dressed?

Lines. You had a black Wig, a light-coloured Great-Coat, and a red Coat under that.

Prisoner. Was the Great-coat Cloth?

Lines. Yes.

Court. Are you sure of that? Recollect.

Lines. Yes, it was Cloth, to the best of my Knowledge.

William Wichelow, Constable. On *Monday* Night, the 26th of *February*, the Beadle told me, that a Highwayman was apprehended, and I must come and take him into Custody: I found him at the Beadle's House, from whence he was carried to the Round-house, and next Morning he was taken before the Justice. Several Things were given me in a Hat: There was a Whistle and three Keys, a Bag with some Powder, and five Bullets, and a mourning Ring. — This is the very Ring, and the Justice gave me a Wig that was delivered to him by *George Lines*: This is the Wig, I have kept it ever since under Lock and Key.

J. Walker. I was quarter'd at Mr. *Arnold's* [*Arundel's*] House where the Prisoner was taken. The second Time he came into the House he had two Hats on, and the top Hat had a mourning Hat-band. He asked what o'Clock it was: Somebody said near Eight, upon which he pulled out a Watch without a Chain. He asked how far it was to *Kensington*? I said half a Mile. Then he said, he'd go to *London*. Soon after he was gone, *Spencely* the Baker came in, and enquired for him, and in a little Time the Prisoner rid up to the back Door, and called. I saw him through the Window: I asked him what he would have? He said, *A Mug of Beer, Soldier*. I went into the back Parlour, and told my Landlord. Then I went out first, and took hold of the Prisoner's Horse's Bridle, and then my Landlord came out and seized him. Upon which he spurr'd his Horse, and broke the Bridle out of my Hand, and, as he turned about, my Landlord slipt his Hand, and caught hold of the Lappet of the Prisoner's Coat, and cry'd, *I have him!* The Prisoner got Seven or Eight Yards from the Door, and then we secured him.

Court. Seven or Eight Yards?

Walker. It was there or thereabouts, I won't swear to a Yard or two. The Prisoner was brought in, I saw two Wigs taken out of his Pocket. This Wig, with the black Seal, is one of them; there was a Whistle and a Ring too; I heard it said before the Justice, that there was the Name of one Mr. *Brown* upon the Ring. There was a Purse of Powder found upon him too, and five Bullets, and a green Silk Purse, with 16 s. 3 d. After he was searched, I and another Man went out with a Lanthorn and Candle to the Place where he was taken, and there we found two Hats stuck together, the same that he had on in the House; the outermost was a new Hat, with a mourning Hat-band. I left a mark on it, and this is the very same. We found a brown double-breasted Coat too, I suppose he might let it fall, when he was pulled off the Horse. I brought all these Things into the House, and the Prisoner owned his own Hat, and his Wig, that was in it.

Charles Stafford. I was present when the Prisoner was taken; I saw him searched, and two Wigs taken out of his Pocket, one of them had a black Seal; a mourning Ring was taken out of his Breeches Pocket, the Inscription upon

upon it is *Dan. Brown* — This is the Ring. I held him while he was searched; I had the Ring in my Hand, and looked on it, so did others, but we did not then stand to read the Inscription.

Court. You said it was inscribed, *Dan. Brown*, when was it that you saw that Inscription?

Stafford. Not till we came before the Justice.

John Garlick. Coming from *Kensington*, our Stage-Coachman, *Will. White*, said there was a Robbery committed between *Hyde-Park Corner* and *Knightsbridge*, and the Highwayman was at the Half-way-house, sitting on Horseback in the Kitchen. We went thither; the Prisoner was gone, but in a Quarter of an Hour he came again, and knocked at the Door, and said, *Hallo! let's have a Pint of Beer.* Says *Spencely*, *That's the Man.* The Landlord and *Gritton* went out and seized him, and cry'd, *Help!* I lifted the Prisoner up, and said, *Let's bring him in, and see that he don't kill some of us.* *Gritton* took a Watch out of his Hand, and a Wig with a black Seal out of his Pocket. The Watch had no String, nor Seal, nor Chain, and there was a Cypher on the Back, for I took Notice of it, and this is the same Watch. I took the Powder and Ball, and Ring out of his Pocket, and I saw the two Hats taken up where the Prisoner was pulled off his Horse.

Mr. Delander. I made this Watch for *Mr. Peters*, and I had it to mend about two Months ago. And this Ring is one of those I made for him, on his Uncle's Death. The other Rings had the same Inscription.

Mr. Gambol. I sold this Hat to *Mr. Peters*, I know it by my own mark in the Crown.

Robert Martin. I made this Wig, and sold it to *Mr. Peters*, and I put this black Seal in it; and besides, I know it by the Work and Caul, and by its being taken up at the Ears.

Prisoner. Pray let *Gritton* or the Constable be asked, if I was drunk or sober.

Gritton. I believe he was drunk.

Wichelow. And I believe so too, because, after I had put him in the Watch-house, I heard him a hammering and thumping, and I called to him, and told him, I'd be with him presently, and when I came he had broke down

the Bracket of a Bench ; I asked him why he did it ? And he said, he wanted to get out.

Court. Is a Man's endeavouring to get out of Custody, a Sign of his being drunk ?

Prisoner. What Coat had I on ?

Wichelow. A lightish coloured Rug Coat, with a Nap.

Gritton. The morning after the Prisoner was taken, he said he believed the Ring and Watch would be of detriment to him.

Prisoner. Yes, I said, had I committed the Fact, they would be so ——— I own such Things were taken from me, but I found them on the Road, and I was so drunk, that I fell twice off my Horse at the *Park Gate* : And it is strange, that a Man in such a Condition, should, in five or six minutes afterwards, commit a Robbery.

Court. Have you any Witnesses to the Fact, or to your Character ?

Prisoner. I have none to the Fact, but several to my Character.

Then he called several Butchers ; but none appeared, except his Brother-in-law.

Nathaniel Nellis. I have known the Prisoner Fourteen or Fifteen Years, and I know no Harm of him.

Court. Were you intimate ?

Nellis. Yes he lived in my Neighbourhood in *White-chapel*.

Court. What Business do you follow ?

Nellis. I am a Butcher, and he is the same Trade, but he does not follow it now.

Court. And you swear, you have known no Harm of him ?

Nellis. Not to me, nor to any that belongs to me.

Court. You know that's not the Question. On your Oath, Sir, (and consider what you swear) has he the Character of an honest Man or a Highwayman ?

Nellis. I have said all that I know, and I can go no farther.

Court. Give a direct Answer. What's his general Character ?

Nellis. Why ——— why ——— some ——— some ——— will call him an honest Man ; and ——— and ——— and ———

Court. And what ?

Nellis.

Nellis. And some will ——— say otherwise ——— they will call him a Rogue, ——— but I never called him so.

The Jury found him guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account of WILLIAM GORDON.

William Gordon, about 46 Years of Age, of honest Parents in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, had good Education at School, in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and other Things proper to fit him for Business. When of Age he was put Apprentice to a *Butcher*, and served out his Time honestly and with Approbation : Afterwards he followed the Business he was bred to, and married a Wife, by whom he had some Children. He came to *London*, and set up his Business for several Years in *Leadenball-Market*, and he also kept an Alehouse. In this Way of Life he maintained himself and Family tolerably well, and for some Time his Character was very good in the Neighbourhood : But he at last growing weary of close Confinement to Business, he took himself to the Highway, and while he kept on this Business, he never failed to raise Contributions on the Road, till at last he lost his good Name, and, with all honest People, he bore nothing but the Character of a Highwayman ; so that every Body was afraid of him, and looked upon him as a common Enemy : At last he was taken up on Suspicion, and admitted an Evidence against some others, some of whom he convicted.

Upon this he got his Freedom, and went to *Ireland* some Time after ; there he contracted with one who was famous in his Way, with whom he past his Time a good while in that Kingdom. His Companion being taken up, he commenced Evidence against another Man, who was executed.

This Person was then set at Liberty, and Mr. Gordon and he enquiring about a Stage-Coach by Times in the morning, they were both taken up upon Suspicion of being Highwaymen, and the one met with Punishment for his Crimes ; but no Evidence appearing against Mr. Gordon in *Middlesex*, he was carried down by a *Habeas Corpus* to *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, where he was indicted for robbing upon the Highway some Gentlemen, and the Clerk of the

Fishmongers Company; several of these Gentlemen swore to him, that they believed him to be one of the Men who robbed them; yet two or three Coaches full of Evidences going down from *London* to *Chelmsford*, gave such Tokens of his being at *Dublin* at the Time the said Robbery was committed, by producing of Letters, and shewing of Seals, which none there present could contradict, that the Jury thought themselves obliged to acquit him, because, whatever they might believe of him, yet these Evidences created such a Confusion and Perplexity in the Affair, that they judged it best to let him pass.

After this, he still prosecuted his unlawful and wicked Practices of going on the Highway; only, as he told, since that Time, being about three Years ago, he went to *Ireland*, and lived in or about *Dublin* for eight Months. There a certain Friend offered him a large Sum of Money, to set up Farming or Grazing in the North of *England*; but he liking his old Trade best, came to his own Country, and despised such a generous Offer; so that it was a most deserved Judgment upon him, after so many Deliverances, and so great a mercy presented to him, to meet with his due Fate.

As to the robbing Mr. *Peters*, he did not deny it, only in Alleviation he said, that he was extreemly in Liquor, which was all his Excuse. It was alledged, that he never male-treated any Body, yet he and his Companion, meeting with a Gentleman not inclining to be robbed, gave his Companion a furious Blow with his Whip, so that he was almost knocked down; *Gordon*, in Vindication of his Partner, shot at the Gentleman, who holding up his Arm to avoid the Blow from his Head, was shot through the Arm. By this Time the other Man recovering from the Confusion he was in, held out a Pistol, and swore that he would shoot the Gentleman through the Head; which he had certainly done, had not *Gordon* held out another cock'd Pistol, and swore to him again, that if he shot, he would shoot him through the Head, since the Gentleman had suffered too much already, having been shot through the Arm. The said Gentleman would not appear against Mr. *Gordon*, because, although he had done him a great Injury, yet in another Respect he certainly sav'd his Life. They took from the said Gentleman and his Sister about
five

five Pounds, and *Gordon* said to him, Sir, I am very sorry that I shot you, but it was your own Fault, and so wished him well to *London*.

Once he offer'd to go to some publick Market with a certain Friend or Acquaintance, who said he should be glad of his Company, if he could pass any Coach or Gentleman on the Road without attacking them: *Mr. Gordon* gave fair Promises, as having neither Sword nor Pistol, or any other Weapon; yet as they were riding on their way, *Mr. Gordon*, espying a Gentleman's Coach, said, what a pity! There's a Coach, where I may have plenty of Money; he would not be hinder'd by his Fellow Traveller, but rode up to the Coach single as he was, where he found about or upon the back of the Coach, three or four Footmen with Blunderbusses: He call'd to one of the Footmen, pray, good Friend, deliver this Letter to a Friend of mine at *London*, and with that he gave him a Letter with the Price of a Pot of Drink: In the mean Time his Eye was fixt upon the Coach, and the Horse, as he used to do, went to the Coach-door, where *Gordon* observing the Muzzle of a Blunderbus standing up, he laid hold upon it, and presented it to the Gentlemen in the Coach, and desired them to call out to all their Servants not to shoot at him, otherwise they were all instantly dead Men: Accordingly the Gentlemen cried aloud to their Servants not to shoot; then *Mr. Gordon* bid them deliver; they gave him a Purse of thirty-five Guineas; upon which he rode off a-pace, and at a little Distance shot the Blunderbus in the Air, and threw it away: Then he came up to his Companion, and said, *see what a Prize* (shewing him the Purse of Gold) *I have got, by stopping but a few Minutes in the Road.*

It happened at an Inn in the City of *Exeter*, that a mixed Company, in which *Mr. Gordon* made one, were got into an ordinary Strain of Country Conversation, *viz.* Robberies, Setts on the Roads, and many such like Stories were related by the several Parties present; and among the rest, a jolly Farmer observed that it was rather Cowardice, in those who were attack'd, than any Courage in Highwaymen that made such Multitudes lose their Money. I was never (says he) attacked but once in my Life, and then I got the better of the Highwayman, and forced him to sheer off without his Booty, and could do so a-

gain, if a like Chance should happen : I warrant my Money safe enough with only this oaken Cudgel in my Hand, in spite of the briskest Highwayman in *England*. The Company were diverted, the Farmer persisted in his Rodomantade, 'till he had talk'd himself into such a Hero, as *Hercules* might have been afraid of. This Language however piqued Mr. *Gordon*, and therefore could not help putting in a Word. Sir (quoth he to the Farmer) notwithstanding all you have been saying, many brave Men have been robb'd. Not one (reply'd the Farmer) I defie the stoutest of them, and would be glad to meet the best of them in a proper Place. Would you so, says Mr. *Gordon*; well I protest you're a Man of Mettle, yet I wish you get safe home without meeting a Collector. By this Time it grew late, and the Farmer called for his Horse; as soon as he was got a little Way, Mr. *Gordon* mounted his, and jogging on slowly in sight of the Farmer, at last perceiving a proper Place, he clapped Spurs to his Mare, and came up with him, putting the usual Question at once, Deliver ! The Farmer up with his Stick and had like to have knock'd him off; then they alighted, and went coolly to Cudgels, 'till the Farmer being soundly buffeted, gave out, and parted with his Money : However, he would not let Mr. *Gordon* mount, 'till he, by jirking his Horse round, threw him down; when Mr. *Gordon* was up, at last, Farmer, says he, *When you see your Friends at Exeter next, tell them you have not only been robb'd, but well drubbed in the Bargain.*

As this Story proves Mr. *Gordon* was not deficient in Point of Bravery, so another, which I have heard of him, and that too well asserted, is sufficient to prove he was not cruel or delighting in Blood, which it too often happens Men of his infamous Profession are. The Thing happen'd thus :

On the *Essex* Road, Mr. *Gordon* stopped a Coach full of Passengers, and while he was examining some of them, a Gentleman, who sat near the Window, clapt a Pistol to his Breast, which mist Fire: Whereupon *Gordon*, addressing himself to the Gentleman, said, *Sir, now your Person and whatever you have about you is in my Power.* It is true (answered the Passenger) but you'll have no great Booty, for I have but six Shillings, and neither Watch or Ring.
Well

Well Sir (quoth Gordon) you shall see how much Honour there is in a Highwayman, give me that Pistol which miss me, and that other which lies by you in the Coach-seat; which being done, come (says he) you shall see what they will do in my Hands; upon which he fired them, one after another, in the Air: Then turning to the Gentleman, who under a good deal of Consternation, waited his Fate. As to your six Shillings, says he, that Sir would do me little good, and may serve to bear your Expences on the Road; and as to killing or wounding a brave Man, that I despise. So at present I have nothing more to say, than wishing you a good Journey.

What odd Sentiments these unfortunate Persons entertain of Honour? which yet are strong enough within to prevent their doing many Mischiefs, and to engage them in the doing some Acts, which if done by others would merit Applause. Certainly, next to Honour and Virtue, Civility has the greatest Charm. How many by using those they robbed well, have avoided Death? And how sure and how unpitied does an untimely End befall those, who, to the Crime of Rapine, add also the Folly of treating those ill who fall into their Hands. One would imagine that the Reflection of this should be sufficient to extinguish Cruelty even among Thieves; but we see in all Cases such Considerations are not minded; the Villains, who to other Day shot a Gentleman on the *Hampstead Road*, are pregnant Instances of Cowardice, and a Blood thirsty Spirit, which doing him Justice, could never be ascribed to the deceased Mr. Gordon.

Among the other Adventures of Mr. Gordon, which have come to my Knowledge, I think there are two only, which are worthy of mention. A Farrier, who once liv'd in *Long-Acre*, going down into the Country, was on *Hounslow Heath* robb'd by Mr. Gordon of seven and forty Shillings, and, that he might not pursue him, Mr. Gordon turn'd his Horse loose. A considerable Time after, Mr. Gordon brought his Mare to be shoed and rowelled to the same Farrier's Shop in *Long-Acre*; and, while that was doing, away went the Horse Doctor and Gordon to the Tavern, where, having drank half a Pint, Mr. Gordon paid for it, and at the same Time for what was done to the Mare; adding, now Doctor you and I are even. No we a'n't, says the Farrier, by seven and forty Shillings you borrow'd

of me ; borrow'd of you ! says *Gordon*, where ? Why, says the Farrier, call for a Pint, if I prove it you shall pay, if not, I will. The Pint being brought, *I'll tell you* (says the Farrier,) *a Circumstance that will bring it back to your Memory presently ; you borrowed it a little on this Side Hounslow, and my Horse got loose a little after, and I had much ado to catch it.* Gordon then recollected the Robbery, but with a Smile answered : *Ay, ay, if it was so, there is your seven and forty Shillings, Doctor and many Thanks to you.* So they parted both very well satisfied.

Sometime ago Mr. *Gordon* kept a Publick House, and 'tis said, a Grazier lodging there one Night, and drinking very plentifully, was Fool enough to let his Landlord know he had received three hundred Pounds. Early in the morning the Grazier set out, but just as he got on *Epping-Forest* Mr. *Gordon* got up with him, and eased him with few Words of the full Sum, supposing that the Man had no Knowledge of him, being drunk the Night before, and spurring his Horse pretty tightly, got back in a Trice, and went to Bed. In an Hour's Time, in comes the Grazier, and calls for his Landlord, Sir, says the Tapster, *he's asleep*, wake him then, says the Grazier, for I must speak with him. When he came down, and was got into a private Room, Mr. *Gordon* (quoth the Grazier) I must beg you to let me have that three hundred Pounds again, for really I can't spare it. Can't you Sir, says *Gordon*, well then there it is, but I can tell you, 'tis well my Brewer's Clerk did not come before you, if he had, I don't know how you'd scaped.

The same Spirit attended him after his Confinement and after Condemnation, but he flatter'd himself too much with vain Hopes, considering the Noise these and some other Affairs had made, were certainly ill founded. Many more Tales will probably be fastened on him, but we can assure the Publick these are genuine, and we hope such as will afford some Satisfaction to the Curious.

The following Paper was given to the PRINTER.

I*T is not the smallest among those Sufferings which Men under Sentence of the Law endure, that a censorious World*

World are continually propagating evil Reports, and spreading from one to another Rumours without Foundation. The Miseries which real Breaches of the Laws draw on unhappy Criminals, are heavy enough in themselves to excite Compassion, and it is either Cruelty of Disposition, or a barbarous Levity of Mind from whence Men are led to scatter such Detractions.

Whatever Crime brings an unfortunate Person unto Judgment, the World may canvass as they please, the Verdict has set it beyond Denial, and they may either magnify its Guilt, or extenuate it as appears more or less heinous to their Apprehension. But neither Conviction, nor Sentence, nor any Law, Humane or Divine, puts a Power into their Hands of adding to the Affliction of the Sufferer by their Surmises, much less of turning their Conjectures into formal Stories, merely to blacken one already overthrown.

These Observations I am constrained to make from Circumstances attending me, since under my Misfortunes many Things, which I have done amiss, have been aggravated; many, that I have not done, invented, and laid to my Charge, in order to impede the Course of Mercy, and represent me worse than I am; Usage, which neither I nor any Man can be wicked enough to deserve; Usage inhumane towards a Fellow Creature; and Usage which those who give must repent of, as being immoral, and unchristian; but to quit these Reflections, and proceed to the Design of this Paper,

My Life being justly forfeited for my Offences, it becomes me to do all that is in the Power of such an unhappy Wretch as I am, to render my Punishment serviceable to my Country, by exhorting those who have already set their Feet in these Paths to turn back in Time, before the Judgment of the Law hath over-taken them, and to inform such young Creatures as may be misled into a Belief, that there is something pleasant and engaging in a Life of Plunder, because who once engage in such Ways are seldom if ever reclaimed.

Such licentious Delights as Men who abandon themselves to robbing and stealing continually wallow in, are of all Things the farthest from giving any Satisfaction; judge then what Miseries are felt by those who are wretched, awake and restless in their Sleep, who are constantly in Terror, and affrighted at the shaking of a Leaf. Oh, how miserable a Road is that which leadeth to Destruction! What

Agonies

Agonies do the Wicked feel in their Journey thro' the Paths of Death! May all shun them who read this Paper.

Those, whom in the Course of a very wicked Life I have wronged, will accept of that Punishment the Law hath adjudged me to, and which I shall have suffer'd before this comes to their Hands, and not load my Memory with Reproach, or transfer them to any who survive me, and who ought not to suffer in their Character for my Crimes, as well as in their Fortune for my Extravagance and Folly; for, whatever the Publick may have been told of my Riches, few have died poorer than I do. Their Charity in forgiving me will redound to themselves, and as to all who have injured me in my Lifetime, I sincerely and unfeignedly forgive them. The Mercy of God thro' Christ light on my departing Soul, and cleanse it from all Spots of Sin before I appear in the Presence of my Creator. Amen.

While under Sentence, he behaved always very decently and gravely, and with an Appearance of a real Repentance, only that he lov'd Company a little too much, when any Freedom was given him, and in Evidence of his Sincerity, he receiv'd the blessed Sacrament twice, once when he was at first under Sentence, and again that morning he was Executed, in Company with two other of his Fellow Sufferers; but no sooner had he received this Blessed Viaticum in Pledge of Eternal Life; but going down Stairs, and being conveyed unto his own Cell, he immediately cut his Throat with a Razor, which had been privately given him: In two minutes one of the Keepers going in after him, found him all over bloody, then he took him out to a Room in the Press-yard, and there being by Accident two Surgeons within the Jail, one of them sow'd up his Throat, and put him in a Condition of Recovery, and living to have the Sentence of Death executed upon him, according to Law. He denied to another Reverend Clergyman and me, that he had any Design of murdering himself, but that he only by Accident cut his Throat a little, as he was cutting away his Stock which was too fast tied. This seems but a trifling Excuse, and I leave it to every Man to judge upon the Penitence of one guilty of such a horrid Crime, as his Judgment of Discretion and Charity directs him.

He was Executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 25th of April, 1733.

William

William Brown and Joseph Whitlock, for breaking and entering the House of James des Romaine, Esq; October 25, 1733.

WILLIAM BROWN and JOSEPH WHITLOCK, of Paddington, were indicted for breaking and entering (in Company with *William Blackwell*, otherwise *Long Will.* not yet taken) the House of *James des Romaine*, Esq; and stealing one Gold Watch, Value 20 *l.* one Silver Snuff-box, Value 40 *s.* three Gold Rings set with Stones, Value 40 *s.* and a Gold mourning Ring, Value 10 *s.* thirteen Silver Spoons, Value 6 *l.* twelve Silver Forks, Value 6 *l.* seven Knives with Silver Handles, Value 3 *l.* one Silver Soop Ladle, Value 30 *s.* four Silver Salts, Value 50 *s.* eight Silver Tea Spoons, Value 10 *s.* two Pistols mounted with Silver and Steel, Value 4 *l.* one Silver-hilted Sword, Value 40 *s.* one Silk Damask Nightgown, Value 3 *l.* twenty Holland Shirts, Value 10 *l.* six Holland Sheets, Value 6 *l.* and fifty two Guineas and 17 Shillings, the Goods and Money of *James des Romaine*, Esq; and four Silk Damask Gowns, Value 20 *l.* three Silk Petticoats, Value 3 *l.* ten Holland Smocks, Value 5 *l.* four Suits of laced Head-clothes, Value 10 *l.* one Cloth Cloak, Value 10 *s.* and one Silver Buckle set with *Bristol* Stones, Value 7 *s.* the Goods of *Ann des Romaine*, Spinster, [in all to the Value of 161 *l.* 6 *s.*] on the 25th of October, about the Hour of Eight in the Night.

The Prisoners desired that the Witnesses might be separated, which the Court granted.

Ralph Mitchell. The Prisoner, *Brown*, and I, lodged at *White's* (an Alehouse) in the *Grainge-road*; the other Prisoner, *Whitlock*, met us there on the 25th of October, and, between one and two in the Afternoon, we went over the Water to *Rag-Fair*, to see for *Long Will.* but not meeting with him there, we went to *Stock's-Market*, where we took Coach, and drove to *John Gascee's* in *Tyburn Road*; *Gascee* keeps a Brandy-shop; we called for some Cherry-Brandy; *Brown* said to *Gascee*, Now, Jack, if you will go with us, we may make ourselves for ever, and never want again, for we are going to rob the King's Jeweller.

ier. Says Gascee, *I wonder you will ask me, when you know I have been unfortunate, and am now got into a little Way of getting my Livelibood! Well, says Brown, do you know Long Will. ? What, Will. Blackwell ? says Gascee. Yes, I knew him very well. I wish, says Brown, you'd send to his Mother's, and see if he is there. I'll step myself, says Gascee ; but just as he was going, Long Will. came in. So we went up Stairs together, and had a 3 s. Bowl of Punch. We told Long Will. we were going to rob the King's Jeweller. D — n it, says he, I have got no Arms. Why, says Brown, you shall have my Pistol, and I'll take a Cutlace. When we had drank out the Punch it was 7 o'Clock, and then we all four (the Prisoner, and I, and Long Will.) went to the Jeweller's. We saw a grate-ing there that we did not expect. D — n it, says Whitlock, I have often served the House with Poultry, and never saw this Grate before. However, he knocked, and a little Woman came to the Door ; he asked her, if Madam De Batt was within ? She said, No, she was gone out ; and so finding our Design not bearable there, we went away again. D — — n it, says Brown, now I think on't, here's an old French Gentleman lives hard by, and we can tune him easily ; and upon that we went to Colonel Romaine's. Brown put back the Bolt of the outer Gate, we went to the Door and knock'd, the Colonel himself came and opened it, I clapped my Foot between the Door and the Threshold, and we all forced in ; Brown witha Cutlace, and Whitlock with a Pistol, struck the Colonel on the Head, and knocked him down : We took a Gold Watch out of his Pocket, and a Ring from his Finger. The Maid came up from below with a Candle in her Hand, I suppose the Noise had alarmed her : Will. Blackwell went to her, and asked her where the Plate and Money was ? She told him she had not lived there long, but believed they might be above. I and Whitlock took the Colonel with us, and went up into his Room and rifled it ; we went to break a Trunk open, but he said, *Don't break it, I have the Key in my Pocket.* We searched, but not finding it, he felt in his Pocket himself, and gave it us. We took out twelve Silver Forks, seven Knives with Silver Handles, one of them was a small Knife, thirteen Silver Spoons, one great Silver Soop Spoon, eight or nine Silver Pennies, a*

Quarter

Quarter Guinea, some Necklaces, and other Things ; then we tumbled the Beds upside down ; a Pair of Shoes, with Silver Buckles, stood in the Window, and we took the Buckles out ; we opened the Chest of Drawers — the Drawers opened, one to the Right-hand, and the other to the Left, and took out a Parcel of Linnen, and Woman's Apparel.

Court. Where was *Brown* ?

Mitchell. He was sometimes above and sometimes below. He came up to see how we went on, and now and then gave the Colonel a Knock and a Damn, and said, *You old Rogue, where's your Money ?* We left the Colonel, and went into his Daughter's Room (as I suppose it was) broke open the Drawers, and took out a Parcel of Head-clothes, and two Pair of Scissars with a Silver Case. Thence we went into the Maid's Room ; but finding nothing there, we went into another bye Room, where was a Trunk and a Box ; we broke them open, and took out of the Box two Gowns and Petticoats. We thought to find some Money in the Trunk, but there was only a foul Shift and two or three Napkins, which we left there till we had searched the other Rooms. We went down to the Colonel, and threatened him hard, to make him discover where his Money was ; we bound his Hands to his Backside, and, going down to the Entry, at the Foot of the Stairs, I saw *Blackwell* buttoning up his Breeches, and the Maid lying with her Coats up. G — d d — m you, for a Rogue, says I, you ought to think of something else, at such a Time as this. *Brown* told me, he had found nothing below but seven Tea-spoons. He hit the Colonel on the Head, and putting a Case knife to his Throat, said, *Let's kill him !* I swore he should not, for it was enough to rob him, and I would never be concerned in Murder. And the Maid said to him, *Don't kill my Master, rather kill me.* In a back Room we found some Wine, and *Brown* said, there were some Ribs of Lamb below. We sat down, and eat and drank what we thought fit, and then going to get our Goods together, we happened to see a little Closet ; says *Brown*, *I'll be d — d if his Money is not there.* But upon Search, we found only a Pair of Pistols, and a Silver-hilted Sword with a green Belt — I think it was green ; says *Brown*, these will be of Service to us, and so we took them. We packed

packed up what we had got in several Bundles, and went to see how the Colonel and his Maid did. By the Way we espy'd a Cupboard, with some Tea and Coffee in it. Says *Brown*, *My Wife drinks Tea, and I'll take this for her.* Then each Man taking his Bundle, I went out first, and left them to lock the Door. And *Brown*, when he came to me, told me, that he had locked it, but whether he did or no, I cannot tell. We went into the Fields, and, thinking it was too soon to venture into *London*, we sat down upon our Bundles, and staid till we thought the Watch were gone off. Then we parted, *Black Will.* and I went to the Water-side, and took a Boat to *Pepper-Alley*, and walked from thence to *White's*, at the *Grainge*, by six in the morning. I knocked at the Door. *Brown's* Wife looked out; I told her, her Husband was coming, and, while I was speaking, he and *Whitlock* came to the Door. *White* got up, and drew us two Pots of Beer; I shewed him the Tea, and said, *Is not this good Tea? We have had good Luck to Night*; for he thought we dealt in Run Tea and Brandy. His Wife, my Wife, *Brown's* Wife, and we all breakfasted together with this Tea; they said it was very good, and they had never drank better. After Breakfast we shared the Goods. *Black Will.* had Six Shirts, and two Shifts, for his Share of the Linnen, and he sold his Share of the Silks to me, and *Whitlock*, and *Brown*, for 14 Shillings a-piece. I and the two Prisoners left him, and went to sell the Plate to *Edward Bodenham*, at the *Ship Alehouse* in the *Old Bailey*; *Whitlock*, staid at the *Cock* in the *Old Bailey*, and only I and *Brown* went to *Bodenham's*, for I knew *Bodenham* would be scrupulous of buying the Plate, if we all three went together; *Well*, says *Bodenham*, *have you got any Thing for me? Yes*, says I, *here's a Gold Watch.* He looked on it, *'Tis very old and worn*, says he, *What's the Price?* I told him sixteen Guineas. *It is not worth near that Money*, said he, *for I must get something by it, and you know how Things are as well as I.* At last we agreed for eight Guineas. He asked us, what we had got else? Then he took us into a little Room, where he tutors his Watches; he weighed it, said there was 80 Ounces, and asked us, what we must have? Says I, 4s. 6d. *an Ounce, you know what you used to give.*

Court.

Court. How came you to say so?

Mitchell. Because I had sold him Plate before. At last he agreed to give us 24 *l.* for the Watch and Plate all together, and we took it, because we knew not where else to dispose of it. He did not pay us directly, but said, we must stay an Hour; he called a Coach, took the Plate with him, and, in about an Hour, returned, and paid us the Money: *But*, says he, *I have had a hard Bargain, and when you come again, you must use me better.* So to make him Amends, I gave him a Silver Buckle, set with *Bristol* Stones; we drank a 3 *s.* Bowl of Punch, when that was empty, we called upon *Whitlock* at the *Cock*, and went back together to *White's*, where we found *Black Will*. We shared the Money, 6 *l.* a-piece, and I called for some Beer, *D — n, you*, says *Black Will*. *let's have some Punch*; *White* brought a 3 *s.* Bowl; it was then about 4 o'Clock. When we had drank it out, *D — n you*, says *Black Will*. *I must go over the Water, but I'll come again*; but we never saw him more. About two Weeks after, I and my Wife went to *Bodenbam's*, with this mourning Ring; he said it was very light, and he could not afford to give above five Shillings for it, and we took the Money.

Court. What became of the Pistols?

Mitchell. We kept them for our own Use.

Court. Had you those Pistols when you were taken?

Mitchell. Yes.

Court. How were you apprehended?

Mitchell. I and the two Prisoners took Horse at the *White Horse-Inn*, in *Westminster*, about 7 in the morning, (I forgot the Day of the Month, but it's within these three Weeks) we rode directly to *Fulham*, over the new Bridge to *Putney*, so to *Kingston-Bridge*, and through *Hampton-Court* to *Staines*, where we dined. There a Man, who knew *Whitlock*, happening to come in, *D — n me*, says *Whitlock*, *we shall be blown, if we stay hereabouts, for this Fellow knew me when I was tried in the Country* Upon this we altered our Design, which was to rob *Whitlock's* Uncle. We rid to *Black-River* — or *Black-Water*, I don't know which you call it. — We met a Man on *Banstead-Heath*, says *Brown*, *Let's tune him*. No, says I, *our Horses are tired, and we shall lose our Night's Rest*. We put in at the *Swan*, in a little Town, where we lay

lay ; in the morning we went to the next Market-Town, drank there, rid through, and returned in the Evening to meet the Farmers as they came from Market ; but we got only a Pair of Silver Buckles : We proceeded to *Farnham*, lay there, and next Day went for *Guilford* ; we intended to take the Farmers as they returned from thence in the Evening, but while we were in Town, *Brown* said, he was afraid somebody would know his Mare, and so we should be blown. So we went to *Godliman*, (*Godalmin*) where we baited, and coming out of our Inn in the Evening, we met a Man, who asked us, which Way we were going ? We said for *London*, and he passed us. *I'll be d —'d*, says *Brown*, if this Man has not got Money ; we looked after him, and saw him upon his Knees, we thought (as it proved) he was tying his Money in the Tail of his Shirt, *Brown* followed with this other Pistol, and stopped him, the Man, who was a stout Fellow, seized the Pistol, struggled with *Brown*, and run off ; but we came up with him again, took two Bags, in which was about 6*l.* from him, and then ty'd him, and rode towards *Guilford*, but fearing to be pursued, we turned up a bye Road, and passing by the *Green Man*, we saw two Men drinking at the Door. We rode a Quarter of a Mile, and waited for them ; when they came up, we stopped them, bound their Hands behind them, took twenty one Guineas from one, and one Guinea, a Knife, and a Tabocco-box from the other. A little further we met a Butcher's Boy, from whom *Whitlock* took a few Half-pence, and a Silver Buckle, which he had in a Bag, and then we rode on for *London*. But before we got to *Kingston*, our Horses tired ; mine, indeed, was in a much better Condition, for I had changed Horses with one of the Countrymen we had robbed. However, before we entered *Kingston* Town, we turned our Horses all loose in a Turnip field, and went to the *Bell*, and enquired for a Waterman ; the People said, they believed we should hardly find a Waterman that would go so late ; but at last a Woman brought one to us, who offered to go for six Shillings, we agreed for five Shillings, and to find him Beer and Brandy. We went into his Boat, lay upon the Straw, and covered ourselves with the Tilt ; we soon fell asleep, and slept till we came to *Putney*,
when

when two Boats clapped along-side of us, and some Men jumped directly into our Boat, and took us napping. I asked for the Constable, surrendered myself, was carried before my Lord *Palmerston*, examin'd, and made an Evidence.

Col. des Romaine. On the 25th of *October*, about eight at Night, I heard somebody knock ; my Maid, who was below, not going to the Door, I took a Candle, and went myself ; as soon as I had opened it, a Man rushed in upon me, seized me by the Shoulder, and swore, if I made a Noise, he'd shoot me dead ; he was followed by three more, one of whom struck me on the Head with a Cut-lace, I cry'd, *Murder ! Help !* and called to my Maid, *Veron Curtis*, — *Veron, call my Men ! bid 'em bring my Pistols !* in Hopes to have made the Russians believe I had Men in the House, but they did not regard it. *D——n him*, says one, *beat his Brains out* ; and presently I received a Blow on my Head with the Butt-end of a Pistol ; the Blood followed a-pace, and I fell to the Ground. They rifled me ; took a Gold Watch out of my Pocket ; I lost a Ring from my Finger, but, being in a Surprize I don't know how it went. I had in my left Fob six Guineas and a half, in a Purse, which I thrust under the Mat by the Door. They brought my Breeches down to my Knees, to search me, and took away some Silver, I can't say how much, but I believe there might be fifteen or sixteen Shillings. They ty'd my Hands behind me, and two of them dragged me up Stairs, another holding me by the Shoulder, with a Pistol in his Hand, to make me shew them where my Money was. — They bid me be hush, or they'd shoot me.

Court. Did they all Three stay in your Room above.

Colonel. I think so — I think one held me, and two searched the Room. They first opened a Trunk, with a double Cover ; there was a Box in it with Plate ; they took the Box out, but did not open the upper Cover, within which I had forty-five Guineas and a Half. I still deny'd telling them where my Money was, in Hopes they would not find it ; upon which they again struck me on the Head with a Pistol. — They opened a Press, and threw some Things out ; they took two Pistols out of the Closet — these are the same — and a Silver hilted Sword with

with a green Belt. One of them said, he'd break the Hilt off, but another said, No, there was no need. They carried me into another Room, where they broke open another Press, but I did not see what they took out of it. Then they made me go down with them, and, at the Foot of the Stairs, I saw my Maid sitting on the Ground, with Part of her Coats up, and a Man rising from her, and putting up his Breeches. They tied my Hands so hard to my Back, as put me to great Pain. They placed me by the Maid; put a Napkin and the Maid's Petticoat over my Head, so that I was almost stifled. — Some of them went into the Parlour, and up Stairs. — One coming down again, gave me several Strokes, and said, *O! you old Rogue, you said you had no Money!* Another laid his Hand on my Head, and put something under the Petticoat, which I thought was a Hanger, but *Mitchell* says, it was this Knife.

Mitchell. Yes, this is the Knife, and it was *Whitlock* that put it under the Petticoat.

Colonel. I begged them to loosen my Wrists, and thought one of them was going to do so, but he only took the Buttons out of my Sleeves. As my Head was covered, I could indeed hear them walk about, and speak to the Maid, but could not distinguish what they said. I remained thus in the greatest Misery till Three in the Morning, when hearing no Noise, I believed they were gone. She said, *Hush! don't make a Noise! they are not gone yet. They certainly are,* says I, *have not you the Use of your Fingers?* She said, she believed she had. I bid her see if she could not untie my Hands. She said her own Hands were not quite at Liberty, but she would try what she could do; and so she did, but it was near a Quarter of an Hour before she could loosen the Cord. But, Sir, says she, *for God's Sake don't stir yet, for I am afraid they are not gone; God has preserved your Life hitherto, and why will you run the Hazard of losing it at last?* However, as I believed they were gone, I went into the Passage, and saw a light in the Fore room, but nobody was there. I found the Door drawn to, but not locked, and the Key was left on the Rail without Side. I bolted the Door, and desired her to call for Help, but she said, she did not dare go yet,

yet, for fear they should kill her. I went myself to a Closet-Window, called to a Gardener, and told him what had happened; he promised to come, but did not, though I called him again. The Maid was fearful of being left alone, and followed me about the House, wherever I went.

Court. Look on the Prisoners, Sir, — Do you know either of them?

Colonel. I did not then know either of them, but, on Recollection, I believe *Brown* was the Man who held me. — I can't say, I remember any Thing of the other. I saw but four in all, and, for the other three, I mostly saw their Backs. — two of them went before me with a Candle.

Brown. You say I was up Stairs — Pray ask *Mitchell*, whether I went up or not?

Mitchell. You were sometimes up, and sometimes down, — Sometimes you held the Colonel by the Shoulder, and sometimes you gave him a Knock with a Pistol.

Veron Curtis. Between Eight and Nine, somebody knocked, as my Master said, though I did not hear it, but I heard the Dog bark, and listening, heard the Door open, and presently my Master cried out, *Murder! come up, Veron, and call the Men.* I went up, and found him lying in the Entry in a goar Blood, with four Men about him. I know *Whitlock*, — he in the grey Waistcoat was one of them. Another of them, who was a tall Man, stepped up to me, took me by the Hand, and swore, if I spoke a Word, he'd shoot me through the Head; *Whitlock* had a naked Hanger in his Hand, and he (I think it was) asked me where the Plate was? I told him, I was a new Servant, and knew of no more than six Spoons and Forks that were in the Kitchen. They rifled my Master, and tied my Hands behind me, and three of them took him up Stairs. The tall Man staid below, and asked me where the Candles were? I told him, in the Kitchen; and, if he would let me have my Hands loose, I would fetch some. No, he would not do that, but carried me down, and made me shew him where they were. He took some, and lighted one at the Fire, and, taking me up again, carried me into the Parlour, where he set me in a Chair, and abused me in a gross Manner. *Whitlock* afterwards came down, and used me as ill as the other had done — I saw but 4 Men in all.

Court.

Court. What do you know of their Eating and Drinking?

Curtis. I had dressed a Neck of Mutton, Part of it was left. There were three Bricks in the House, and a Pound of Butter; they eat the Mutton, and the best Part of the Butter, and two Quartern Bricks; and one of them said, he'd go and carry a Bottle to the Man that held their Horses.

Whitlock. Did I go up?

Curtis. I think they all went up, but the tall Man, who took hold of me first; and when *Whitlock* came down, he and the tall Man kept me Prisoner in the Room by Turns.

Whitlock. You said I seized you first.

Curtis. No; the tall Man seized me, and *Whitlock* came up with a naked Hanger, and swore, if I would not discover where the Plate was, I should be shot. A quilted Petticoat, that I had been working, was put over my Master's Head, and I had a white Handkerchief round my Head. *Whitlock* said, the best Way would be to kill the Master, and gag the Maid, and he took a Knife to cut my Master's Throat. *For God's Sake, says I, don't kill my Master, but rather kill me;* and the others preventing him, *Why then, G—d—n them, says he, gag them both down close.*

Brown. Did not you deny me, when I was brought to Newgate?

Curtis. It was duskish then, and I could not see very well. but as soon as I had a Candle, I said, to the best of my Knowledge, you was one of the Men I saw in the Entry when I first came up.

Brown. What did you say to Mr. Fisher, at Paddington, when he bid you have a Care, or you'd hang yourself?

Curtis. I said, if I knew any Thing of you before, it was the Day before Michaelmas, when you came to our Door with a couple of Geese, and I shewed them to my Master.

Court. Do you believe him to be the Man who brought the Geese?

Curtis. Yes.

Court. Now it lies harder upon you. [To Brown.]

Jane Cheny, Pawnbroker. I had this Petticoat and Table-

Table-cloth from *Brown*; he pledged them in the Name of *William Moore*, on the 23^d of November; and this Brocade I had of his Wife.

Colonel. This Petticoat belongs to my Daughter; it was taken away with the rest of the Things, when my House was broke open.

John Gassee. The same Night the Robbery was committed, *Mitchell* and the two Prisoners were at my House, and called for a Quartern of Cherry-brandly. *Brown* asked to go out with them, and said, we should never want Money afterwards. I told him, No; for though I had seen a great deal of the World, I was now got into another Way. Then he said, it was no Matter, and asked me, if I knew *Long Will*.? *What Will*. Blackwell? says I. Yes, I believe he's at his Mother's, hard by. He desired me to send for him, and, while we were talking about it, *Long Will*. came in; they shook Hands with him, went up Stairs together, had a Three-Shilling Bowl of Punch, and went away about seven, or later. Next Morning one Mr. *Berry* came and told me of the Robbery.

Henry Maschal. The Prisoner and *Mitchell* were taken asleep in a Boat on the Water by *Putney* *. This Pistol was taken from *Brown*——this from *Whitlock*——and this other from *Mitchell*.

Colonel. And these two Pistols which were found upon them are mine, and the same I lost.

——*White*. *Brown* and *Mitchell* lodged at my House.

Court. Do you know of any Tea that *Brown* brought to your House?

——*White*. No.

Court. No?

——*White*. Yes; I remember *Brown* brought some Tea one Morning, but I can't be certain as to the Time.

Court. Do you remember you drank Tea at any Time when the Prisoners, and *Mitchell*, and another, were in Company with you at your House?

——*White*. Yes; and there was my Husband, and *Brown's* Wife, and *Mitchell's* Wife.

Brown's

* They were pursued to Kingston, but being gone from thence by Water, the Pursuers rode on to Putney.

Brown's Defence.

Brown. While I lived at *Paddington*, *Mitchell* came to me, and said, he was in an Information, and begged me to let him stay with me, and he staid three or four Days; but there was a good 'Squire that lived next Door, and his Servants seeing *Mitchell*, they told me, the 'Squire was angry, that I let such a loose Fellow lodge with me; I acquainted *Mitchell* with it, and he said, if I'd lend him a Great Coat, he'd go off, and so he did. In two or three Weeks after, I went and lodged at *White's*, and *Mitchell* lodged there at the same Time. He was in a great deal of Trouble, and said, he wished I would go to such and such Places. I told him I had stained my Character already, and did not care to bring myself into a Scrape again. He told me, he had been in a great many Concerns himself, and if he was taken, he was sure to be a dead Man, and therefore he would swear any Man's Life away to save his own, for he did not care who he was an Evidence against.

John Harvey. I have known *Brown* five or six Years, he lodged in a House where I had lived fifteen Years: I never heard an Oath come out of his Mouth, nor any Body speak ill of him.

Court. He says himself, that his Character was stain'd.

Harvey. It's three Years since I was acquainted with him.

John Tozer. I have known him above three Years, he bought Fowles and Rabbits at *Leadenhall-Market*, and sold them about the Streets, and behaved himself very modestly and handsomely.

Thomas Crosby. He lived in our Neighbourhood a Year and a half ago, and then I believed him to be very honest.

George Pardon. I have known him four Years, and never heard any Ill of him.

Whitlock's Defence.

Whitlock. Pray ask the Constable, if he took the Colonel's Pistols from me?

Constable. I saw it taken out of *Whitlock's* Pocket at *Putney*, and his Pocket was pulled off in getting it out.

Court. Now you have it with a Circumstance.

Whitlock. Here's *George Sutton* can give an Account of me.

George

George Sutton. I know him only by his being in Goal.

Henry Sutton, (George Sutton's Father). The Colonel swore to my Son as one that was in the Robbery.

Justice Deveil. *George Sutton*, having been in a great many Robberies, was brought before me on Suspicion of being concerned in this, the Colonel observed him very narrowly, and swore, that to the best of his Knowledge; he believed him to be one of the four that broke into his House — Those were his very Words, *To the best of his Knowledge.* *Sutton* pretended that he lay at a House in *St. Giles's* that Night, but a Constable, who the same Night had searched every Room of that House, declared, that *Sutton* was not there.

Mary Sutton. The Colonel charged my Son.

Court. There's no doubt of it; but upon Recollection, he found his Mistake.

Whitlock. *Justice Deveil* offered *Sutton* a Purse of Guineas to be an Evidence.

G. Sutton. He said it would be Money in my Way, if I would turn Evidence.

Justice Deveil. I only told him of the King's Reward.

George Sutton. It was sworn, that I was a disorderly Person, and so you sent me to *Tothillfields-Bridwell*; and, you told me, if I knew any Thing of this Affair, and would make a Discovery, there was a Reward in the Proclamation.

Court. And any other might have said the same.

Fane Wood. *Whitlock* has worked four Times for my Husband. The first was Twelve Years ago; and the last, Two Months ago, and he was very faithful to his Trust.

Daniel Atkins. I have known him five or six Years, and never knew any Things amiss of him — I saw him 7 or 8 Years ago. — He's a Farrier, and I am a Sawyer.

William Gent. Two Years ago, he lodged in the same House with me, and went out to work every Morning.

John Hunt. I have known him four or five Years, at the *Bell and Bull* in *Finsbury*, and at his Brother's in *Rag-Fair*, and never heard any Hurt of him.

Henry Fleet. Nor I, and I have known him from a Child.

Thomas Gardner. He worked with me sometime ago.

Court. How long ago?

Thomas Gardner. Ten Years. — but he came and drank a Bowl of Punch with me, within these 6 Weeks.

Whitlock. I see a Gentleman here in Court, that knows me.

Mr. Wigly. He used to shoe my Horses — I know nothing more of him, but that about 18 Months ago, he broke out of the *New-Goal*.

The Jury found them Guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

William Brown, about 29 Years of Age, born in the *West Country*, of honest Parents, who gave him good Education at School, in Reading, Writing and Arithmetick, to fit him for Business, and instructed him in the Christian Religion. He was not of any Trade, but did Country-Work, and settled himself in a Farm; but his Inclination not being good, he spent too much, and was obliged to quit his Lease; and, having met with some Disappointment about a Marriage, he came to *London*, where by Advice of his Friends he became a *Poulterer*, and married a Wife, with whom he liv'd some Time in *Holburn*, and then he removed to *Paddington*, where the best of the Place, particularly *Colonel des Romaine*, encouraged him; and in this Way, he maintained his Family very well; 'till falling-in with bad Company, he was not Proof against their pernicious Advice, and this brought him to speedy Destruction. He left *Paddington*, after he was abandon'd to a loose Life, and went to the other Side of the Water, where his chief Companions were, and before his Character was blown, and then he commenc'd Thief, Robber and Highwayman, without Restraint, scarce minding any other Business at all, unless for a Pretence, that he might not be suspected. He confess'd, that he was concern'd in a great Number of Highway Robberies, House-breakings and Thefts, before he left *Paddington*, and since, always in Company with *Whitlock* and some others, and (as was talk'd) with *William Johnson*, which (as is said) *Johnson* denied, and *Brown* did not accuse him, and said, he knew nothing of his being guilty of such Actions: Though this may be much doubted of. He acknowledged the Robbing of *Colonel Des Romaine*, as was sworn against him, and that they treated the Colonel and his Maid most cruelly and barbarously, which was the Height

of Ingratitude in him, since that Gentleman had always been very civil and obliging to him. He waited as a Watch in the Entry, while the others went up and rifled the House. In the Beginning of *October* last, they committed several Robberies about *Edgeworth*, and afterwards in *Surry*, after which they were taken up, and brought to their deserved and condign Punishment. He was not so frank in his Confessions as *Whitlock*, yet at last he own'd a Robbery, for which others were blamed. He was a disobedient Youth to his Parents, a Breaker of the Lord's Day, a Neglector of Ordinances, a Lover of vile Company and too much addicted to Drinking; for which, and other Vices, God in Justice afflicted him. He behav'd well under Sentence, wept bitterly and often; declar'd his Hopes of obtaining Salvation by Christ; that he truly repented of all his Sins, and was in Peace with all the World.

The Confession of William Brown.

The first Fact that I ever committed, was in Company with *Joseph Whitlock*, on the *Rumford* Road, where we stopp'd a *Higler*, and robb'd him of about forty or fifty shillings; then we came to Town the same Night and shar'd the Money, and so parted, and we went home to our Lodgings. After that, wanting Money to buy us Pistols, we went out again, and robb'd one they call *Dame Holland*, about a Mile beyond *Dulwich*, of about forty or fifty shillings; then we furnish'd ourselves with Pistols. After this Robbery, *Whitlock* and I made an Agreement to go and see his Friends, who liv'd not far from *Salisbury*; and in the Evening, I and *Whitlock* knock'd at a Man's Door, no body being there but himself, his Man-Servant, and Maid-Servant, whom we ty'd by their Hands and then rifled the House to the value of about twenty Pound. The same Evening we went to another House not far from that which we robb'd before, where we thought there was a great deal of Money; we knock'd at the Door after the same Manner as we did before; we took from that House to the value of about three Guineas, and some small Matter of Silver; where we bound all the whole Family except two small Children; from each House we took a Gun in order for our Defence for fear of being pursued; but being not pursued, we hid them in a Tree within a few Miles of *Winchester*, where we did design to get Post-horses.

horses in order to come for *London*, but could not, so we were oblig'd to walk it.

When we came to *London*, *Whitlock* brought me into Company with *Mitchell*; not long after we had been acquainted, we consulted together to rob Mr. *Ferock* the King's Jeweller, after the following Manner, viz. One of us was to ring at the Door, which was accordingly done, when the *Gardiner* came, and ask'd him what he wanted? he reply'd, and asked, if Madam *Debart* was there, and the *Gardiner* made Answer she was gone; and we found we could not get in, one of us said, it is very hard we should go Home without any Thing; with that, I reply'd, here is one Colonel *Des Romaines*, whom I us'd to serve with Fowls and Rabbits, we will go and knock at his Door; with that we all went to the Colonel's House, and one of us knock'd at the Door, at which the Colonel himself came to it; on his opening the Door we thrust in, and at the same Time one of us knock'd the Colonel down with a Cutlash, and swore if he did not deliver his Money; that he would murder him; with that the Colonel said he had no Money in his House; all the Time *Whitlock* stood over him with a Pistol to his Head: The Colonel making some Resistance, I came in, and pull'd him by one of his Legs, and threw him upon his Back-side, and then put my Hand in his Pocket, and took from him his Gold Watch and about 16 s. in Silver; after this one of us took him by the Collar, and *Whitlock* followed him with his Pistol, and led him into a Back-room where the Maid was, in order to light a Candle, and there we demanded his Keys. The Colonel reply'd, I will shew you every Thing I have in my House, for said he, Gentlemen, I assure you I have no Money; *save my Life I beg of you*, and what Plate I have in the House you shall have: Upon which one of us took the Colonel by the Collar, and led him up Stairs, at the same Time *Whitlock* followed him close with a Pistol in his Hand; and when they came up Stairs, the Colonel show'd us where the Plate lay, which we took, and made the Colonel go down Stairs, and then we put him in the Back-Room with his Maid, where she was ty'd and confined all the Time the Robbery was committing; after we had ty'd the Colonel we went and rifled the House of Wearing Apparel, Linnen, &c. Says *Mitchell*, I am a-dry, I'll see if there is any Liquor in the House, with that

he

he went into the Cellar, and brought up four or five Pints of Wine, which we drank up; says *Mitchell*, the Colonel keeps but a poor House, for he has neither *Beer* nor *Brandy* in it, only a Glass of Wine: After this *Whitlock* said he was a hungry, upon which *Mitchell* reply'd, I know the House very well now, so I will go and see if the Colonel has got any Victuals; with that he went down Stairs, and brought up two or three Ribs of *Mutton*, and some *Butter*, which we all eat part of; after we had done Eating we took a Glass or two of Wine, and then pack'd up the Cloaths, and all set down in the Passage, for about 2 or 3 Hours; then left the House and made the best of our Way for *London*; when we came near the Tower, we went towards *Islington*, and just by *Blackmary's-hole* we parted, two one way, and two another. I asked *Whitlock* how we should dispose of the Goods, *Mitchell* reply'd, I know very well how to dispose of the Cloaths, Watch and Plate, which we did the Day after the Robbery, meeting together at the *Hand and Flower*, the other side of the Water, when we agreed together to sell the Plate and Watch to one Mr. *Boddenham* in the *Old-bailey*, *Mitchell* saying he knew him very well; for he had dealt with him for several Things before.

I desire all Persons (especially young Men) to take Warning by my ignominious Death, and I hope God will give you Grace, (more than I have had) to avoid bad Company, for that has been my utter Ruin. I hope all good Christians will not reflect on my unfortunate Wife and four small Children, for she was unsensible of my way of Life; for I always told her by several different Stories how I got my Money; and if I had taken her Advice, I had never brought myself to this unimely End. I die in Charity with all the World, and the Lord have Mercy upon my poor Soul.

The following Account, Whitlock desired might be published in the Dying-Speech.

Joseph Whitlock, born in *Wiltshire*, put Apprentice to a *Smith* and *Farrier* in *Salisbury*, where I served my Master four Years; after which, I went away from him, by reason of a young Woman I kept Company with, whom I left behind me, and came up to *London*, destitute of all Friends, but got into Business in a very little Time, and continued therein for near five Years, well respected

by all my Acquaintance; after the five Years expired, I married my now Wife, who then lived at *Lambeth*, where I settled, by whom I have had five Children, two whereof are now living, who always behaved herself justly and honestly; we lived together for near six Years well respected; but, being acquainted with *Joseph Addison*, a Barber, who lived at *Lambeth*, and usually drinking with him at one *W——n*, who kept the *Bell Ale-house* there, where *Addison* us'd, was drawn in by him frequently to drink and lose my Time, which was the first bringing me to my unhappy Misfortunes, which began about two Years and a half ago, when myself, *Addison*, and another (through *Addison*'s Persuasion) went to the Bishop of *Canterbury*'s Palace, and stole from thence six Geese, which we carried to *W——n*'s the next Day, where we had one dressed that Night for Supper, and shar'd the other five among us, of which *W——n* had a Part. The next Thing I committed through *Addison*'s Instigation was, he hearing I had a Brother who lived in *Church-lane* in *Reg-fair*, worth a great deal of Money, and knowing I could not keep his Company without Money, persuaded me to rob him, which I did, and at several Times took from him near 150*l.* which I did in the following manner; being well respected by my Brother, I used every *Sunday* to go to see him, and under Pretence of brushing my Clothes in the Shop, I leaned over the Counter and pulled out one of the Drawers, from whence I took the Money promiscuously.

Another Time, being of a *Sunday*, I went over as usual, and missing the Money in the Drawers (my Brother being in the Kitchen) and there being a Press Bed in the Shop wherein he used to lie; I took his Breeches from off the Teaster of the Bed, and took from thence a Purse wherein was about Twenty-five Guineas, and in one of the Pockets about Ten Penny worth of Half-pence, which I put into the Purse, and carried the Gold away, and went over the Water directly to *Addison*'s, and told him what I had done; and being set in the Shop a-shaving, I saw my Brother pass by, and knowing myself Guilty, went up into *Addison*'s Room, and stay'd there 'till I heard by him they were gone, and then went to *W——n*'s House, and sat drinking there the best Part of that Night.

The next Day myself and *Addison* went into the Country

try and stay'd 'till about Two o'Clock the next Morning before we came home, where my Brother and another waited for me, and brought me over the Water, charging me with robbing him, which I stiffly denied; and, having an Opportunity, tied the Money, which I had left, in the Tail in my Shirt, and about five Guineas in my Shoes, which upon searching me they found; but not pulling off my Breeches they did not find the Remainder; on which, after Threatening, they left me in the House, and I got away, and went to my Companions at *W—n's* House, and told them all that happen'd, and what Money I had saved, when we fell to drinking; but was informed by *W—n*, that my Brother had been there to make an Inquiry how I liv'd; when *W—n* told him, that I was his Follower (he being a Bailiff) and by that means got a great deal of Money, besides what I got by my own Business of a *Farrier*.

But, one Time in particular, (my Brother being a Constable) *Addison* and the other persuaded me to go and rob him, which I did in the following Manner; *Addison*, myself and the other, went from *W—n's* House while my Brother was at Church, when I opened the Door, they standing by to watch, and I robbed him of Fifty Guineas, a Silver Watch and a Ring, and came out again and lock'd the Street Door undiscover'd.

The Money being spent, *Addison* propos'd the robbing of one Mr. *Moore* who lives at *Lambeth*, a Gentleman, he said, who was worth some Thousand Pounds, which would be the making of us; but wanting to buy Materials for such an Enterprize, *W—* advanced the Money, at the same Time telling us, he was indebted to his Brewer 100*l.* and that he must have such a Sum if we succeeded, which *Addison* promis'd he should, and 100 *l.* more to it; we thereupon, that is, myself, *Addison* and the other, went into *Monmouth Street*, and provided ourselves with Banyans, Masks and Pistols, and proceeded to commit the Robbery in the following Manner: There being an Outer-gate, we easily drew back the Spring-lock, when *Addison* and the other went to the Inner-door, myself was posted at the Outer-gate, where was a Bell which I rung; when the Maid came to the Door, there being a Grate to look through, asked who was at the Grate? I asked her whe-

ther Mr. Moore was within, and that I had a Letter for him, on which she opened the Door, and Addison and the other seized her; I followed them and went into the Room, where we found an old Woman, who begged us not to murder her, but take all she had; but, asking for the Gentleman, was told he was in his Study up Stairs, on which I took a Candle and was going up to him, but on the Maid's crying out, he having heard her, as I suppose, I met him on the Stairs, and holding the Candle to see whether he had any Fire Arms, some how with his Hands he shook the Candle out of my Hand, and the other Person at the same time letting the Maid go, she got open the Door and ran out crying Murder, Thieves and Fire; when the other Person went after her with a Pretence of catching her, but never returned; on which we made our Escape without doing any Thing. About two or three Days afterwards we were taken up on Suspicion, and carried before Justice Kent, who committed us to the New Goal in Surry, on a strong Suspicion of having intended to commit the said Robbery. When W——n fearing it would come out, and he be charged therewith, went to the said Mr. Kent and made a Confession, which not being sufficient, Addison was admitted an Evidence; but, before the Assizes came, I with two others made our Escape out of the said Goal and went to France, where I stay'd about seven Days, and then returned to London, and from thence to Bristol, where I work'd about six Weeks; but, not being easy, came up to London again, and stay'd some Time; when I went down to Exeter, where I work'd some Time; but, not yet being easy, I came to a Place called Hindon near Salisbury, where I work'd about a Quarter of Year; but there being a Robbery committed, and it being known that I escaped out of Goal, I was taken up on Suspicion, but nothing appearing against me, I was detained on Account only of breaking the Goal, and was brought up to my old Confinement, in order to take my Trial at Kingston Assizes, where I was acquitted; and there I became acquainted with Brown and Mitchell; and Brown, liking my Conversation, sent to Lambeth to speak with me at his House at Puddington; where we consulted to rob the King's Jeweller, who had a House there; but, being disappointed there, we went to the House of Colonel Des Romaines,

maines, when *Brown* opened the Gate, and, knocking at the Door, the Colonel came to the Door, whom we robbed of a Watch, Plate, and Linnen of Value. After we came into the House we ty'd the Colonel, and blind-folded him at the same Time; he said, *If you'll untye me I'll open the Locks myself*, and went up Stairs accordingly and did so; then we brought him down again, and ty'd him by the Maid, and afterwards we rifled the House, and went from thence about three o'Clock in the Morning.

Some Days after which we, with *Mitchell*, went on the *Essex* Road, and committed several Robberies near *Gray's*; when we had robbed the Persons we tied them, and carry'd them into a Field together. And another Time we waited for some Butchers coming from *Rumford* Market, where we stopped a Butcher and his Wife on Horseback: The Man said he had no Money; on which *Mitchell* struck the Woman with a Stick on the Head, by which Blow she fell from the Horse, and I caught her in my Arms; we robbed them of a small Matter, and afterwards tied them together with Cords, for which we were pursued, but escaped.

Sometime after this, *Brown* and myself met at *Johnson's* House near *Shoreditch* (who is to be executed with me for the Murder of *Taaman*, in *Thames-street*). Then we went on the *Edger* Road, and near *Edger*, just by the Windmill, we met with one *Partridge*, a Farmer, on Horseback, about eight o'Clock at Night, whom we dismounted, and made him go over a Gate into a Field, and from thence into another, where we robb'd him of thirty-five Shillings, a Great Coat, a Hat with a black Edge, and a mourning Hat-band. We cut the Girths of the Saddle, and I threw the Saddle over the Gate: We asked him whether he had been at *London*, and he told us no, he had been to make an Agreement with his Landlord about a Farm. We asked him further, whether he was a money'd Man? and he reply'd, No, he wanted Money as much as we did. This Robbery we committed about the Beginning of *October* last, the Day I cannot remember, but believe it to be the 8th.

From thence we went to *London*, and met the next Day at the *Red-Lyon* on *Tower-Hill*, in order sell the Great Coat and Hat; and from thence we went to *Rag-Fair*, where one of us kept the Coat, and *Brown* kept the Hat,

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and allowed me my Share in Money ; the Coat I took particular Notice of, having wore it myself that Night, and it was tore up in the back Seam about five or six Inches.

After this we went on the *Surry Road*, and committed several Robberies, particularly a Gentleman who lived at *Kingslon*, which was the last before we were taken ; which was after the following Manner : Having been much fatigued that Day, and it being late, we came down to the Water-side, and got into a Boat on the *Thames*, and, thinking ourselves safe, went to sleep ; but the Robberies we had committed being nois'd about the Country, we were taken.

I have nothing more to add, but beg all young People will take Warning by me, and heartily desire no Person will reflect on my poor Wife, who always was a dutiful one to me, and always perswaded me from those evil Courses, which brought me to my shameful End.

They were both executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, December 19, 1733.*

Hannah Cummins, for privately Stealing, Feb. 6. 1734.

HANNAH CUMMINS was indicted for privately stealing a Silver Watch, Value 5*l.* from the Person of *Robert Wright*, *Feb. 6.*

Robert Wright Me Loard, on the saxt of *Februuary*, about ten at Neet, as I and twa mare young Men were standing upon the Street, a talking wi' two young Women, the Preefoner cam and taip'd me o'the Shooolder, and aix'd me an I wanno' gi' her a Drink. I preefently ken'd wha she was, becaufe I had served her with Breed, for I am a Baker, and my Maister leeves intull *St. Ann's* Pairish ; but I was in *St. Geil's*, or *St. Mairtin's* Parish, (I knna weel whucho' the two) when I mat wi' the Preefoner. So I and the twa Men ged wi' her tull a Hoose ; now, Sir, quo' she, an ye wull gi' me a Draim I wall be much obleeged tull ye, so she caw'd for hauf a Pint o' Leequor, and the Landlady eaw'd *Betty* to come tull us, and the Preefoner, and I, and *Betty*, and the twa Menged up Stairs. But yen o' the Men dinna bide long, and in hauf an Oor his Compainian and *Batty* get away to, and last no Sauli' the
Rom

Room but the Preefoner and my sell. Then Sir she fate her sell o' my Knee, and said, *what wull ye gi' us to Neet.* I said I dinna maiter an Igi' her any Thing, an I cud do any Thing tull her, but at that preefent Time I dinna care to be confairn'd wi' her. Then she laid herself on the Beed, and said my Breeches hurted her, and she put her Hand doon, and pull oot my Watch, and knock'd, and Batty came up tull her. *Hanan, quo' I, what mean you by jairving me so? Ye ha' tacken my Watch, and it coast me five Punds. Haud yer Peace, quo' she, and be easy, be easy, canno' ye be easy? — No I canno' be easy till I ha' my Watch again, for it coast me five Punds. Come, quo' she, lat us ha' i' oiber Quartern and be easy; but I wanna be easy. Why ye Dug, quo' she, do ye say that I ha' got yer Watch. Troath ha' ye, quo' I, for I felt ye when ye tuck it awa, and I wonna pairt wi' it so, for it coast me five Punds.* Then she said I might sairch her, but I thought she hanno' got it aboot her, and so I want to sairch the Beed, and upo' that she run away, and tumbled doon Stairs: And I ran a'ter her, but she got up again, and run cross the wa', and knocked at the Door. I followed her, she cried Murder, and I said she had roab'd me of my Watch, that coast me five Punds. Then she tuck me to an Ale-house the *Horshoe and Rummer* in *Drury-Lane*, where I told the Landboard that she had pac'd my Pocket. But I seed he and she laughing togaither, which made me a leetle jealous that he wau'd no' tack care o' my Watch, that coast me five Punds. Then in came a Man, and said, *what d'ye do wi' my Wife, ye Dug? Troath, Sir, quo' I, an she be yer Wife, she has stole my Watch that coast me five Punds.* Wi' that, Sir, the Preefoner ding'd a Pint of Beer in my Face, and run awa, and I wud a' run a'ter her, but the Man wunna lat me. And the naxt Day, and twa or three Days a'ter I enqueer'd for her, but I cunno' find her till *Saiturday* and then I mat wi' her, and aix'd her for my Watch that coast me five Punds; but she pretend-ed to be agnorant of the maiter, and so I got a Wairant and tuck her up, and a Man ged wi' me from yen Pawn-broker tull another, till we foond whar it was pawn'd in her Name for a Guinea and a hauf, and as soon as I seed it I kend it was mine.

—— *Pawnbroker* On the 7th Instant, the Prisoner pledged this Watch with me for a Guinea and a half.

Prisoner. He gave me the Watch to lie with me, and because I would neither humour him that Way, nor return the Watch, he said he would swear a Robbery against me. — Pray ask him if I took it without his Knowledge.

Wright. No, but it was without my Consent.

Court. The Prisoner is indicted for stealing this Watch privately, and without the Knowledge of the Prosecutor, but if it was taken with his Knowledge, she cannot be guilty of this Indictment.

The Jury acquitted her.

Jacob Dubourdieu, for privately Stealing, *January, 1734.*

JACOB DUBOURDIEU was indicted for privately stealing 22 Dozen of Coat Buttons, made of Silver Wire and Thread, Value 5 *l.* 22 Dozen of Breast Buttons, made of Silver Wire and Thread, Value 40 *l.* 9 Dozen of Coat Buttons, made of Silver Wire and Thread, gilt, Value 50 *s.* 7 Dozen of Great Buttons, made of Silver Wire and Thread, gilt, Value 16 *l.* the Goods of *William Cornthwaite*, in his House, *Jan. 7.*

William Cornthwaite. I am a Taylor by Trade, and the Prisoner is my Book-keeper. — I allow him 50 *l.* a Year. On *Friday Evening, March 22, James Trutor*, a Button-maker, whom I deal with, came to me, and said, he believed I had a Servant who is a great Rogue. *Why so, says I? Because, says he, an Old Man offered to sell me some Buttons for 3 s. 6 d. a Dozen, which are worth 7 s. 6 d. and I believe they were yours, because your Man, Dubourdieu, came to me in August last, and shewed me a Pattern of Buttons, and said, that such an old Man had got a Parcel to sell, and they would come cheap; and the old Man came accordingly, and I bought them. And the old Man coming to Day with more, I began to be suspicious, and so appointed him to come again To-morrow at two o'Clock. This old Man is Thomas Carver, the Prisoner's Father-in-law; he came at the Time appointed, and was carried before Justice Deveil. I know the Buttons and Baas. — Carver said, at first, that he had them from a Shop-keeper at Brentford;*

Brentford; but he denied that again, and would not own where he had them, till the Prisoner came, and then said, he never saw the Buttons before.

Court. What *Carver* said of the Prisoner, is no Evidence.

Prisoner. Did you ever miss any Buttons ? And when ?

Mr. Cornthwaite. On this Information, I examined narrowly, and mist these and other Parcels — Indeed I had suspected the Prisoner some Time before. For I had a Box, in which I kept nothing but Gold and Silver Lace, and I trusted nobody with the Key, but the Prisoner: I looked into this Box one Day, and found a Gross of Gold Thread Buttons, which I never put there. This made me suspect, that he had a Design to carry them off. I asked him, how they came there ? He seemed confused, and made me no satisfactory Answer.

Prisoner. Did you ever enquire after what you mist ?

Mr. Cornthwaite. Yes, I have often enquired of you, but not of my Workmen.

Prisoner. But did you ever tax me with wronging you ?

Mr. Cornthwaite. No ; for, though I had long been jealous of you, I had no Business to let you know, because I wanted to make a Discovery.

Prisoner. Did you miss that Gross before you found them in the Lace-box.

Mr. Cornthwaite. I can't say that I did, but when I found them, I knew they were taken out of my Drawers.

Prisoner. Is not that a publick Drawer in your Shop, where 30 Men are at work ?

Mr. Cornthwaite. Yes, I keep a Quantity there in readiness, if my Men should want any when I am out of the Way.

Prisoner. Did not you order me to clear that open Drawer, and put the Buttons in the Lace-box to keep them from tarnishing.

Mr. Cornthwaite. I have ordered you to clear that Drawer, but not to put the Buttons in the Box.

Prisoner. Did not you take a Parcel of *French* Buttons out, and bid me put them by, and give me some odd Buttons to put into the Drawer.

Mr.

Mr. *Cornthwaite*. I don't remember any such Circumstance, Mr. *Dubourdieu*.

James Trutor. I know this dis Man de Preefoner, dat he come to me last *August*, and say, dat his Friend take some Buttong for a Debt, and he shew me de Pattern, and if I vill buy dem, his Friend dat vas an old Man, vill come To-morrow. I ask a him, for vat he no sell dem to him Master. He say as he no care for dat. So dis old Man came vid 12 Dozen of de Silver Coat Buttong, and 12 Dozen of de Silver Breast, and I give him 30 s. for dem. And he came again vid more de 22^d of *March*; but I bid him come To morrow, vish he did, and bring 10 Dozen of de Silver Coat, and 10 Dozen of de Silver Breast, and 5 Dozen de Gold Coat, and 5 Dozen de Gold Breast; and den I take him up vid de Coonstauble, and carry him before de Shuffice, and dare he say dat he have dem from *Brentford*— And von Time in *October*, I bring mine Bill dat came to 24 l. to Mr. *Cornthwaite*, and de Prisonar vas dare alone, and he avize me to put down 8 l. more into de Bill —

Court. You must not proceed thus—— 'tis going into another Fact.

Prisoner. I desire he may be heard as to that, because, it will shew the Falshood of —

Prosecutor. The Prisoner recommended this Man to me, and now he would impeach his Character.

Prisoner. Did I tell you, that the old Man was my Friend?

Trutor. Yes.

Prisoner. What are you?

Trutor. A Gold and Silver Buttong-Maker. You know dat very well, — vy you ask me den?

Prisoner to the Prosecutor. Have not you trusted me with two or three hundred Pounds at a Time, and particularly when you have been out of Town?

Prosecutor. I may have trusted so much in your Hands, but not when I went out of Town.

Prisoner. Was not I always very sober and industrious?

Prosecutor. Sober you were; but I cannot commend your Industry; for you were very heedless, Mr. *Dubourdieu*.

George

George Verney. I believe I sold these Buttons to Mr. Cornthwaite; I know they are of my making, and I can swear to the Bags.

Prisoner. Might not another Man make such Work?

Verney. I know my own Work in particular.

Prisoner. But have you sold none of the same Sort to other Persons?

Verney. Yes.

Prisoner. Has not my Master told you, that I was a very honest Man.

Verney. I don't remember ——— but if he did, it is a good while ago.

James Mailbet. The old Man equivocated a good while before the Justice, and at last declared that he had the Goods of the Prisoner.

Court. That's no Evidence.

Prosecutor. I found some of my Lace on the Prisoner's Wife's Shoes.

Court. That's not in the Indictment. — Where is this old Man, Carver?

Prosecutor. I called at his Lodging, and was told he was gone in the Country.

Justice Deveil. I took his Information on Oath, and he signed it, and I bound him in 40 *l.* to appear here and give Evidence.

Prosecutor. I would fain have had him secured, and offered Mr. Deveil 20000 *l.* Security to indemnify him; but I found he could not do it.

Court. Call Thomas Carver.

Officer. Thomas Carver! come forth, and give Evidence against Jacob Dubourdieu, or you forfeit your Recognizance. — Nobody answers.

Court. Record his Default. — It seems to cast a Reflection on the Prisoner, that his Father-in-Law chuses to forfeit 40 *l.* rather than appear.

Prisoner. I have put my Master in a Method of marking each Piece, and deducting what was cut off, to prevent his Servants from wronging him. — He never pretended he had lost any Thing, till I was taken up. — I submitted to the low Drudgery of cleaning out his Drawers, with no other Design than to get an Insight into his Business, which I intended to set up for myself; and, when he
heard

heard of it, he shewed his Ill-will in aspersing and bespattering my Character.

Prosecutor. Did you intend to turn Taylor?—My Lord, he is not capable of it. He was brought up a Mercer, and I never heard a Word of his having any such Design, before he was sent to *Newgate*.——He has endeavoured to throw an Imputation of Malice upon me, but—

Court. You need not give yourself any Trouble about that, for he has made no such Thing appear.

The Reverend Mr. Morgan. I am desired to appear, and do that Justice to the Prisoner's Character as I believe he deserves. I have known him several Years. All his Acquaintance have represented his Character in a favourable Light. So far as my Station and Function can be supposed to have an Insight into a Man's Character, whom I have had a long Intimacy with, I believe him to be an honest Man, and I believe all his Acquaintance have the same Opinion of him.

Mr. Truby. I served him with Wine when he kept a Coffee house, and he paid me very honestly.

Mr. Newell. I lived with him at Mr. Langley's on *Ludgate-hill*, and he behaved well there.

Mr. Herbert. He was my Apprentice, and served me seven Years faithfully. He has been gone from me seven or eight Years, and I have heard nothing amiss of him since.

Three or four Witnesses gave him a good Character.

The Jury acquitted him.

William Ray, for the Murder of his Wife, April 29, 1734.

WILLIAM RAY was indicted for the Murder of Mary, his Wife, by giving her several mortal Wounds and Bruises on her Head, Face, Eyes, Breast and Stomach, April 29, of which Wounds and Bruises she languished till the 4th of May, and then died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

Elizabeth Adger. On Tuesday I went to the Prisoner's Shop the Corner of *Lincoln's-Fields*, for a Dram, and his Wife

Wife (the Deceased) was lying upon some Straw behind the Counter. *How do you do, Mrs. Ray?* says I. She made me no Answer, but the Prisoner's Mother said, she was very ill. *Aye*, says the Prisoner, *she has got a black Eye. How came she by it?* says I. *Why*, says he, *I gave it her accidentally. I think you are always giving her black Eyes*, says I. *But this was her own Fault*, says he; *for Yesterday, while I was gone out with two Gallons of Brandy, Sam. Badham, and another *, came in to drink, and that other Man struck my Wife on the Breast. I coming home before he was gone, my Wife said, will you see me murdered? And, upon that, I knocked him down; but she going to take his Part, I happened to give her a black Eye* — I went next Day, when the Prisoner said, his Mother (Mrs. Ray) had fetched his Wife away in a Chair, to her House in *Eagle-street*; so I went to see her there. She was lying upon the Bed in a loose Gown. She had a terrible black Eye, and, as I kneeled by the Bed-side, she said, as plain as she could speak, — *I am killed!* — *I am murdered!* This was all I could understand, for she had got a great Faultring in her Speech by the Hurt she had received. The Prisoner coming into the Room, I held her up, and begged her to kiss him; she kissed me, but slid her Head away from him. — Three Weeks before this I saw her at the Shop, and the Prisoner was there too. I asked her, how she did? *Do*, says she, *bad enough.* — *See how this Rogue kills me, and cuts me to Pieces* — *See how he has cut my Gown,* — *and see what a Condition my Arms are in.* And indeed her Arms were black and blue. So I spent Six-pence to make them Friends again, by the same Token that I scor'd it up, and have not paid it yet. —

Ann Jones. On Monday, April 29, as I was standing at Mr. Banks's Door, which faces the Prisoner's Shop, I heard a great Noise, and looking, I saw the Prisoner beating his Wife; there was no Soul but they two in the Shop, with his Fist clinched thus — he gave her a violent Blow
on

* Stephen Farmer. These two Men were committed to Newgate, on the Oath of the Prisoner, for murdering his Wife, but they were both discharged at the Goal-Delivery.

on the Breast. She cried, *Murder!* And then he gave her a violent Blow on the Chest, which knocked her down. The Mob gathering, I went over to my own Door, which is next to the Prisoner's. He came out, and asked them what they wanted? Then he went in, and shut the Door. By and by he came out again, and went over to the Alehouse (Mr. Cary's) and called for a Pint of Beer — On *Tuesday* she was very ill. On *Wednesday* she was carried to his Mother's, at a *Farrier's Shop* in *Eagle-street*, and on *Saturday* she died. — I have often seen him beat her before this, and seen her Arms as black as this Coat; and she has frequently said, he was a murdering, thieving Dog, and that she died by Inches. In particular, six Weeks before the last Quarrel, I got up between three and four in the Morning, to burn Cork (for I keep a Cork-shop) I went to light a Candle, and found the Deceased drest vastly clean, and leaning on the Counter. I was surprized to see her drest so soon. She wink'd upon me, and said, she had been at a Labour. I laughed, and told her, when I went to a Labour, I never returned so soon. She wink'd again, and asked me to give her Hansel; so I laid out a Penny with her, and went to burn my Cork; which I did by the dead Wall. She came to me there, and said, *What do ye think? My Rogue has laid a Penknife behind the Counter where we lie, and swore he would cut my Throat, if I did not get up directly. He beats and pinches me so, that I die by Inches.*

Sarah Fosbrook. I live at Mr. Griffin's, opposite to the Prisoner's. On *Monday, April 29*, in the Afternoon, I heard a Quarrel in the Prisoner's Shop, but that being a usual Thing, I did not much mind it. The Prisoner came out, and went over to the Alehouse, and, in a little Time, his Wife followed, and said, *You Dog! You Villain! You private murdering Rogue! I'll skreen you no longer, for the World shall know what a Rogue you are.*

This was confirmed by *Elizabeth Martin*, who added, That about eight or nine on a *Saturday Night*, six Weeks before the last Quarrel, she heard the Deceased cry *Murder!* and a Soldier coming by, pushed open the Door, upon which the Prisoner said to him, *D—n your Blood, you Son of a Bitch, are you come to rob me?*

Ann Beldam One Morning I called for a Dram, and said,

said, *How d'ye do, Mrs. Ray? I can't do well, says she, when I have got such a Rogue of a Husband.* Her Arm was as black as a Hat, and so was her Thigh, for she took up her Cloaths and shewed me—such an Arm, and such a Thigh, I never saw in my Days! *Lauk a dazy!* says I, *what have you married? A Rogue, says she, a private Rogue! I die by Inches—But I see him coming over the Fields; for God's Sake take no Notice, for I shall be killed if you do.*

John Smaltman, Watchman. About three Weeks before her Death, as I was crying the Hour of Eleven, I heard Murder cried, and went in; she charged me to carry her Husband before the Constable, and said, if I did not, she should be murdered; and while I was there, he threw a Candlestick at her. I endeavoured to pacify them; but he called me. *Old Son of a Bitch*, and swore he'd knock my Head off.—Five Nights after, I found him beating at his own Door between one and two in the Morning, to get in, and I heard her ask him, if she must let him in to murder her? Says I, *Why do you disturb the Neighbours?* *D—n the Neighbours, says he, and you too.* And so I left him.—His Brother threatens to murder me, if he should be hanged.

William Fitzgerald, Surgeon. I assisted Mr. *Broomfield* in opening the Body of the Deceased; there was a large livid Speck on the Eye-lid; under the Eye I made an Incision, and found no extravasated Blood, but only an aqueous Humour, more than usual, issued from the Eye. I perceived no Contusion in the Head, but there was a large Bruise on her Arm, and another on her Breast, four Inches broad, and it was as black as my Hat. We opened the Thorax; the Breast-bone, and Pectoral Muscles on each Side were much bruised, but nothing was amiss in the Heart. Then we opened the Abdomen, and found a large Adhesion of the Lungs to the Pleura. The Liver was much swelled, and the Largeness of it had thrust up the Diaphragma, so that the Lungs had no Room to play.

Court. Do you think those Bruises were mortal?

Mr. Fitzhenry. Such violent Bruises often produce Fevers, which prove fatal.

Mr. Broomfield, the other Surgeon, deposed to the same Effect.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Sarah

Sarah Ward. I went for a Dram the Day after she was beat : She lay under the Counter, I asked her how she did ? She said, *Very ill.* The Prisoner, her Husband, said, a Man came into the Shop, and beat her, and gave her a black Eye. I *hope*, says I, *you did not do it.* No, says he, *God forbid ! I would not do such a Thing for the World.* Aye, says she, *that's true, for the Man called for Liquor, and would not pay me ; but if my Husband had been here then, it had been prevented* — I never saw him quarrel with her in my Life.

Mary Wright. I was at her Mother's House, when she was brought in. I never heard her say a Word. The Prisoner came three Times there to see her, but not a Word passed between them. She had violent Convulsion Fits, and died in one.

Mr Fitzhenry, Apothecary. On *Thursday* Night, the 2^d of *May*, the Prisoner sent for me, and said his Wife was very ill at his Mother's, begged me to do what I could, and he'd honestly pay me. — I went — she had strong Convulsions, attended with a Fever ; her Eye was very black ; she endeavoured to speak, but could not. I proposed Blisters between her Shoulders and on her Arms ; but a Woman (who seemed to belong to the House) objected to the Blisters on her Arms, though I know not why, and so there was only one Blister put on between her Shoulders. Next Morning she was better, and somebody said she had spoke ; but in the Afternoon she grew worse, and on *Saturday* I heard she was dead. — I can't pretend to say what was the Cause of her Convulsions.

Court. Are Bruises apt to produce Convulsions, or Fevers ?

Mr. Fitzhenry. The least Inflammation of the Blood may sometimes have such Effects.

Ann Ray, the Prisoner's Sister. The Deceased was brought to my Mother's, in a Chair ; she walked up Stairs with Help ; but, growing worse, I went for her Husband (the Prisoner) and he laid his Hand on her, but she never spoke, except *Oh !* to him, nor any body else, all the Time she was at our House, though one of the Witnesses swore otherwise ; I forgot her Name, but when she came into the Room, I was on my Knees, reading *The Visitation of the Sick*, and the Deceased did not speak one Word to her.

Between

Between two and three on *Friday*, the Deceased fell into Convulsions, and they held her till about the same Time next Day, and then she dy'd.

Susan Ray, the Prisoner's Mother. The Deceased being very bad, my Son said to me, *Dear Mother, have Compassion on poor Molly, for now she's ill, I have no Convenience fit for her in my Shop.* So I took her in a Chair, to my House. She could not speak, but she pointed to her Arm to be let Blood, and so I went to Mr. *Ward*, the Surgeon, and he bled her. And the Apothecary came, and *subscribed* three Blisters; but I said, *Let her have but one.*

Court. Why were you unwilling to have Blisters put on her Arms? — Were you afraid the Apothecary should see her Arms?

Susan Ray. It was only for Fear of terrifying of her too much: For I have had Blisters myself, and I thought they were terrible Things; and if God has ordained us to die, all, that the Physicians can say or *subscribe*, signifies nothing.

Court. But God has not ordained, that we should shorten our Lives by a wilful Neglect — Had the Deceased no Bruises?

Susan Ray. She had a Bruise on her Stomach, but that was given her by a Fellow that came into the Shop for a Dram. — *Jenney Stuart* saw him strike her, but they have bribed *Jenney* to get out of the Way.

Court. Nothing of that has been proved.

Eleanor Cradock. The Deceased had Convulsions three or four Years, before she was married to the Prisoner, and she walted to a *'Notomize*: The Prisoner always used her well, and never *missested* her, whatever she could eat or drink, he would always get it for her.

Isaac Thomas. The Prisoner has lived in the same House with me, and I never knew him give her a Blow; but Poverty was upon them both, and he could not do as he would.

Sarah Elms. I was in his Shop every Day, and I never heard any Blows, but she was very sickly.

Sarah Ward again. The two Men are now in Custody who gave her the Blow — The Prisoner charged them with coming into his Shop, and beating his Wife.

The Jury found him Guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account of William Ray.

William Ray, 21 Years of Age, of honest Parents, at the other End of the Town, who gave him good Education at School, in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, for Business, and instructed him in the Christian Religion. When of Age, he followed his Father's Trade of a Horse-Farrier, and the Father dying four Years ago, he wrought for his Mother: But not agreeing with a Friend, who was in the Shop in Company, he did not keep to his Work, but idled away his Time in Drinking, bad Company-keeping, Gaming, and such Diversions as are altogether improper for a Tradesman, or any Body who intends to do well. The Wife he married kept a *Geneva* Shop, near to his Mother's, and *William* got acquainted with her, and thinking she had good Business, they were both willing to contract Matrimony, which was about a Year ago: But (it may be truly said) never two were more unfortunate in a married State than they: For instead of praying fervently to God, for a Blessing upon them and their Endeavours in that new State of Life, as religious and virtuous People ought to do, there was little to be heard but blaspheming, cursing, and swearing at one another, which commonly ended in fighting and beating of each other, and making Disturbance in the Neighbourhood. Both of them (as he said) had a great Inclination to Drinking, and were often fuddled, when the Wife was very quarrelsome, and their Bawling and Scolding seldom ended without Blows; so that all the Time of their married State, was a Life of Debate, Contention and Enmity.

As to the Murder, he denied that he had any such Intention, but that he beat her in an unmerciful Manner, and that often, which he did not deny; and for Excuse he pretended, that she gave him the greatest Provocation, and sometimes she struck him first; but when they began to fight, he was always too many for her, and she was sure to come off in the worst Manner.

He owned that the Night she was Murdered, he had been out a drinking, and came home very much in Liquor; but, as to the beating of her in an unmerciful Manner, as a dying Man he declared, he knew nothing of it; though indeed he owned, that it might be all true, for he was so drunk, that he remembered nothing of the Matter, only he
said,

said, that another Man, whom he had caused to be taken up, had beat her on the Breast. He was very sick, and also deaf, a good Part of the Time he was under Sentence; but, some Days before he died, he was fully recovered, and expressed a deep Sense of his Sins, though he always endeavoured to extenuate his Guilt, with Respect to the Murder. He acknowledged that he was a very idle young Man, a Sabbath-breaker, and otherwise negligent of his Duty to God; and that, for these and other Sins, he was justly afflicted. He owned the Justice of his Sentence according to Law; declared, that he hoped for Salvation through the Mercy of God in Christ; that he was truly penitent for the innumerable Sins of his Life; and he forgave all Injuries, as he expected Forgiveness from God.

—At the Place of Execution.—Immediately after the Cart drew a way, some of *William Ray's* Friends drawing him down to put him out of Pain, in a Minute's Time, or a little more, the Rope broke, and he fell to the Ground, which occasioned a great deal of Confusion, and then the Executioner, and some about him, took him up, and led him to the Cart, and hung him up again, but only a little from the Ground, not so high as the others.

He was executed at Tyburn, on Tuesday, July 24, 1734.

Mark Halpen, for an Assault, June 30, 1734.

MARK HALPEN was indicted for assaulting and wounding *Peter Hawkins*, one of the Clerks of the *Exchequer*, in the Execution of his Office.

Mr. Hawkins. On the 30th of June was Twelvemonth, about seven in the Evening, I was going to my Seat in the *Exchequer Office*, to enter some Writs. My Seat is within two of the upper End. *Mr. Halpen* was then sitting in *Mr. Umfreville's* Seat, which is the fourth below mine. As I passed by him, he said, *You have served me with a Summons from the Baron, but I am not obliged to take Notice of it.*——I went to my Seat, and coming down to go to the filing Chest, near the Office-Door, he said, *I am going to Tunbridge, and must have some Money.* I answered, *I believe you'll be mistaken.*——*You have imposed upon the Court, and the Baron has been informed of it.*

G—d

G——d——n you, says he, you lie! *What do you mean by that*, says I? *I tell you*, says he again, G——d——n you, you lie. I told him it was like his *Irish Manners*. *If I was to be born again*, says he, *I would chuse to be born in Ireland, for I never was ashamed of my Country, and d——n you, you dare not go out of the Office*. I replied, that I did not fear him, or any Gentleman. He struck me on the Breast, and afterwards taking hold of the small End of his Whip, he struck me a violent Blow over the Eye, with the Butt End. I was confined under the Surgeon's Hands for near two Months, and it appearing, that my Life was not out of Danger, the Baron committed him to *Newgate*.——My Eye is still painful to me at Times, and I find a Decay in my Sight, when I apply closely to Reading or Writing.——Mr. Halpen indicted me before my Lord Hardwick for an Assault.

Council for the Defendant. Did not you strike Mr. Halpen?

Mr. Hawkins. Yes, I did, after he struck me on the Breast, and then another Person interposing, Mr. Halpen reached over him, and struck me with his Whip.

Barton Newiman. Mr. Halpen was sitting in Mr. Umfreville's Seat, when Mr. Hawkins came in about 6 o'Clock, and as he was going up to his Seat, Mr. Halpen forced his Discourse to him, about a Summons taken out before the Baron, and said he had no Copy, and should not mind any Thing of it.—Some other Words passed, and Mr. Halpen gave the Lie.—And again, as Mr. Hawkins was coming down towards the Filing-Chest, Mr. Halpen said, *You lie*. Mr. Hawkins said, *It's not Gentleman-like; but it's like your Irish Manners*. Mr. Halpen dared him to go out of the Office, to which he answered, that he was willing to meet any one. Then there was a Scuffle between them, but I can't tell who begun first, for I heard Blows before I saw any. I think the first Blow that I saw, was received by Mr. Hawkins on the Breast, and Blows were repeated.—The first Blow that was offered, was given by Mr. Halpen; but there was a little Scuffle before that.—By a *Scuffle* I mean a rushing in upon one another.——I cannot justly charge my Memory, whether the Scuffle was before that Blow or not.—I am sure there was no Scuffle before.

Mr.

Mr. Holloway, Surgeon. On the 30th of June, I was sent for to the Mitre Tavern, to dress a Wound on Mr. Hawkins's Right Eye. — The Wound was made with a bruising Instrument; it divided the small Vessel of the temporal Artery. Mr. Halpen said, that he had given Mr. Hawkins that Wound, and lash'd him, and would lash him again.

Defendant's Council. Was not Mr. Hawkins abroad next Day?

Mr. Holloway. No; but he went to Bloomsbury on Monday, for which I reprimanded him — I should not have given him Leave to have gone abroad in less than a Week or ten Days — I believe that he's perfectly recovered; I don't apprehend that his Eye is weaker than before.

For the Defendant.

Mr. Rawlins. On Saturday, about six in the Afternoon, Mr. Halpen come into the Office. I was then sitting at Mr. Oliphant's Seat, which is three Seats from Mr. Hawkins's — Mr. Hawkins came in, and, to the best of my Remembrance, he gave the first Blow — I was near them; and in a convenient Place for seeing what was done — They were both in an upright Position, walking down the Office. Mr. Hawkins went foremost, and turning short, near the Door, he took Mr. Halpen by the Arm, to shove him out. This was the first that I saw, and there could not be a Blow without my seeing; for my Eye was stedfastly upon them all the Time. Mr. Halpen was talking first with me, and Mr. Hawkins came in and interrupted him — I saw Mr. Halpen give Mr. Hawkins several Blows, but none on the Breast. Mr. Hawkins struck Mr. Halpen in the Face with his Fist, and then they closed. I saw all the Blows that were given — The Blow on the Eye was after some Struggle.

John Case, Constable. I was passing by, and saw them both in Contempt with one another. They were engaged before I came, but heard Mr. Hawkins say, that he did strike Mr. Halpen for giving him the Lie; and charg'd me with him at the same Time; and Mr. Halpen replied, I struck him second with the Whip — I examined them a part, and carried them to the Mitre Tavern, and there

Mr. *Hawkins* said, he would fight him for ten Guineas, and a Sword was sent for.

Mr. *Hawkins*. I had three Witnessees, but they are out of Town. There have been eight several Trials about this Affair——It has cost me 170 *l*.

Mr. *Halpen*. By the Virtue of your Oath, did not you strike me on the 9th of June?

Court. That's out of the present Question.

Mr. *Halpen*. For his Part he's a Lawyer, and can have Law for nothing; but it has cost me near 200 *l*.

The Jury found him guilty.

Peter Hughs, for Burglary, and Susan Strafford, for receiving Stolen Goods, Nov. 18, 1734.

PETER HUGHS, of St. Martin's in the Fields was indicted for stealing a Silver Tankard, Value 5 *l*. two Silver Porringers, Value 40 *s*. a Silver Sloop Spoon, Value 30 *s*. a Silver Punch Ladle, Value 10 *s*. twelve Silver Spoons, Value 6 *l*. and five Silver Tea-Spoons, Value 8 *s*. the Goods of *Charles Sims*, in his House, November 18. And,

Susan Strafford, of St. Leonard Shoreditch, was indicted for receiving a Silver Tankard, two Silver Porringers, and 4 Silver Spoons, Part of the said Goods, knowing them to have been stolen.

Charles Sims. I keep the Red-Lion-Inn at Charing-Cross: The Prisoner, *Hughs*, was my Servant, he had lived with me about three Weeks. On the Eighteenth of November, I went to Bed between 8 and 9 at Night; the Prisoner, *Hughs*, was then in the House, my Plate always used to be locked up in a Closet, in the Parlour: My Wife came in and told me, that my Man *Hughs* was gone away, and the Plate was missing; but the Closet-Door was locked: I got out of Bed, called a Coach, and went to look for him, but to no Purpose. I had seen the other Prisoner, *Strafford*, once in his Company at my House, and therefore suspected that she might be concerned with him; at last I thought, if I could meet with her, I might by that means hear of him: So next Morning, understanding that some Lawyer, in an Alley in Chancery-lane, was acquainted

ed with her, I went to a *Chandler's* Shop there, and made Enquiry; but all I could learn was, That she sometimes drank a Dram there: I advertised my Goods, and next Day Word was sent me, that she was taken with most of the Plate upon her.

John Chitty. On the 19th of *November*, as I was drinking after Dinner at *Richard Slaters*, at the *Horse-shoe and Chequer on Snow-Hill*, the Prisoner, *Strafford*, came in with a Parcel of Plate, bundled up in a Napkin, in her Lap; she opened it, and desired *Mrs. Slater* to let her have some Money upon it. I privately advised them to send for a Constable and charge her, because I thought she did not come honestly by it; but they would not, and so she went away with it. *Mr. Barns*, and the Prosecutor's Landlord, told me next Day, that such Plate was advertised. Upon which we went to enquire for her at a *Silk-Dyer's* in *Spittlefields*, *Mr. Barns* having heard that she had lived there; but, when we came thither, we were told, that she had been gone from thence above four Months. We went away through some back Alleys into *Shoreditch*, where we accidentally met her, with a Piece of Linnen under her Arm. I stopped her, and said, *Madam, I am glad to see ye!* She asked what Business we had with her. We told her she should soon be satisfied, and so we took her to the *Swan Tavern* in *Shoreditch*; *Mr. Barns* and the other Man went for a Constable, and charged him with her on Suspicion of being concerned in stealing the Plate. She directed us to *Peter Hughs's* Lodging, which was at the *Crooked-Billet*, hard by. The Constable went and fetched him, and as soon as she saw him, she curs'd and damn'd him for a Son-of-a-Bitch, for bringing her into such a *Premunire*. *Peter* took four or five Teaspoons out of his Pocket, and gave them to the Constable. We went again to *Peter's* Lodgings to see what we could find. *Strafford* pulled out the Drawer of a Trunk, from whence she took this Silver Tankard, two Porringers, and a Punch-ladle, and delivered them to the Constable: Then we all took Coach to the Prosecutor's House, where *Peter* owned that he had taken the Plate out of his Master's House.

Peter. I never saw the Plate, till I saw it in her Hands. Then *Peter's* Confession before Justice *Deveil* was proved

ved and read in Court. He therein confesses, that he stole the Plate [mentioned in the Indictment] out of his Master *Charles Sims's* House; and says, that she, *Susan Strafford*, put him upon stealing it, and afterwards received it from him.

Thomas Barns. I heard that *Strafford* had been offering to pawn the Plate to Mrs. Slater, and that she sold some of it the same Evening to a Silversmith. I went next Day to Mrs. Slater, who told me the Plate was advertised: I remember'd that *Strafford* had sometime ago (I forget upon what Occasion) left Word that she lived at a Silk-Dyer's in *Slaughter-street* in *Spittlefields*. I and two more went thither; where we were told, she had been gone a pretty while from that Place; but in going back, we met with her by Chance in *Shoreditch*, and carried her to a Tavern, where we examined her about the Plate: She said, she had it out of the Country, and defy'd the World to touch her Honour. Look ye, says I, it signifies nothing to deny it, for that very Plate, which you offered to pawn to Mrs. Slater, is advertised — it is by G—d. Says she, Then that Rogue, Hughs, has brought me into a fine Scrape. By her Directions we found Hughs, and he gave five Tea-spoons to the Constable, and confessed, that he took the Plate from his Master, and that she was not with him when he did it.

Mr. *Davis*, a Goldsmith by *Holbourn-bridge*, depos'd, that he bought some Silver Spoons of her, and paid her a moderate Price.

Mr. *Fernell* depos'd, That he bought two Spoons of her.

Susan Strafford. When *Hughs* first came out of the Country, he lodged at Mr. *Newnham's*, the *Blue-Boar*, in *High Holbourn* — He came to me one Day, and said, that he had got some Plate, that was sent him out of the Country by some Relation, and that it was in the Box where his Cloaths were; but he owed Mr. *Newnham* some Money for Drink and Lodging, and therefore Mr. *Newnham* had stopp'd his Box: He came to me next Day, and brought a Silver Spoon, which he desired me to sell for him; telling me, that *Newnham* having given him Leave to take a Shirt out of the Box, he found Means to take the Spoon unperceiv'd: So we sold the Spoon for 11 s. and

hearing

Hearing that the Prosecutor wanted a Servant, he went to him, and was hir'd, and I went thither afterwards to give him a Character, because I knew his Friends in the Country. And when he came away from his Place, he brought this Plate to me, wrapt up in his Shirt, and desir'd me to sell it for him, and buy him some Linnen and other Necessaries; I lodged then at Mr. Bre's in *Shoreditch*; but before I came there, I lived with Mr. Miller, a Silk-Dyer, in *Slaughter-street, Spittlefields*.

Martha Slater. She brought the Plate to my House in her Apron, and laid it down upon the Table. She said it came from her Friends in the Country, who had sent to her by the Carrier, and she wanted me to lend her twenty Pounds upon it; but I refused: I had known her sometime as a Customer, but no otherwise.

The Jury acquitted her, and found *Peter Hughs* guilty of the Indictment. *Death*.

He was afterwards reprieved.

Martha Holcomb, alias Nichols, and Mary Clark, for privately Stealing; and Charles Holcomb, for receiving stolen Goods, Nov. 5, 1734

MARTHA HOLCOMB, alias NICHOLS, and Mary Clark, were indicted for stealing a Silver Snuff-box, Value 20 s. and 9 Guineas, the Goods and Money of Charles King, Nov. 5. And

Charles Holcomb was indicted for receiving the said Snuff-box, knowing it to have been stolen.

Charles King. Von Night, ven it was too late to go home, I go with Mrs. Olcomb to de Free Tun Tavern in *Princes-street*. — No, she no go vid me dare, but I go vid mine self, and bid de Drawer to fesh me some body dat will help me to a Loshing, and he bring Mrs. Olcomb, and she tell a me dat she will help me to von vary good Loshing at Mrs. M. Clark in de same Street — dat Mrs. M Clark is de oder Presonar — Vell, den we drink some Vine, and den she call for de Coash, and we go togader to Mrs. M — in tree Minute, and Mrs. Olcomb make a me give de Coashman tree Shilling. Vell den ve go up de Stair, and den ve all drink togader; and I pay five or six Shilling for mine Loshing and de Reckoning,

and give Mrs. *Olcomb* ten Shilling for her Troubel, and den I go to Bed vid mine self, and put mine Breeshes in de Shair, and mine Snuff-box, and 9 Guineas was den in mine Pockate, and de Lequor was got in mine Head, and I fall asleep till 5 o' de Clock in de Morning. Vell, den Mrs. *Olcomb* come into de Room (vor de Door was open all de Night) and she make a great Noise and vake me, and say, *Pray, you Fellow, get up! — Vat you do here in mine Bed?* So I get up, and take mine Breeshes, and when I feell in mine Pockate, I no cou'd find my Snuff-box and Money, it was all gone, and den Mrs. *M. Clark* come down into de Room; den I dress mine self and go away, but say noting of vat I lose, for fear I shall be knock'd on de Head, till de next Night, and den I go to de Shustice, and get de Varrant for de Conestable, and take up de two Vomans. Mrs. *Olcomb* confes before de Shustice, dat she take two Guineas and a half out of mine Pockate, and dat I give her de rest. And Mrs. *M. Clark* was bail'd. Vell den *Charles Olcomb* come to me and say, dat if I no prosecute de Vomans, he will give me de Snuff-box, and two Guinea in Gold, and his Note for tree Guinea more; but I tell him, I no vil do dat, and so I take him before de Shustice, and de Shustice commit him to de *Bridevell*.

Mr. *Rawlins*. On the 9th of November, *Charles Holcomb* pawn'd this Snuff-box to me for 10 s. and it was fetch'd away again on the 18th. He is a Chairman and ply'd in the Neighbourhood. Justice *Mitford* sent for me, to let me know it was stolen.

Henry Pike. *Charles Holcomb* owned in my hearing, that he had the Box, and said he would deliver it to the Prosecuter, if the Prosecuter would give the Woman a Release. Upon this the Prosecuter got a Warrant, and took him up.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Martha Holcomb. I was going to my Husband — I call him my Husband, but he's only my Friend — who was at an Alehouse in *Princes-street*, when the Drawer at the *Three Tuns* met me, and said an old Acquaintance, of mine wanted to speak with me. So I went to the Tavern, where I found the Prosecuter, and very drunk he was, and would needs go home with me to my Lodging. So after we had drank together, a Coach was called, we drove

drove to *Catherine-street*, where we stopt, and then drove to Mrs. *M. Clark*: We went up Stairs, and here I and Mrs. *M. Clark* drank a Three-shilling Bowl of Punch, and a Bottle of Wine: After which he made me a Present of half a Guinea, and eight Shillings in Silver, and offered me half a Guinea more to lie with him; but I told him I was not very well; and so he gave Mrs. *M. Clark* the half Guinea to pay my Surgeon; and promised me, that when I was cured, he would give me a new Gown, and keep me. And as for the Snuff-box, he made me a Present of it, and bid me keep it for his Sake.

Prosecutor. Go ye nasty lying Toad.

Martha Holcomb. As to what he says about leaving his Breeches in the Chair, and my frightening him out of Bed in the Morning, there is nothing in it, for he did not go to Bed at all: Indeed he was very angry at it, because I would not oblige him; but when I had told him the Reason of it, the Heat of his Passion was soon over, and a vast deal of Civility passed on both Sides, and he went away in a very good Humour.

Mary Clark. The *Prosecutor* and Mrs. *Holcomb* came in a Coach to my Door, about two o'Clock in the Morning: I shewed them up two Pair of Stairs, and they had a Bowl ——— it was but one Bowl ——— of Arrack Punch, a Bottle of Wine and three Jellies. He would have gone to Bed with her, but she said she was out of Order: And indeed I knew she was very ill ——— so ill, that she could not well go out about her Business: And I had engaged myself for a Guinea to a Doctor. And so she came down and left the Gentleman, and he would not go to Bed by himself. I desired her not to leave him there alone; upon which, she went up again, and brought him down: I told him he might have a Bed at the *Bear in Bow-street*. He swore and curst, and called me B——, but said nothing of any Loss; and so he went away ——— I had nobody then up in my House but one old Gentlewoman, for my Maid and my Husband were gone to Bed.

Joseph Staton. I heard Mrs. *Holcomb* offer to give two Guineas, and her Note for four, and to return his Box, rather than go to Jail. But as for Mrs. *M* ———, I have known her these four Years; she bears a very honest Character; she keeps a Coffee-house, and a civil House it is ——— as to Robberies.

Mr. *Cleaver*. I keep a Tavern, and serve her with Wine : She is a Woman of a good Character, and Civil.

Robert Fish, Drawer at the *Three Tuns*. The Prosecutor came in alone ; he sent our Porter for a Woman. The Porter fetch'd Mrs. *Holcomb*. They had two Pints of Wine ; he ordered a Coach ; she called for another Pint, and when that was out, they went away together in the Coach. They ordered the Coachman to drive to *Cheapside*. The Prosecutor being drunk, my Master bid the Porter see which Way they went, and he followed them till they were in *Russel-street*, which is beyond Mrs. *M*——, but how much further they went, I don't know.

Mrs. *Cope*. I have known Mrs. *M*—— five or six Years ; she is a very honest Principle Woman, and would not suffer any Wrong to be done in her House.

Edmond Holcomb. The Prisoner, *Charles*, is my Brother ; he is a Chairman, and works hard for his Bread — I know his Wife — but the Prisoner, *Martba*, is not his Wife, tho' she may call him Husband.

Richard Avison. I have known him fifteen Years ; he lodged a long Time in *St. Alban's-street*, near where I live, and always had a good honest Character.

The Jury acquitted all the Prisoners.

Thomas Edesbury, *alias* Edsworth, and Sarah Griffith, *alias* Griffin, for privately Stealing, July 23, 1734.

THOMAS EDESBURY, *alias* Edsworth, and Sarah Griffith, *alias* Griffin, were indicted for stealing a Silver Cup, Value 40 s. the Property of *Mathew Bird*, July 23.

Mr. *Bird*. I kept the *Ship Tavern* at *Temple-Bar*, and was burnt out by the Fire that happened there on the 23d of July, about Two in the Morning — And afterwards a Man came, and enquired, if I had not lost a Silver Cup, and a Brass Candlestick — I knew the Cup was mine by the Mark, but was not so positive to the Candlestick, and therefore did not put it in the Indictment.

James Femmis. I keep a Brandy-shop at the End of *Gloucester-Court*, in *White-Cross-street*. On the 23d of July, between six and seven in the Morning, the Prisoner came

came to my Shop for a Dram. The Woman had something tied up in a Handkerchief, and desired me to let her leave it a little while in my Shop, and let nobody but her have it. So she put it upon the Head of a Cask, and they both went away together; the Man came again by himself in half an Hour, and wanted the Bundle. No, says I, *the Woman bid me deliver it to nobody but herself. Well,* says he, *then take Care of it, and don't let her have it, except I come with her, for there is something of Value in it. Something of Value,* says I, *then it can never belong to her, for she thinks herself rich, when she's worth a Bushel of Cinders* — You must know she is a Cinder-Wench — *It's no Matter for that,* says he, *there is a Silver Taster in it.* So I open'd the Handkerchief, and there was a Parcel of Rabbit Skins, a Brass Candlestick, and this Silver Cup: *Is this your Taster,* says I, *'tis a good sizeable one!* By and by in comes the Woman, and I charges a Constable with them: And, upon enquiring, I found out the Prosecutor; I had never seen Edesbury before, but the Woman had been several Times at my Shop.

Sarah Griffin. I had been at *Covent Garden Market*, and as I came back, I found this Man (*Edesbury*) standing at the Fire. He had got the Cup and Candlestick under his Coat, and he asked me, if I knew any House where I could leave them for him.

Thomas Edesbury. Are not you a lying Toad? Did you ever see me in your Life before — My Lord, she's a wicked, vile Woman, and I never set Eyes on her in my Days.

Court. It seems you were taken up together.

Edesbury. That's true to be sure; but I never had the least Acquaintance with her till that Morning, when I happened to see her at the Fire — I was drinking at the *Woolpack* in *Petticoat-Lane* till Twelve at Night, with others of the Craft, — The gentle Craft, my Lord; and there was a Prize-Shoe to be shewn, and, after that, I went to see one of my Shop-Mates Home to *St. Martin's-Lane*; and, in coming back, I saw this Woman at the Fire, with these Things in her Apron. — *You Bitch, you,* says I, *what have you got in your Lap?* She said it was something she had found, and then she asked where *Tom Gilpin* was —

Court. *Tom Gilpin?* You said you had never seen her before,

before, how came she then to know, that you were acquainted with *Tom Gilpin*?

Edesbury. That's well observed indeed, my Lord — I believe I over-run myself a little there — I have but a bad Memory, for I forgot the main Article — Yes, I had seen her before, for I, and my Shop-Mate, and *Tom Gilpin*, coming from *Petticoat-Lane*, met this Creature in *Cheapside*, and picked her up; *Tom* asked her to go to *Drury-Lane*, and she agreed to it: But there she dropt me, and my Shop-Mate went along with *Tom*; and so I and my Shop-Mate went to *St. Martin's-Lane* together; and, as I came back, I met this Bitch at the Fire, and asked her what she had got in her Apron, and so she came to ask me where *Tom Gilpin* was; *You Bitch*, says I, *You have most Reason to know where he is, for you were with him last*. And then she and I went thro' *Temple-Bar* into *Fleet-street*, and turned down *Chancery-Lane*, and so came to *Fetter-Lane*, and then to *Shoe Lane*, and down *Harp-Alley* to *Fleet-Ditch*, and up *Fleet-Lane* to the *Old Baily*, and cross *Newgate-street* to *Giltspur-street*, and through *Pye-Corner* into *Smithfield*, and so to *Long-Lane*, and cross *Aldersgate-street* to *Barbican*, and then down *Red-Cross-street*, and up *White-Cross-street* to *Jemmit's Brandy-shop*; and there we drank together, and she left the Things, and then we parted.

Court. But you thought fit to call there, and demand the Bundle, as if you had a Right to it; and, it seems, you knew there was some Thing of Value in it.

Jemmit again. When the Constable came, *Edesbury* said, *For Christ's Sake be favourable, or I shall be hanged for these Things*: And he owned they were taken at the Fire.

Edesbury. I said, I believed she had stole them there. — And, as for her Part she got drunk, and gave *Jemmit* a Slap of the Chops, as she was going into *Newgate*.

William Drogheda and *Job Williams* deposed, that *Edesbury* had lodged with them, and they took him to be a very honest Fellow.

The Jury found both the Prisoners Guilty.

Margaret

Margaret Hobbs, *alias* Copper, and Hester Hobbs, *alias* Lewin, for privately Stealing, October 10, 1734.

MARGARET HOBBS, *alias* Copper, and Hester Hobbs; *alias* Lewin, were indicted for stealing a Guinea, and 7 Shillings, the Money of * Thomas Gray, *alias* Mac Creagh, October 10.

Prosecutor. Going about Noon from the *Castle Tavern* through *Colston's-Court*, at the Corner of the Court next *Wild-street*, the old Woman, *Margaret Hobbs*, was standing at her Door, and asked me to give her a Dram. I said, *I don't care if I do*; and so I went in; but knowing it to be an ill House, I thought it prudent to take Care of my Money, and part the Gold from the Silver. I had a Guinea, and 7 s. 6 d. I put the Guinea in this Pocket, 7 Shillings in this, and Six-pence which I intended to spend, I put in my Mouth. I found the young Woman, *Hester Hobbs*, in the Room; I sat down by her, put one Hand round her Neck, and t'other — down her Bosom, and her Arm-way about my Middle; and while I was kissing her, the old Woman put her Hand in that Pocket where the Silver was, and her Hand was shut when she pulled it out again. I felt, and mist my 7 Shillings: I presently examin'd t'other Pocket, and the Guinea was gone too — I suppose the young one got that — *What*, says I, *do you rob me? Ye Dog*, says the old one, *Do you breed a Riot in my House?* I got up, and threatned to make them suffer for it; and just as I was going out, the old Woman offered me the Silver, and said, *Here, take your seven Shillings*; but I refused it, and went to Mr. Kelly, and told him how I had been robb'd: He said, I was rightly serv'd, for he did not know what Business I had in a Bawdy-house.

Council.

* This was the Person that was tried at the Old-Bailey for robbing Dr. Lancaster, and was acquitted; but afterwards was tried at Kingston, for robbing one Mr. Hamerton on the Highway, and found guilty, and was executed at Kennington Common, on Thursday, the 21st of August, 1735.

Council. What Business do you follow ?

Prosecutor. I practise the Law — 'tis what I was bred to.

Council. Were you never in that House before ?

Prosecutor. Once I was.

Margaret. Oh the Villain ! I was in the *Fleet* with my Husband that Day as he says he was robb'd — He and *William Obrian*, and *Charles Macdonnel*, had sworn my Husband into the *Fleet* for 100 *l.* Now this Fellow comes to my House the Day after *Michaelmas*, and says *Ye Bitch ! ye Irish Bawd ! Do you maintain that Bug your Husband ? D——n ye, I'll have you, and the young Whore, your Niece, in Newgate ; and from that Day to this I have never seen his Face.*

Mrs. ———, The Prisoner, *Margaret*, keeps a Brandy-shop, which I kept before she came into it. On the 30th of *September*, as I was drinking Tea with her and her Niece, (the other Prisoner) a Man came in with a flopping Hat — this Man looks something like him, for he had Pimples in his Face, and they called him *Tom Graham* — And though they gave him no Provocation, he fell upon them, and beat them both ; and said, that before that Day Sen'night, he would have both the Aunt and the Niece in *Newgate*.

Ann Burbidge. I keep a Fruit-Cellar under the *King's-Arms Tavern*, and hearing a Noise at the Prisoner's Door, I went over, and there was one *Macgray*, I think they call him, abusing them. *Margaret Hobbs* asked him, what he would have, and he swore, *D——n ye, I have your Husband in Goal, and I'll have you, ye old Bawd, and the young Whore your Niece, in Newgate, before a Week's at an End.*

James Sharp, Headborough. I keep a Grocer's Shop facing the Prisoner's. I never knew any Noise or Disturbance in their House, and they have the Character of *very modest Women*.

Thomas Pass. I am a Peace-Officer : I went to their House one Night to keep the Peace, and sent the Prosecutor — I believe it was he ——— about his Business, for he was calling all to nought ——— Bitch, and Whore, and Bawd — and he told 'em that he never stole the King's Plate — But for all that the Prisoners have a *very good, fair, just, and honest Character.*

Mary

Mary White. I knew the Prisoners six Years in *Ireland*, they have been about a Year and a half in *England*, and live in Love with their Neighbours.

The Jury acquitted the Prisoners.

Richard Buckley and John Buckley, for Burglary, November 18, 1735.

RICHARD BUCKLEY and John Buckley were indicted for breaking and entering the House of *William Clark*, and stealing four Silver Spoons, five Silver Tea-spoons, two Suits of Head clothes, five Guineas, and 20 s. Nov, 18, in the Night.

The Witnesſes were examined a-part.

William Clark. I live at *New Turnſtile* in *Holborn*. My Houſe was robbed on *Monday Night*, Nov. 18, or on *Tueſday Morning*. My Wife and I lay in the Shop. The Goods and Money we loſt were taken out of a Neſt of Drawers, which ſtood upon a Dreſſer in the ſame Shop. We had a Ruſh Candle burning by us all Night. The Door was left upon the Latch, that my Siſter might come in, in the Morning, without diſturb- ing us. We went to Bed about Eleven, and ſaw nobody, nor heard the leaſt Noiſe all the reſt of the Night: But the next Day, the Neſt of Drawers were miſſing, and at Night it was found in the Cellar, but the Goods and Money were taken out of it. I have known the Priſoner, *Richard Buckley*, about a Year, and never heard any ill of him, till I was inform'd by his Son, *Butler Buckley*, a little Boy, that he and the other Priſoner, his Brother, with *Sweet* and *Wilkinſon*, who were both hanged at *Kingſton*, for robbing the Church, were the Men who had robbed my Houſe.

Mary Audry, Mr. *Clark*'s Siſter. I got up between 7 and 8 in the Morning, and miſt the Caſe of Drawers off the Dreſſer; I found the back Door, which leads into *Princes-ſtreet*, half open, which I am ſure was bolted a little before it was dark — there are two back Doors, one to the Houſe, and one to the Yard — The next Night I found the Neſt of Drawers in the Cellar, but the Money and Goods were taken out.

John

John Busby. I live at *Kingson*: On *Saturday* the 8th of *March*, at Night, after I and my Wife were gone to Bed, there was an Attempt made to rob my House, by some Persons who came up the Passage. On *Sunday* the Church was robbed: At Night the little Boy, *Butler Buckley*, came up the Passage to my House; my Boy seeing him, asked, where he was going? He answered, he was going to the Oven to warm himself. My Boy told him, there was no Oven that Way. I coming up, took hold of *Butler's* Hand, upon which he scream'd out, and begg'd me not to send him to *Bridewell*. I asked him, if he knew what *Bridewell* was? He said, No, but he was afraid I would send him there. I led him to Mr. *Belcher*, who examined him where his Father and Mother were? He told us first at one Place, and then at another, but both proved to be false. We caught him in several Lies, and so he was sent to the Stock-house. Next Morning he confess'd that he came down to *Kingson*, (with his Father and Uncle the two Prisoners) and *William Sweet* and *Philip Wilkinson*, and that on *Saturday* Night they attempted to rob my House, and on *Sunday* robbed the Church; and further, that they had robbed Mr. *Clark* (the Prosecutor's) House at *Little-Turnstile*, in *Holbourn*, and another House upon *Little-Tower-Hill*, and gave us an Account of what they took from each. I and Mr. *Bansford* resolving to enquire into these Things, we took Horse, and rode to the *Swan with Two Necks*, in *Totbill-street*, where we put up, and from thence went to Mr. *Clark* (the Prosecutor's) and enquired if he had been robbed, and of what? He said, Yes, and named the Particulars, which agreed with the Account the Boy had given us. We asked him, if he knew *Butler Buckley*? Mr. *Clark* said, Yes, very well, that he had often been at their House, and they had given him Victuals; that his Father (the Prisoner *Richard*) was a Drawer at the *Sultana's-Head* Tavern in the *Hay-Market*, and his Mother lodged at the *Green Cannister*, the upper End of *Oxenden-Street*, in *Piccadilly*. We told him what the Boy had informed us of, at which he appeared to be very much surprized.

Mr. *Bansford* and I then went to the *Green Cannister*, and there meeting with the Boy's Mother, we took her to the *Sultana* Tavern, where we found her Husband (the Prisoner

Prisoner *Richard*) and told him what his Boy had told us. He said, that *Sweet* was a notorious Rogue, and had enticed the Boy to *Kingston*. *Richard* agreed to go with us to look for *Sweet*: We were informed, that he was gone but that very Day to be a Drawer at the *Bell* at *Aldgate*. We found him there, and took him with us in a Coach to the *Swan* in *Totbill-street*, where we sat up all the remaining Part of the Night: The Warrant we then had, was only for taking *Sweet* and *Wilkinson*; but next Day Mr. *Clark* went to *Kingston*, and got a Warrant for the two Prisoners, and thereupon *Richard Buckley* was sent to the *Gate-house*. His Brother *John* hearing of it, went to him, and afterwards came to the *Swan* and two Necks, and said, *Who wants to speak with me? Who are you?* says I. *My Name*, says he, *is John Buckley, I live at the Cross-Keys in Bond-street, and defy all the World to take me. Be ye the Devil, I'll take you*, says I, and so I seized him.

John Banford deposed to the same Effect: And the Manner of apprehending the Prisoners and *Sweet*, was confirm'd by *Richard Mitchell*, the Constable.

Butler Buckley, the Boy, (9 Years old the 18th of Dec. last) being examined as to the Nature of an Oath, and the Consequence of false Swearing, and giving satisfactory Answers, the Court admitted him to be sworn.

* *Butler Buckley*, My Father, *Richard Buckley*, and my Uncle, *John Buckley*, and *William Sweet*, and *Philip Wilkinson* (who were both hanged at *Kingston*) and I, went out together between six and seven at Night, to rob Mr. *Clark's* House at *Little-Turnstile* in *Holbourn*. I knew Mr. *Clark*, and had been at his House several Times. When we came there, Mr. *Clark*, and his Wife, and Sister, and Daughter, and two Gentlemen, were sitting by the Fire in the Shop, and the Screen was drawn. My
Father

* *Butler Buckley* was about Nine Years of Age, when he gave Evidence against his own Father, *Richard Buckley*, and his Uncle, *John Buckley*; and likewise against one *Sweet* and *Wilkinson*; the two latter were executed at *Kingston*, in the Market-Place, for robbing the Church there. *Butler Buckley* was transported, from the New-Goal in *Southwark*, during Life.

Father put me in at the Shop Door, which was open, about eight o'Clock : I went and hid myself in the House of Office, till between one and two in the Morning, and then I opened the Entry Door on the left Side of the House, leading into the Alley (*Little Turnstile*)—'tis the Door where the Lodgers go in and out. I let in *Wilkinson* and *Sweet*, and went out myself, and found my Father and Uncle standing to watch. One of them stood at the End of the Alley next *Holbourn*, and the other at the End next *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. *Wilkinson* and *Sweet* staid about half an Hour, and then they brought out ten Guineas, nine Silver Spoons, and two Suits of Bruffels laced Head-clothes, which I saw as soon as we came home, and we went home directly.

Court. Where was your Home ?

Boy. At my Father's Lodging, up two Pair of Stairs forward in Mrs. *Doyley's* House, the *Green Cannister*, in *Piccadilly*.

Richard Buckley. Pray, my Lord, take Notice of that.

Court. How came you to make this Discovery ?

Boy. Mr. *Busby* took me at *Kingston*, and forced me to tell.

Court. How did he force ye ?

Boy. He said he'd turn me at my own Liberty if I wou'd confess the Truth.

Court. Did he say any Thing to you about your Father or Uncle ?

Boy. No.

Court. Who named them first ?

Boy. I myself.

Court. Did he or any other at *Kingston*, mention Mr. *Clark's* House ?

Boy. No.

Court. How came you to speak of it then ?

Boy. Because I had a mind to tell it all out.

Mr. Busby. I had heard nothing of Mr. *Clark*, till the *Boy* spoke of it himself.

R. Buckley. Was not the *Boy* whipt, and hung up by the Heels ?

Mr. Busby. Mr. *Bailiff Belcher* shewed him a Whip, to make him confess where he came from, and the Justice threatened

threatned to send him to *Bridewell*, and have him whipt there, if he would not tell who he belonged to.

R. Buckley, to the Boy. When and where did you see me and your Uncle together?

Boy. You were both with us at *Kingston*, and went to *Hampton-Court* that Day as the Church was robbed—the 9th of *March*—and in *London*, at the Coffee-house in *Coventry-street*; and at my Uncle's Lodging, the *Cross-Keys* in *Bond-street*, by *Woodstock-Meuse*, where he lived when he was taken—He's a Shoe-maker—And twice at the *Cannister* where we lodged, once was on a *Thursday* Morning about eleven, and once on a *Saturday* about 2 in the Afternoon, besides the Time when we carried home the Goods.

R. Buckley. Did you never see us together at *Mrs. Macrakan's*, against the *Royal-Oak* in *St. Giles's*, where I lived before I went to the *Cannister*?

Boy. Yes, 4 or 5 Times, but I never saw *Sweet* or *Wilkinson* there.

R. Buckley. Where did you lie on *Saturday* Night, the 8th of *March*, the Night before *Kingston* Church was robbed?

Boy. At the House on this Side the *Waterman's Arms* at *Kingston*.

Mr. Busby. The Boy carried us to the *Crown* by the *Waterman's-Arms*, and describ'd the Furniture of the Room before he went in with us.

The Prisoners Defence.

R. Buckley. I have taken what Care I could in giving my Boy good Instructions, but my Care had but little Effect on him. He was always very perverse, and a notorious Lyar, for which I have often corrected him, though not with Severity, for fear of hardening him. On *Friday* Night the 7th of *March*, I sent him to *Cranbourn-Alley* for some Worsted. He staid out that Night; I asked him next Day where he had been? he said, with *Mrs. Loyd. Butler*, says I, *Your Chalks are out, and we must reckon*. But I being sent for, he run away, and I saw him no more till *Tuesday* following; for, as I was informed, *Sweet* and *Wilkinson* had decoy'd him to go with them to *Kingston*: But he did not go to *Kingston* till *Sunday*, as I shall prove, though he swears he lay there on *Saturday* Night. I had
not

not seen my Brother *John* for near five Years, till I was taken up, there having been a Quarrel between us; but then I sent him Word, of his being in the Warrant.

J. Buckley. I never saw *Sweet* nor *Wilkinson* in my Life.

Eleanor Clark, (the Prosecutor's Wife). The first or second Day after I was robbed, I went to see Mrs. *Buckley*, the Wife of *Richard Buckley*, the Prisoner, at Mrs. *Macrakan's*, against the *Royal-Oak*, in *Little Earl-Street*, by the *Seven Dials*. I desired her to go with me to *Monmouth-Street*, and *Rag-Fair*, to look for some of my Goods.

Grace Rose. I remember on a *Thursday* Morning in *November*, Mrs. *Clark*, (who keeps a Cook's Shop in *Little-Turnstile*) told Mrs. *Buckley*, she had been robbed the Night before*. She and her Husband had lived at *Martba Macrakan's* a Year and two Months; they moved thence to the *Cannister* on a *Monday*, about a Month before he was taken. I never saw his Brother *John* at Mrs. *Macrakan's*.

R. Buckley. I was taken in *March*: The House was robbed in *November*: The Boy swore, I then lived at the *Cannister*——and that my Brother *John* had been several Times with me at Mrs. *Macrakan's*.

Martba Macrakan deposed to the same Effect, and added, that the Boy was a notorious Lyar.

Jemima Covedale. Between ten and eleven on *Saturday* Night——next *Saturday* it will be six Weeks ago——I saw this Boy standing by Mrs. *Gaskin's* Door, near *King Edward's* Stairs in *Wapping*: He pray'd me to tell Mrs. *Gaskin*, her Cousin, wanted to speak with her: She came to him; he said, *How do you do, Cousin?* She asked him, how he came to be out so late, and so far from Home? He told her, he came to play with her Son *Bobby*. She chid him, and threatned to send him to his Father, but at last took him in.

Sarah Gaskin. The Boy lay at my House all that *Saturday* Night, (which was the Eighth of *March*) and

* The House was robbed on Monday Night, as Mr. *Clark* deposed.

and went away about Eight o'Clock on *Sunday* Morning.

R. Buckley. And yet he swore he lay at *Kingslon* that Night.

Mrs. Fromage. I keep the *Sultana* Tavern. *Richard Buckley* was a Waiter at my House, he came some Time before *Christmas*; it was the Day before his Glasses came in—He was recommended to us from *Pontack's*; and my Husband trusted him to receive Money at the *Bank*, fifty, sixty, or one hundred Pounds at a Time. He was a very good Servant, and never out of his Business, but when he went to see after his Boy, who had been a great Grief to him.

R. Buckley. The Boy swore I was with him at *Kingslon* on *Saturday* Night, the 8th of *March*.

Mrs. Fromage. That Night he was waiting on some Noblemen at my House, and they burnt his Wig; and, next Morning, they gave him half a Crown a-piece to make him Amends—He complained that his Boy was missing, and he was afraid he was got into ill Company.

John Perry. I am a Waiter at the same House. On *Saturday*, the 8th of *March*, several Noblemen dined at our House, and bespoke a Dinner on *Sunday*. The Prisoner waited on them, and I left him there at Twelve on *Saturday* Night: On *Sunday* Morning I saw his Wig was burnt, and at Noon he and I breakfasted at *Mrs. Boniface's*. I left him at eleven that Night: He being taken up the *Tuesday* following, I set down the Day of the Month that I might not forget it.

Mary Whitton. I am Servant at the *Sultana*. The Prisoner came to our House on the 18th of *November*, and the next Day his Glasses were sent in—I set down the Day of the Month for my own Satisfaction. On *Saturday*, the 8th of *March*, he waited on some Noblemen. Between twelve and one that Night, he came to me in the Kitchen, and said the Company was going. I asked him where his Wig was, and he said, one of the Noblemen had burnt it.

Mrs. Boniface. On *Sunday* Noon, *March* the 9th (the Day before the Prisoners died) *R. Buckley*, and his two Fellow-

Fellow-Servants, *Penny* and *Morris*, breakfasted at my House: He was not then drest.

Mr. Graves, at the *Ship Tavern*, *Temple-Bar*. On the 18th of *November*, *R. Buckley* desired me to give him a Letter of Credit to *Mr. Maidwell* for some Glasses, which I did, and I believe they were sent in next Day, for I have here *Mr. Maidwell's* Bill for such Glasses, dated *November 19*.

R. Buckley. The Boy told *Mr. Justice Deveil*, that I had been in *Newgate* several times.

Mr. Deveil. He said his Father had been in *Newgate*, and had been brought before me, but I don't know that he ever was.

Keeper of Newgate. I never saw either of the Prisoners before.

Henry Vipont. I keep the Long-Room at *Hampstead*; the Prisoner lived with me in *June* last to *November*, and was a very faithful and just Servant. On *Sunday* the 9th of *March*, about Nine in the Morning, he came to me, and I agreed with him to serve me at *Scarborough*, during the Season. He went away between Ten and Eleven.

Edward Waile. I went to see the Boy in *Bridewell*, at *Kingston*, and told him I was sorry to see him in such a Place. He said he did not mind it, for he should be a brave Man when the two Men were hang'd at *Kingston*, and his Father and Uncle at *Tyburn*——He's an impudent, lying, mischievous Boy.

John Herring. I live at the *Cross-Keys*, in *New Bond-street*. *John Buckley* lodged there a Year and a Quarter. He went away at *Midsummer* last, and has not been there since, but lived at a House in *Tyburn-Road*.

R. Buckley. The Boy swore, that my Brother lived in *Bond-street* when he was taken, and that we often met together lately, but I have not spoke to him several Years, on Account of a Difference between us.

Robert Forest. *Richard* had been very kind to his Brother *John*, while he was an Apprentice; but, about five Years ago, *John* disobliged *Richard*, by refusing to make a Pair of Shoes for his Wife, upon which they fell out. I met *Richard* two Months ago, and prest him to be reconciled; but, says he, *I can't be Friends with him, for I have*

have been a Father to him, and he is an ungrateful Rascal.

William Griffin. John Buckley lived next Door to me three Quarters of a Year, and I believe he's a very honest Man, I keep a Chandler's Shop, and on *Sunday* the 9th of *March* (the Day the Boy charges him with being at *Kingston*) he came four Times to my Shop, betwixt Nine in the Morning and Eight at Night, for odd Things that he wanted. I never saw his Brother *Richard* with him.

Several other Witnesses gave the Prisoners the Character of honest Men, and deposed, that they had not seen them together for some Years past.

The Jury acquitted them.

They were a second Time indicted for breaking and entering the House of *Alexander Calder*, (on *Tower-hill*) and stealing two Silk Gowns, a Callicoe Gown, a quilted Petticoat, four Shirts, six Shifts, two Pair of Sheets, a Velvet Hood, and several other Things, *Oct. 23*, in the Night.

There was no Evidence against them but the Boy, who swore positively, that they, and *Sweet*, and *Wilkinson*, broke open the House, and stole the Goods; but, he being detected in several Falshoods and Contradictions, and a sufficient Number of creditable Witnesses appearing in the Behalf of the Prisoners, the Jury acquitted them.

Charles Mechlin, for the Murder of Thomas Hallam, *May 10, 1735.*

CHARLES MECHLIN was indicted for the Murder of *Thomas Hallam*, by thrusting a Stick into his left Eye, and thereby giving him one Mortal Wound of the Breadth of a quarter of an Inch, and Depth of one Inch and a half, *May* the 10th, of which mortal Wound he languish'd till the next Day, and then died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

Thomas Arne, I have the Honour to be Numberer of the Boxes of *Drury-lane Play-house*, under Mr. *Fleetwood*. — On *Saturday Night*, I deliver'd my Accounts in the *Property Office*, and then at eight at Night, I came into the *Scene-Room* where the *Players* warm themselves, and sat down

down in a Chair at the end of the Fire——Fronting the Fire, there's a long Screen where five or six may sit. The Play was almost done and they were making Preparation for the Entertainment, when the Prisoner came in and sat down next to me. And high Words arose between him and the Deceased about a *Stock wig* for a Disguise in the Entertainment, the Prisoner had play'd in this *Wig* the Night before, and now the Deceas'd had got it. *D—ye for a Rogue,* says the Prisoner, *What Business have you with my Wig?* *I am no more a Rogue than yourself,* says the Deceased. *It's a Stock Wig, and I have as much right to it as you.* Some of the Players coming in, they desired the Deceased to fetch the Wig and give it to the Prisoner, and said to him, *Here is your Wig, I have got one that I like better.* The Prisoner, sitting by me, took the Wig, and began to comb it out, and all seem'd to be very quiet for half a quarter of an Hour. But the Prisoner begun to grumble again, and said to the Deceased, *G—— D—— ye for a black guard scrub Rascal, how durst you have the Impudence to take this Wig?* The Deceased answered, *I am no more a Rascal than yourself.* Upon which the Prisoner started up out of his Chair, and having a Stick in his Hand, he gave a full Longe at the Deceased, and thrust the Stick into his left Eye, and pulling it back again, he looked pale, turn'd on his Heel, and, in a Passion, threw the Stick in the Fire. *G—— D—— it!* says he, and turning about again upon his Heel, he sat down. The Deceased clapt his Hand to his Eye, and said it was gone through his Head: He was going to sink, and they set him in a Chair. The Prisoner came to him, and leaning upon his left Arm, put his Hand to his Eye, *Lord!* cryed the Deceased, *it is out.* No, says the Prisoner, *I feel the Ball roll under my Hand.* Young Mr. Cibber came in, and immediately sent for Mr. Goldham the Surgeon.

Prisoner. Did I shew any Concern afterwards.

Arne. I believe he was under the utmost Surprize, by his turning about, and throwing the Stick in the Fire, and he shewed a further Concern, when he felt of the Eye Ball.

Thomas Whitaker. I am a Dresher in the House, under a Comedy-player. On the Friday Night, the Prisoner

asked

asked me to lend him a Comedy-wig to play *Sancho*, in the *Fop's Fortune*. And the next Night, the Deceased came and asked me for the same Wig; I told him I had it not, and bid him go to the other Dresser — As I was afterwards waiting in the Hall for my Money, the Prisoner came in, and asked the Deceased for the Wig, the Deceased answered that he should not have it, and the Prisoner reply'd you're an impudent Rascal, and ought to be can'd for your Impudence. Mr. Mills, who was acting *Juba*, came and said, *What's the matter with you? We can't play for the Noise you make*, the Prisoner answer'd, *This Rascal has got a Wig that belongs to me*. Mr. Mills said to the Deceased, *Hallam, don't be impertinent, but give him the Wig*. Hallam still refused, upon which the Prisoner said, *G — D — ye, such little Rascals ought to be made an Example of*, and so turn'd out of the Room. I being dress'd in Shape, went up, and undress'd. Mr. Woodford bid me bring down a Scimitar, which I did, but, when I came down I could not find him, and so I went into the Scene Room: The Deceased was then standing still between the Door and the Settle. The Prisoner was about three Yards from him, and starting up, he made a sudden *Longe* (whether stepping or running, I can't say) the Deceased clapt his Hand to his Eye, and made a Reel, as if he was throwing himself into the Settle — The Prisoner seem'd to relent.

Mr. Cole. The Deceased came first into the Scene Room, and complain'd that the Prisoner had used him ill about a Comedy-wig. The Prisoner soon followed, and said the Deceased had used him ill and impertinently, and he insisted upon having that Wig — They went out separately. The Deceased came in again. Mr. Fabian, the Author of a Farce to be acted that Night, Mr. Mills, and others advised the Deceased to let the Prisoner have the Wig, and Mr. Kitchen, the Property-Man, promis'd to help him to a better. The Deceased fetch'd the Wig and gave it to the Prisoner, and then Mr. Kitchen gave another Wig to the Deceased. The Deceased held out this Wig to shew it, and said he lik'd it better than the other: *You saucy impertinent Rascal*, says the Prisoner, *I wonder how such a little Scoundrel dared to take a Wig out of my Dressing-Room*; the Deceased told him, he had it of the Dresser — *D — ye, you Dog*, says the Prisoner, *doye prate?*

And, rising up from the Settle, he pushed at the Deceased, who then stood stock still, between me and the Settle—— I was so near him, that I was afraid my own Eye would have been hurt ; he reel'd, and I caught him in my Arms.

Council. Who does the Dressing Room, where the Wig was kept, belong to ?

Mr. Cole. Not to the Deceased.

Q. Has every one a particular Room to dress in ?

Mr. Cole. There were three or four who dress in that Room, but the Deceased did not belong to it. But he said the Dresser gave him the Wig —— I believe the Dresser's Name is *Greenwood*.

Francis Lee. The Deceased came into the Scene Room, and said the Prisoner had used him like a Pick-pocket, about a Wig. *Mr. Mills* and the Author, and others advised him to go up and fetch him the Wig : *Mr. Kitchin* called the Deceased to the end of the Room, and lent him another Wig ; he shew'd this Wig, and said he would not change with the Prisoner, for he had got a better : The Prisoner answer'd, *You are a Scoundrel for taking it at all.* The Deceased reply'd, *No more a Scoundrel than yourself.* Some other Words passing, the Prisoner rose up, and I think said, *D—— ye, you little Dog, do you prate,* and then gave him the Blow. He clapt both his Hands to his Eye, and cry'd, *O Lord ! I believe my Eye is put out,* and would have fall'n in the Fire, if *Mr. Cole* had not catch'd him. When he was set down, I asked him how he did ; *Lord !* said he, *I believe my Eye ball is shov'd to the other side of my Head.* I believe the Prisoner had him by the Hand, all the while the Surgeon was dressing him —— He lived 'till six the next Night.

Ellis Roberts. I came in, when the Deceased had received the other Wig. He said he liked this as well as that the Prisoner had. *You are an impudent Scoundrel,* says the Prisoner, *for taking it out of my Shift* (that is his dressing Place) —— *No more a Scoundrel than yourself,* says the Deceased, and you are one for calling me so. *Ye impudent Rascal, do you prate ?* replied the Prisoner, and rising up, made a *Longe*, and push'd at him.

Thomas Salway. I was sitting at the end of the Settle, which will hold five or six People. The Deceased stood by me, and said, *If he.* (the Prisoner) *had had a Mind for the*

the Wig, he might have asked me for it in a civil Manner, and not have attacked me like a Pick-pocket. The Prisoner said, *You lie*; the Deceased return'd, *I don't lie*; or else *you lie*. Upon which the Prisoner got up, and I think made one Step, and said, *Ye little Rascal, do you prate?* or some such Words; and then made a Push at him with a Stick, which enter'd his Eye, and made a Noise like a squashing. He clapt his Hand to his Eye, and the Blood ran down his Face; he totter'd; but I was so shock'd and frightened that I had not Power to catch him, but went out of the Room: When the Push was made, he was standing still, about three Yards from the Prisoner.

Council. Did he aim at any particular Place?

Thomas Salway. He seem'd to be in too great a Passion for that.

Prisoner. Was it not a Stick necessary for my part, as a Spanish Servant?

Thomas Salway. Yes ——— The Deceased stood close to my right Shoulder.

Prisoner. Which side of him was towards me when I push'd?

Thomas Salway. His full Face.

Prisoner. Did not you say, *What a passionate Man are you to do this Michief?* and did not I answer, *Good God! What will not a Man do in a Passion, when he knows not what he does?*

Thomas Salway. There might be such Words.

Mr. Coldham, Surgeon. On the 10th of May, in the Evening, I was sent for and dress'd the Deceased — He died next Day, and I opened the Skull, and found the Stick had pass'd through the thin Bone, that contains the Eye, into the Brain — That Bone is extream thin, and can make but little Resistance. Had the Blow been elsewhere, it might have had a less fatal Effect. I was astonish'd that a Man should die by such an Instrument — when I first attended him, the Prisoner shew'd much Concern, and desired me to take all possible Care of him.

George Carpenter. I know nothing of the Affair, but only was bound over to prosecute, because he had no Friends.

Defence.

Prisoner. I plaid *Sancho* the Night before, and the Wig
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I then used was proper for the New Play, and absolutely necessary for my Character, the whole Force of the Poet's Wit depending on the lean meagre Looks of one that wanted Food. This Wig therefore being so fit for my purpose, and hearing that the Deceased had got it, I said to him, *You have got the Wig I plaid in last Night, and it fits my Part this Night — I have as much right to it as you have*, says he. I told him I desired it as a Favour; he said, I should not have it. *You are a Scoundrel*, says I, *to deny me, when I only ask that as a Favour, which is my Right, I am no more a Scoundrel than yourself*, says he, and so he went out, and I went to the Prompter's Door to see for Mr. Cibber. Mean while the Deceased went into the Scene-Room, and said, that I had used him like a Pick-pocket — The Author persuaded him to let me have the Wig, and the Property-Man brought him another Wig. He threw the first Wig at me. I asked him, why he could not as well have done that before? He answered, *Because you used me like a Pick pocket*. This provoked me, and rising up, I said, *D——ye for a Puppy, get out*. His Left-side was then towards me, but he turned about unluckily, and the Stick went into his Eye. *Good God!* says I, *What have I done!* and threw the Stick in the Chimney. He sat down, and said to Mr. Arne's Son (who was drest in Women's Cloths) *whip up your Coats, you little Bitch, and Urine in my Eye*; but he could not, and so I did. I begged them to take the Deceased to the Bagnio, but Mrs. Moore said, she had a Room where he should be taken care of. I had then no Thought that it would prove his End, but feared that his Eye was in Danger. But next Morning I saw Mr. Turbut, who advised me to keep out of the way, or I should be sent to Goal — I begged him to get the Assistance of a Physician, and gave him a Guinea, which was all the Money I had — From the Beginning of the Quarrel to the End, it was but ten Minutes, and there was no Intermiſſion.

Robert Turbut. I had played that Night, and was in the Scene Room when the Deceased came in, and seemed flush'd, and said, *Mechlin has used me like a Pick-pocket. I had this Wig of Mrs. Greenwood, the Dresser, and now he wants it; and I think it as proper for my Character as for his* — The Prisoner then came in and demanded

manded it. Upon which, in a merry way, it was put to the Question, which of them should have it, and it was agreed that the Prisoner should. Mr. *Kitchin* came in, and said, Here is another Wig. The Deceased then tost the former Wig to the Prisoner, who said to him, *Why could not you have done this before.* He answered, *Because you used me like a Pick-pocket.* You lye, says the Prisoner, and You lye, says the Deceased. You are a Scoundrel, says one, and You are a Scoundrel, says another. At last, the Prisoner rising up, said, *Ye Puppy, get out,* and pushed at him, but I believe not with any particular Aim.

Mr. *Rich*, Mr. *Fleetwood*, Mr. *Quin*, Mr. *Ryan*, Mr. *Thompson*, Mr. *Mills*, Mr. *Lefely*, Mr. *Black*, Mr. *Fern*, appeared to the Prisoner's Character, and deposed, that he was a Man of a quiet and peaceable Disposition.

The Jury found him guilty of Manslaughter.

Patrick Gaffney, for privately Stealing, *August 14, 1735.*

PATRICK GAFFNEY was indicted for privately stealing a Silver Watch, Value 5*l.* from the Person of *Richard Manning*, Aug. 14.

Mr. *Manning*. As I was going into *Long-Acre* between eleven and twelve in the Morning, on the 14th of *August*, which was the Day the Fire happened there; I found a great Crowd of People, and before I came to the *Vine Tavern*, I was hustled about, and beset by several Persons. My right Arm was held up so that I could not get it down. The Prisoner was close behind me, with his left Hand on my Shoulder, pushing me along. I felt my Watch pull'd out of my Fobb, for my Breeches were prodigious tight: At the same Time I saw the Prisoner's right Hand in between the Skirts of my Coat, but before I could get my Arm down, he had got his Hand out, and turned it behind him: In that Posture I seized his Hand, G—— d—— ye, says I, you have got my Watch. I, your Watch, says he, You are a Scoundrel, I have none of your Watch. Then, says I, you have handed it to some of your Companions. Sir, says he, I am a Man of as good a Character as yourself, — but do not raise a Mob, and I will go with ye to the Tavern. So we went into the Tavern Kitchen, and there he readily

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pulled off his Coat, and I searched him, but to no Purpose, upon which he began to taunt, and threatned to make me suffer for scandalizing of him.

Prisoner. By the Vertue of your Oath, Did you see me hand the Watch, or so much as speak to any body?

Prosecutor. No.

Prisoner. Or was any body near me?

Prosecutor. Near ye? Yes, prodigiously crowded — I had my Watch just as I turned the Corner of *Long-Acre*, and my Coat was then open, but seeing the Crowd, I buttoned my Coat on Purpose; notwithstanding which, my Watch was lost before I came to the *Vine*.

John May. I saw the Prisoner with one Hand on the Prosecutor's Shoulder, and the other Hand on the Flap of his Coat. I heard the Prosecutor say, *D—— ye, I have lost my Watch*; upon which I said, *That Man* (the Prisoner) *has got it*.

Prisoner. Why did not you seize me then?

J. May. So I did.

Samuel Holditch. I was sitting on a Chest of Drawers that was brought out from the Fire. The Prisoner, with his left Hand on the Prosecutor's Shoulder pushed him up to me: *D——n ye*, says I, *do not squeeze my Legs*, ye B——: presently I saw the Prisoner's Hand under the Prosecutor's Coat, while two or three Men were pushing behind. I whipt off to seize the Prisoner, but could not get at him for the Crowd.

Prisoner. I was going with Capt. *Brown*, (who is now at Sea) to go to the *Kentish-Town* Races, when the Prosecutor seized me in the Crowd. — I have some Witnesses to my Character.

John Huff, Apothecary in *New Bond-street*. The Prisoner lived as a Journeyman to me about two Months, nine Months ago, he was recommended to me for an honest Man, and behaved pretty well. — He told me, that he served his Time to his Uncle, who was a Surgeon in the Army. — Indeed, since he has been gone from me, I have heard but an indifferent Character of him, his Name having been in the publick Papers.

Prisoner. After I left Mr. *Huff*, I went into Scotland.

Mr. *Eustace*. I knew him several Years ago. — His Family were very credible People in *Dublin*. — But for nine Months last past, I can say nothing.

John

John Williams. I live at an Alehouse in *Neal's Yard* by the *Seven-Dials*; the Prisoner used our House for about three Months, and I never saw any Hurt by him.

Court. May be so — And did not *Maccray* come with him sometimes?

J. Williams. No, the Prisoner always came alone; I never saw *Maccray*.

Court. Have you nobody to give an Account of your Behaviour for the last nine Months? Where is your Landlord, *Mabson*, who kept the Brandyshop in *Cow-lane*, where you lodged on the 4th of *June* last, when you were such a notable Surgeon for *Maccray*.*

Prisoner. He is not in Town.

The Jury acquitted him.

He was a second Time indicted for stealing two Silver Tankards, Value 28 l. the Goods of *Philip Shirley*, in his House, *June 29.* And

James Barthelemi for receiving the same, knowing them to have been stolen, *July 5.*

The Witnesses were examined apart.

Mr. Shirley. I keep the *Hoop Tavern* against *Beaufort-Buildings* in the *Strand*: On *Sunday* the 29th of *June*, at about a Quarter before ten at Night, my House being full of Company, two young Gentlemen came up my Passage, and went into a Ground Room in the Yard, and rung the Bell: I went myself with a Candle: One of them turned his Face aside, under Pretence of wiping it, and then laid his Head down on the Table, which gave me some Suspicion: The other called for half a Pint of Red, which being carried in, they bid the Drawer send for a Coach. — Do they take this for a Coffee-house, says I? Do they think it is worth my while to keep Servants to run on their Errands — Let them walk — In two Minutes my Drawer, *Giles Wilton*, came with a Pint of *Lisbon* for a cool Tankard: I bid him take Care of the Tankard, for I did not

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* *Maccray* was convicted at *Kingston Assizes* for robbing *Mr. Hammerton* on the 4th of *June*. *Gaffney* was one of *Maccray's* Witnesses, and swore, that *Maccray* was very ill, and that he attended him, and gave him a Vomit, at the Time the Robbery was committed.

like my Customers : He said he'd warrant the Tankard should be safe, and so he carried it in: They afterwards ordered twelve Pennyworth of Beef Steakes, some of which were set by the Fire to keep warm for another Person, whom, as they pretended, they waited for. They bid *Joseph Fisher*, another of my Servants, bring them a Tankard of Oat Ale, and thereupon he carried in another Tankard : They sent my Porter on three Errands, and while he was gone the last Time, they made off with both the Tankards — A little Time before this I saw one of them looking out — The large Tankard weighed 69 Ounces 12 Penny-weights, the other cost me ten Pounds.

Gaffney. By the Vertue of your Oath, am I one of the Men ?

Mr. Shirley. I cannot swear to either of them.

John Ratcliff. On Sunday Night the 29th or 30th of June, between nine and ten o'clock, the Prisoner and I went to the *Hoop Tavern* : The Room we went into, was a Ground Floor, on the right Hand, going up the Court : He called for half a Pint of Wine as soon as we came in, and afterwards for a Pint with Lemon and Sugar, for a Cool Tankard, which were brought with a large Silver Tankard. He spoke for something to eat, and some Steakes being brought, he ordered a Tankard of Oat Ale, and that was brought too : He sent the Porter to some House in *Cheapside*, to enquire for some Man, but I do not know what Name — When the Porter returned, he sent him again to the *Bull Head* at *Temple-Bar*, and when he came back from thence, he bid him go to *Tom King's*, and while he was gone, the Prisoner went out to see if the Way was clear, and finding it was, he took one Tankard, and I the other, and so we both went away : The Room we were in is before we come to the Bar : Three Weeks ago I made my Information before Justice *Deveil*.

Gaffney. This Man was caught in a capital Offence — He was taken up for a stolen Mare, and he swears this to save his own Life.

Mr. Devail. *Ratcliff* was indeed taken on Suspicion of stealing a Mare —

Court. How did you dispose of the Tankards?

Ratcliff. Next Day, about three in the Afternoon, I sent *Frances Cbarnock* with the least Tankard to the Prisoner

ner *Barthelemi*, a Goldsmith at *Charing-cross*: She staid till the Evening, and when she returned, she said she had sold it to him for 6*l*.

Court. How came you to send her thither?

Ratcliff. Because I knew Persons who had sold 1*l* 10*s* Goods, which he bought without asking Questions. I went myself once with *John Delany*, and carried a Tankard we had stolen from the *Boar's-Head*. The other Tankard was melted down in three or four Lumps in *Gaffney's* Room, while he was present, and three or four Days afterwards I carried it myself to *Barthelemi*; he weighed it, and gave me 9 Guineas, but I said it came to 19 Shillings more. He reckoned it at 4*s*. 9*d*. or 4*s*. 10*d*. an Ounce, I cannot say which.

Court. Did he ask ye no Questions?

Ratcliff. He asked me if I dealt in the Country, and I answered, *Yes, I deal in Small Wares*. I sent *Charnock* next Day for the Nineteen Shillings, and he gave it her.

Barthelemi. I bought the first Tankard for the full Worth — As to what he brought I do not know what it had been, for it was melted down, and it weighed but 43 Ounces: And he being well drest, and telling me, that he dealt in the Country, I had no Suspicion of him.

Mr. Devil. When I had examined *Ratcliff* and *Charnock*, I sent a Warrant for the Prisoner *Barthelemi*: When he came, I read *Ratcliff's* whole Information to him, and he absolutely denied that he knew any thing of the Matter; but when I brought out *Ratcliff* and *Charnock* to confront him, he owned that he bought the Tankards, and said he gave 10*l*. 7*s*. for one of them.

Mr. Shirley. As one of the Tankards was whole, I desired him to return it, but he told me it was gone to the Refiners — And when Justice *Devil* prest him to produce it, he said he had sold it: It was marked ^E_{I R}, for I bought

that and other Plate of the Widow *Emery*, who kept the *Cardigan's-Head*: He had frequented that House, and had often seen the Tankard there, and afterwards knew that I bought it: Besides, I advertised it, with a Description of the Mark and the Weight, which was set at the Bottom, and one of these Advertisements was left at his House (as

will be proved by the Man who left it) but a few Hours before he bought it.

Frances Charnock. *Gaffney*, and *Ratcliff*, and I, all lodged in the same House: They came home together on Sunday Night, the 29th or 30th of June, and brought 2 Silver Tankards, which they told me they had got from the *Hoop Tavern*: Next Day, about Three in the Afternoon, I went to *Barthelemi's* House with the small Tankard: He was not at home, but his Wife desired me to stay, which I did; and soon after he came in, he lighted Candles, and shut up the Shop: He asked me no Questions how I came by it, but I told him without asking, that I came from Mr. *Ratcliff*: Then he weighed the Tankard in a Room behind the Shop, and cast it up on a Piece of Paper, and told me how many Ounces it weighed, and how much it was an Ounce, but I have forgot both, only I remember he said it came to six Pounds three Shillings, or wanting three Shillings, I do not know which. Then he asked me where I lived, I told him in *Holborn* — I then lived in *Gray's-Inn-Lane* — He said he was going that Way to meet some Company, and he would see me so far homeward: So he went with me to the upper End of St. *Martin's-Lane*, in *Long-Acre*, and would have gone further, but I refused, and so we parted, and I carried the Money to *Ratcliff*, who gave half of it to *Gaffney*.

Barthelemi. Did not I ask you, how you came by it?

Charnock. No, not a Word.

Barthelemi. Did not you pass for the Wife of one *Johnson*, and bring a Note?

Charnock. No.

Barthelemi. You did, and you said your Husband had had a Suit of Law in the Country, and on that Account you was forced to sell the Tankard — What Letters was it marked with?

Charnock. I do not know.

Barthelemi. It was not on Monday that you brought it, but on Thursday.

Court. Produce your Books, and contradict her if you can, by shewing a regular Entry.

Barthelemi. I keep no Books — I cannot write —
[As this was hardly spoke loud enough for the Court to hear

bear him distinctly, he dropt this Pretence, and said] — I set it down so in my Book, and that I gave her six Pounds nineteen Shillings.

Mr. Deveil. After I had brought him to own, that he bought the Tankards, he took me aside into another Room, and told me this Matter might prove very troublesome to him, but it was in my Power to make it more agreeable; and, if I would go to his Shop, he would make it easy to me, or Words to that Effect: When I came back with him into the other Room, I asked him before twenty or thirty People, if he was not ashamed to bribe me? He answered, that what he intended to give me ——— was only his Prayers.

Mr. Shirley. He sent for me into the same Room, and offered me twenty, twenty-five, and then thirty Guineas, if I would be easy ——— Will your Lordship please to ask *Charnock*, about her selling him a Silver Pint Mug that was stolen from the *Crown Tavern*, by *Guild-ball*.

Court. No, I cannot enquire into particular Facts, for which he is not indicted.

Barthelemi. I gave her five Shillings an Ounce for a Silver Mug.

Court. Why will you needs take this upon yourself?

John Holton. I am a Messenger to the Goldsmith's Company. On *Monday June 30*, between three and four in the Afternoon, I left a printed Advertisement of the same Tenour as this in my Hand, at *Barthelemi's Shop*, and, I think, I gave it to his Wife. It contains a Description of the two Tankards, the Marks, Weight, and Size.

Then he read the Advertisement in Court.

Gaffney to Charnock. Did not you live with *Ratcliff* as his Wife, and go by his Name?

Charnock. Yes, I did.

Gaffney. How many were concerned in stealing the Tankards?

Mr. Shirley. Two.

Gaffney. The unfortunate *Dr. Dunn* was tried here last Sessions for stealing these Tankards; and did not you and your Servants swear positively that he was one of the two Men?

Shirley. I never did, nor do I swear to you.

Gaffney. It would be but Justice to bring your Servants here, to see if any of them know me.

Shirley. I did send two of them to the *Gate-house*, and they said they did not know the Prisoner.

Gaffney. Very good !

Barthelemi. I have Witness to prove, that I gave to the Value of the Plate.

Mr. Mansfield, Goldsmith. The usual Price of old Sterling Tankards when melted is five Shillings, or five Shillings one Penny an Ounce, for there is a vast deal of Solder in it.

Mr. Shirley. The Tankards were both New Sterling.

Mr. Mansfield. Then they were worth three Pence an Ounce more.

Lewis Laroch, Silversmith. I offered to sell *Mr. Barthelemi* a Tankard at a Crown an Ounce, but it was Old Sterling.

Mr. Pattison, a Turner. I live opposite to *Barthelemi*; he works hard in his Shop from Morning to Night—— I have seen him buy Goods publicly, and never thought that he would buy any Thing in a private clandestine Way; for I took him to be as honest a Man as lived.

Court. Have you never heard of his absconding on some Account ?

Pattison. I have heard, that an Action at Common-Law was brought against him for a Watch; and that thereupon he went abroad, because he had not Money to pay for the Watch and Charges.

Barthelemi. I stopt a Maid for offering to sell me a Tea-pot, till she sent for her Mistress.

German Bonette. I was not present when the Maid came by herself, but I saw the Maid and her Mistress together in the Shop; and he told me, that he had obliged the Maid to send for her Mistress.

Several others deposed, that they believed him to be a fair Dealer, and that he would not knowingly buy Plate that he suspected to be stolen.

The Jury found them both Guilty.

Gaffney received Sentence of Death, and *Barthelemi* to be transported for 14 Years,

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

Patrick Gaffney, 22 Years of Age, of honest Parents in the City of *Dublin*, who gave him good Education at School, and when of Age put him to a *Surgeon*, with whom he had the Insight of the Infirmary at *Dublin*. He had been abroad in *Spain*, *Italy*, and some other Countries, and served a Merchant at *Lisbon*, whom he called a *Scotchman*, and last he served the chief *Surgeon*, who is an Officer of *Middleton's* Regiment, with whom following the Regiment, he travelled almost over all *Scotland*. Upon some Disobligation or Discontent he left his Master, came to *London*, and went to *Bristol*, where he received forty Guineas, due to him upon some Account; and, returning to Town, he went to *Hampstead*, where, going into the Long-Room to dance with the Ladies, he accidentally met with the Man who was Evidence against him, and a Countryman of his own, whom he never saw, nor knew before, and, as he alledged, was never in his Company in his Life but that one time; and yet this absolute Stranger, in a very little Time after this, had it in his Power to swear a Robbery of two Tankards, (as in the Indictment) upon Mr. *Gaffney*, for which he was capitally convicted. He also gave out, that he never was a Thief or Robber, but always honest; excepting that sometime ago he stole some Money from his own Relations, but to that he alledged himself to have a just Title; only that he deprived them of the Possession, without their Knowledge or Consent. As to his Acquaintance with *Mac Creigh*, who was lately executed at *Kennington common*, it was but general, and he knew no more of him, but only he appearing always and behaving like a Gentleman, and they being of the same Country, he knew him by Face, and had spoken to him some times, which was the Occasion of his being called to give Evidence in his Favour at *Kingston*.

For this Fact of Stealing Mr. *Shirley's* two Tankards, Mr. *Dunn*, a Gentleman of a very good Character, had the Misfortune to be taken up, and was tried for the same the Sessions before the last, and honourably acquitted. Mr. *Gaffney*, was once in *Newgate* before, upon Suspicion of stealing something from an *Apothecary* whom he had served some Time; but, no Prosecution appearing against him

him he was discharged after a few Days Imprisonment. He behaved decently, soberly and civilly, declared, that his Afflictions were justly inflicted by God, for the Wickedness of his Life ; that he believed in *Jesus Christ*, repented of all his Sins, and freely forgave all Men.

He was Executed at Tyburn, on Monday Sept. 22, 1735.

William Wreathock, Peter Chamberlain, James Ruffet, *alias* Ruf-head, George Bird, *the younger*, and Gilbert Campbell, for a Robbery, June 11, 1735.

WILLIAM WREATHOCK, Peter Chamberlain, James Ruffet, *alias* Ruf-head, George Bird the younger, and Gilbert Campbell, were indicted for assaulting Nathaniel Lancaster, Doctor of Laws, on the Highway, putting him in fear, and taking from him a Gold Watch, two Iron Keys, six Pieces of foreign Silver Coin, three Pieces of Foreign Gold Coin, and one Shilling, and six Pence, June the 11th.

Gilbert Campbell was a second time indicted for Perjury, in his Evidence given at the Tryal of Thomas Maccray, in July last.

Dr. Lancaster. On Wednesday, the 11th of June, passing in a Hackney Coach from little Chelsea, towards Buckingham-house, I was robb'd by a Man since known to me by the Name of Mac Creigh, at seven Minutes past nine in the Evening. He took from me a Gold Watch, two Keys, some Foreign Silver and Gold Coin, and one Shilling and Six-pence in Money. One Window of the Coach was drawn up (I think it was Canvas) so that I could not see if any body was on that Side. Mac Creigh attacked me on the other Side, and between the Coach and Hedge ; at his going off, he bid the Coachman drive slow. When he was gone, I got out of the Coach, and saw three, four or five Men on Horse-back in the Road, I can't exactly say at what Distance they were, but I believe one might be about fifty Yards, another a hundred, another two hundred, and another three hundred. I held up both my Hands thus to alarm them. They did not seem to regard me, but rode on towards London, which was contrary to the Way which Mac Creigh went. I met with

with some Persons on Foot, and told them I had been robb'd; I described the Man and Horse, and desired them to pursue him.

Wreathock. When *Maccray* was on his Trial for this Robbery, did you then mention, that you saw any other Person on the Road?

Dr. Lancaster. No, nor did I suspect that he had any Companions.

Campbell. Did your Reverence know the Faces of any of those People?

Dr. Lancaster. No, not one of them.

Campbell. Did you ever give any Money to *Julian Brown's* Wife?

Dr. Lancaster. Finding *Brown* in a very weak Condition, I allowed him Meat and Drink for his Subsistence, but no more than was absolutely necessary: I consulted some Lawyers, and looked into Law Books myself on this Occasion. *Brown's* Confession was made before Colonel *Deveil*, before I knew any Thing of it, and the Colonel advised me to go and see him. I said I had been so ill treated, that my Life was in Danger, and I have often fled for it: However, I went, and laid before *Brown*, in the strongest Light I was able, the Danger of Perjury, both here and hereafter He told me among other Things, that *Wreathock* offered him one hundred Guineas to kill me.

Wreathock. Did you ever see me before this Day?

Dr. Lancaster. No.

Wreathock. Did you never say, you believed none of us were ever guilty of robbing on the Highway?

Dr. Lancaster. No.

Wreathock. Did you not jump out of the Coach immediately, and give a Gardner's Boy a Crown to pursue *Maccray* only?

Dr. Lancaster. I did promise him something to drink; he told me, that he saw the Man rob me; but there was not a Word said, as to what Number of Men there were upon the Road.

Wreathock. Did not you and the Boy pursue *Maccray* to the Turnpike — This I do to strengthen the Boy's Evidence.

Council. We shall now call *Julian Brown* — He
still

still is in a weak Condition, his Voice is low, and he speaks but bad English, but I hope, if he takes Time, and the People are quiet, we shall understand him.

Julian Brown. I believe I can speak de Anglish so vel as to be understand ; I ave know *Wreathock* fis or saven Mont — On de 11th Day of *June*, I go to his 'ouse in de 'atton garden, near eight in de Afternoon. He vas at his Door, and he say, *I be very glad you come, I was justa now to go to your 'ouse.* I say to him, *vat you want vid me ?* And he say, *take you dis Horse, and ride slow to 'Oborn, and I shall overtake you, and you shall meet to Shelsea-Road, and dare will be Maccray, and Peter Shamberlain, and Jemmy Ruffit and Campbell, and Bird, and you, and I ; and den ve shall rob a Gentleman, and ave his Money.* So I take a de Horse, and he meet a me by *Monnot street*, and ve go togader to *Shelsea-Road*, and dare ve find *Maccray* first, and he say, *Stand a you dis a way at a Distaunce ; I wait for a Doctor in a Coash, and I shall rob bim, and ave his Money.*

Wreathock. He can speak louder if he will, for as bad as he pretends to be, he eat a whole Fowl Yesterday for his Dinner.

Council. I will ask you particularly, who was there with you in *Chelsea-Road* — Was *Wreathock* there ?

Brown. Yes, he was one.

Council. Name the rest.

Brown. *Shamberlain* Two, *Ruffit* Three, *Bird* Four, *Campbell* Five, and I, and *Maccray*, dat vas Seven.

Council. And are you positive these were all there ?

Brown. Yes, very positive ——— *Wreathock* ve call de General, because he gives Instructions — His Reverence de Doctor come in de Coash at seven Minutes after Nine. His Reverence sit vid his Back towards the Horses, and dare vas a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman sit togader on de oder Side, den *Maccray* come from de Side of de Hedge, and bid de Coash *Stop ! Stop !* Den he clap the Pistole to his Reverence Stomach, and tell his Reverence to deliver vat he have, and I turn my Horse's Head to look, and I see his Reverence deliver his Vash and Keys into *Maccray's* Hat. *Wreathock* vas den at a leetel Distaunce, and *Maccray* run to him, and trow de Vash into his Hat ; *Wreathock* put it into his Vashcoat Pockate, and he say, ve must not

not go all togader, and his Reverence come out of de Coash, and hold up his Hands, and cry *Highwayman! Teef!*

—— I did see a leetel Boy by the Coash, but I no take mush Notice.

Dr. Lancaster. I said to *Brown*, before I go on with this Prosecution, you must convince me by some private Token, that you was there. And then he told me his Sign of holding up my Hands, and this encouraged me to prosecute.

Brown. Ven his Reverence 'old up his Hands, I vas so far from him as to dat Vall in de Yard. *Shamberlain* vas in de middle of us, and he say to *Maccray*, *D—n you, vy you no blow his Brains out?* —— Ven de Coash was rob, I vas so far off as twice dat Vall in de Yard —— *Bird*, *Campbell*, *Wreathock*, and *Maccray*, go all four togader, and *Chamberlain* and *Ruffit* go togader, and they say to me, *You go that Vay*, I go vid mine self, and make no Gallop. Ven I came to 'Atton Garden, I meet *Wreathock* coming out of his 'ouse, and he tye my Hoise to his Rail, and ask me to drink Vine at de Tavern, in de Corner of dat Street. Ve go dare and drink von Pint at de Door, den he said, *I have Business, I must go in de City, and in a couple of Days you may call at my 'Ouse* — So ven I come again, he say to me, *God blefs my Soul! Tom is taken Yesterday*, — dat is *Tom Maccray* —— and I told *Wreathock*, *Vat you do vid de Vash?* Ob, he said, *it is too soon to sell it now, but in a leetel Time I will sell it, and den every one shall have a Share*.

Bird. Did you not, on *Maccray's* Trial, swear, that you and *Maccray* were at an Alehouse, in *Holbourn*, at the Time this Robbery was committed?

Brown. Yes, I did, I don't deny it, but there I forswore myself.

Q. How came you to say so?

Brown. *Wreathock* had all de Witneses at the *King's-Head* in 'Oborn, and said he voo'd give five Guineas a-piece to swear for *Maccray*, and dere vas to be six Witneses in de Hall, and four in de Court: I said, *It is very bard for me to forswear myself*. And he answered, *G—d — ye, if you don't, dey will swear your Life away*, But ven I vas sick nine Weeks, I tink it vas a very vicked ting

to rob his Reverence and forswear myself, and so I make de general Confession and Information, to clear my Conscience.

Council. What Time of Night was it when you was at the Tavern with *Wreathock*?

Brown. From ten till three in the Morning.

Council. I don't mean the Night when the Witnesses met, but the Night of the Robbery?

Brown. Ven I came to *Wreathock's* House vid de Horle, it was 2 or 3 Minutes past ten, and den ve go directly to de Tavern.

Campbell. Did we go towards *London* or *Chelfea*?

Brown. I came directly home, for I turn'd myself and past de Coash, and dey took another Way on de left Hand.

Q. Did *Wreathock* go by the Coach?

Brown. No, he was before it, and den dey vent to *London*, and *Maccray* vid them.

Campbell. We shall contradict that.

Brown. Dere is no two fush Rogues in *Europe* to find false Vitness.

Wreathock. How came you acquainted with me?

Brown. In your own House; *Campbell* brought me.

Campbell. Did *Maccray* ride towards *London* when he had robbed the Coach?

Brown. *Wreathock*, *Campbell*, *Bird*, and *Maccray*, all four come togader toward *London*.

Campbell. The Doctor swears *Maccray* went directly from the Coach the contrary Way.

Brown. He might turn off anoder Way, when he was out of my Sight.

Wreathock. Did I or my Footman give you the Horse at my Door?

Brown. *Wreathock* did, and he give me two Pistols just as I go away.

Q. How came you to make the Discovery?

Brown. I vas nine Weeks very ill and bad, and expect myself to die, and I tink it very hard upon my Conscience, to rob his Reverence, and to lose my Soul, and forswear myself; so I sent for Justice *Deveil*, and he say to me, *Take care — consider — recollect — speak noting but de Trute, I beg you, for it is a great Matter.* He tell me dis an Hour before he write — I sent for de Doctor, and his

his Reverence tell me, *Speak de Trute, I beg you for God's Sake, and noting else*; and so he say fivety Times every Day — I make dis Discovery to comfort my Conscience, for I tink of God to be my Judge.

Justice Deveil. On the 31st of *October*, while I was at Dinner with a Gentleman, (a Justice of the Peace) I received a Letter from one *Walham*, a Prisoner in the *King's-Bench*; I at first suspected it might be a Trap laid for me, but considering it was in a Prison, I took the Justice with me, and went. *Walham* said he had a Man ready to carry me to *Julian Brown*; when I heard his Name, I suspected a Design to murder me; but yet, as I was willing to know what he had to say, I took four Men well armed, and the Justice with me, and went to *Brown's* House: I found him in a very weak Condition; he said he sent for me to take his Information: I charged him to be cautious, and not to accuse any Man wrongfully, for it was a Matter of the utmost Consequence. He answered, that what he desired to do, was to purge his Conscience. I was above 3 Hours with him, though I could scarce bear the Smell of him and the Room.

Wreathock. What's his Character?

Deveil. That he has been a very ill Man, but this was on his Repentance.

Juryman. Did the Doctor mention the Signal before the Confession was made?

Dr. Lancaster. I never told that Circumstance to any one living, till after *Brown's* Confession.

Campbell. *Brown* might have that Signal from *Maccray*.

Dr. Lancaster. *Maccray* did not see that Signal.

Campbell. The Doctor lifted up his Hand to some Persons (as he himself has sworn) and they might speak of it to others.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Wreathock. I have been an Attorney these 18 Years, and have acquired in this Capacity a small Fortune. I have lived (in *Hatton-Garden*) eleven Years in as much Credit as *Dr. Lancaster* himself; I kept two Clerks, a Footman, and Women Servants, and have constantly been in a Hurry of Business, and therefore under no Temptation to hazard my Life by robbing on the Highway. I was not taken, but surrendered myself, which it cannot be supposed

supposed I would have done, had I known myself to be guilty: It is not indeed impossible, but far from being probable, that seven Men should ride out together to commit a Robbery *Brown* says he has known me six or seven Months; it is 6 Months since this Fact was done, and 'tis unaccountable that on such a short Acquaintance, I should venture to accompany him in such an Expedition, and especially, that I should do this in a Place where I was likely to meet some that knew me, for having an Estate at *Fulham*, I often passed that Road.

None of us were ever charged with any Thing of this Nature, before the Birth of this execrable Device, for such I hope it will appear to be. 'Tis very strange that a Man should thus foolishly, and without being under the least Necessity, put his Life into the Power of others.

We shall call the Coachman, the Gardener's Boy, the Turnpike Men, and others, to prove, there were not (tho' if *Brown* swears the Truth, there must have been) six or seven Men on the Road when the Robbery was committed. And, as to myself in particular, I shall prove that I was at the *King's Head*, in *Holbourn*, from eight that Evening, till twelve at Night — What I observed as to the Time of my Acquaintance with *Brown*, has been only from his own Words, but, in Fact, I never knew, nor so much as saw him, till about 5 Months ago he was tried in this Court for a Rape.

Campbell. The six first Witnesses we shall call, are Persons who were upon the Spot, and their Evidence will be in behalf of us all.

Henry Duck, Coachman. I drove the Coach when Dr. *Lancaster* was robbed; there was he and another Gentleman and a Gentlewoman in the Coach, but how they sat, or whether the Windows were drawn up or not, I cannot say. Just by the Coach Side, when the Robbery was committed, there was a Soldier and a Woman, who went towards *Chelsea* after the Highwayman went away, and I saw no other Persons. The Doctor got out at *Bloody-bridge*, where two Men met him; he spoke to them, and he and they went towards *Chelsea*. After the Highwayman, I saw no Horses on the Road till I came to *London*, and if there had been any, I must have seen them, for I turned
my

my Head, and looked about. I knew not the Day of the Month or the Week, but it was between 8 and 9 o'Clock; a clear Evening, but duskish.

Campbell. I would ask the Doctor, if this is not the Coachman?

Dr. Lancaster. I don't remember that I observ'd the Coachman's Face; but I afterwards saw such a Coach, and, enquiring who drove it at that Time, the Master of the Coach produced this Man.

Council. Why did not you call him for a Witness at *Maccray's* Tryal?

John Moore, the Gardener's Boy. As I was coming out of the *Red-Lyon* Alehouse in the King's Road, at 9, or a little after, I saw a Man turn from the Coach, and I saw no other Horseman on the Road. I followed the Coach to *Bloody-bridge*, where my Master lives, and where it stopt, and the Doctor got out, and told the Landlord of the House there, that he had been robbed by a single Highwayman, and said he would give a Crown a-piece to some Men to pursue him—There was a Soldier and a Woman hard by.

Wreathock. If there had been any Horsemen on the Road, do you think you should have seen them?

Boy. Yes, I must have seen them, for the Road is but 23 Foot wide.

Wreathock. Could not you see a Quarter of a Mile both Ways from the *Lyon*?

Boy. No, not above 300 Yards, for it was dusky, and the Road is not strait.

Juryman. Is there not one Turning to *Chelsea*, and one to *Chelsea* Common, near that House?

Boy. Yes there is——It was a haizey Evening, and it had rain'd that Afternoon.

Q. to the Coachman. Did you see the Highwayman come out from the Hedge?

Coachman. No, he went the same Way as I did, and he turned his Horse short from the Hedge.

William Coats, Apothecary in *Chelsea*. I neither saw the Robbery nor the Coach, but Mr. *Jones*, who keeps the *White Hart*, in the King's Road near *Chelsea*, came to me, and said, a Gentleman at his House wanted to see me. I went with him, and by the Way a Man rid by us towards

wards *London*, in such a Manner, that I suspected him; going a little further, I met two or three Men on Foot, in pursuit of him, and presently after, I met the Doctor, who said he had been robbed, and enquired if we had met such a Man. This was about one hundred and fifty, or near two hundred Yards, from the Place where I heard the Robbery was done. I saw no other Person on the Road.

—It was a clear Night, but it had been rainy.

Richard Jones, (who was with Mr. Coats) deposed to the same Effect.

John Baker, Attorney. I live in *Fulham* Parish. In the Close of the Evening, it was near 9 o'Clock (but as light as it is now at half an Hour past four) I went over the Fields with a Gentleman on Foot, from *Hide-Park* Corner, and, going towards *Bloody-bridge*, there was a Crowd of People about the House; they said a Person had been robbed. Presently a Horse came full Speed from *Fulham*. One of the Company said, he believed that was the Man; upon which, the Gentleman who was with me, having a Bayonet at the End of his Quarter-staff, stopt the Horse, and examined the Man. He told us, he was no such Person as they took him to be, but that he had met a Man riding the other Way——I saw no other Horseman on the Road.

Mary Lovell. I keep the House at *Bloody-bridge*; I was sitting in my Kitchen, which is next the Road, and hearing a Coach stop, I went to the Door. The Doctor came out of the Coach, and asked if I had any Men in the House, for he had been robbed. My House was as far from where the Robbery was done, as it is from hence to *Newgate-street*. I saw nobody in the Road, but those that belonged to the Coach, and a Soldier and a Woman that past by my Door.

Wreathock. As you sat in the Kitchen next the Road, if any Horseman had past by, do you think you should have heard them?

Mary Lovell. The Road is but five Yards broad in that Place——It had been a dull wet Day.

John Thompson. I was smoaking a Pipe at my Door, and talking to an old Man, when a Horseman came riding full speed towards *Fulham*; says I, *that Fellow rides as if he were drunk or mad*——I saw no Horseman on the Road but

but him ; two Men on Foot came up, and said, that Man had robbed a Parson, between the *Red-Lion* and *Bloody-Bridge*, and that the Parson would give a Reward for pursuing him ; they pulled off their Coats, and left them in my House——The Doctor then came up, and told us he had been robb'd——The Turnpike is just above my House, and was open, I staid at the Door till Ten at Night.

Richard Thomas. I was at the *Red-Lion* in the King's Road, and was called out to pursue a Highwayman, and, on the Promise of a Crown, I followed to *Fulham Bridge*, but saw no Horses, except one in a Chaise, and a Cart Horse, which a Man was riding on near *Fulham*.

Wreathock. On the Eleventh of *June*, I attended the Court of ——to try a Cause before my Lord *Hardwick*, after which I went to *Serjeant's-Inn* Coffee-House, where I staid from 6 till 8 in the Evening, and went from thence to the *King's-Head* Tavern in *Holbourn*, where I staid till twelve at Night——But, before I call Evidence to prove where I was that Night, I would settle one Point. It has been sworn, that *Maccray* rode towards *Fulham* ; now I would once more ask the Doctor, Whether, when *Maccray* robbed the Coach, he rode directly that Way, or towards *London* ?

Dr. Lancaster. He did not ride towards *London*, but he rid the other Way.

Wreathock. I thank you Doctor ! This is a full Contradiction to *Brown*, who swore, that when *Maccray* left the Coach, he rid directly towards *London*.

Thomas Bullock. On the 11th of *June*, in *Trinity-Term*, I delivered a Copy of a Notice to Mr. *Ray*, Mr. *Wreathock's* Clerk.

William Ray. The Notice was delivered to me at *Serjeant's-Inn* Coffee-house, between six and seven in the Evening. Mr. *Wreathock* coming in, I gave him this Notice, for executing a Writ of Enquiry——He was then concerned in a Cause between *Lun* and *Ormond*. He staid there till near Eight, and then went out with Mr. *Brooksbank*, and I saw him no more that Night——The Cause was tried on the 16th of *June*, but the Entry was made in the *Marshall's Book* the 11th of *June*. I have lived Clerk with Mr. *Wreathock* twelve Years ; he had full Business
for

for three Clerks, by which he has got much Money, and is now worth two or three hundred Pounds a Year.— He bears a very good Character.

John Totteridge. I live in *Westminster*, and have work'd as a Carpenter to Mr. *Wreathock* four Years. He told me he had a Mortgage on an Estate in *Little-Britain*: The Houses not being finish'd, he asked me what it would cost him to finish them, and I computed it at two Thousand Pounds: He said his was a second Mortgage, and he wanted some Goods upon the Premises to be removed, he desired me to do it on the 11th of *June*, because that being a Mortgagee could not then prevent it. Accordingly I got Assistance, and on the 11th of *June* we moved the Goods from *Little-Britain*, to the *Windmill Alehouse* by *Hick's-ball*. When this was done, we went to inform him of it; we found him at Mr. *Lincoln's*, the *King's-Head*, in *Middle-Row, Holbourn*; it was five or ten Minutes past 8 when we came there; I supped with him upon Calves Liver and Bacon fry'd, and staid till twelve at Night, and he was never out of my Company but once, when he slept into another Room to speak with a Gentleman.—I am certain it was the 11th of *June*, both by my Father's Books and my own.

Abraham Brooksbank. I have known Mr. *Wreathock* sixteen Years, and did Business for him. I made the second Mortgage; and afterwards waiting upon the first Mortgagee, I thought by his Discourse, we had Reason to fear a Writ of Execution, upon which I advised *Wreathock*, to move the Goods, which he concluded to do on the 11th of *June*, because an Ejectment could not be taken out that Day, it being a Holiday. In the Evening I was with him at *Serjeant's-Inn* Coffee-house; at near eight of the Clock, we went from thence to the *King's-Head* Tavern; between eight and nine *Totteridge* and *Whitman* came in, and said they had moved the Goods; we staid till twelve and then *Totteridge* and I went out at the back Door. I went through *Chancery-Lane*, and coming to the *Temple-Gate*, I saw the Embers of the Bonfire that had been made that Night.

—*Whitman.* I live at *Fulham*, and work for Mr. *Totteridge*. He told me, that on *Wednesday*, the 11th of *June*, he should want me in the City to move some Goods.

We

We moved them accordingly, and then went to the *King's-Head*, where Mr. *Wreathock* was; he said, *You are in a miserable dirty Condition* — and so indeed I was with moving the Goods — I washed myself, and then sat down; we supped upon Calves Liver and Bacon; I staid there, in Mr. *Wreathock's* Company, till between Twelve and One. He has an extraordinary good Character.

Mr. *Andrews*. I live near the *King's Head*: I do not remember the Day of the Month, but the Day the Goods were removed, I went to that Tavern, and bid the Cook fry me some Liver and Bacon for Supper; she fry'd some, but Mr. *Wreathock* coming in, I ordered her to do more, — *Wreathock* and I supped together — Two Workmen came, and said they had removed the Goods — We staid there till twelve.

Gregory *Big*, the Drawer at the *King's-Head*. Mr. *Wreathock* came in at 8 o'Clock, and staid till past 12, and I lighted him out — He had a Fry (as we call it) of Liver and Bacon — *Totteridge* came in very black and dirty; and went and washed himself; I am not sure what Day of the Month it was.

Margaret *Lloyd*, the Cook at the *King's-Head*. *Wreathock* came in between seven and eight o'Clock, and staid till past twelve. I dressed the Liver and Bacon for Supper, and they supped in the Kitchen. *Totteridge* came in very black and dirty, and said he wanted to wash himself. I told him he had need have a whole Cistern of Water. I carried him a Candle. I don't know what Day it was.

Juryman. What Occasion was there for a Candle at 8 o'Clock?

Wreathock. The Place had no Light.

Q. Is it usual for People to take a Candle when they go to wash themselves there?

M. *Lloyd*. Yes, at Night, when tis dark.

Q. It was not dark at 8 in the Evening on the 11th of June.

Dr. *Butler*. I have been his Physician 8 Years, and have attended him in three Fevers. He bore a very good Character.

Thomas *Poulter*, Brewer, in *Chiswell-street*. I have known him 15 Years; I have employed him as an Attorney;

torney; he behaved as a very honest Man; I never knew, nor ever heard any Harm of him.

John Searle. I have known him from a Child, and never heard an ill Character of him. He has employed me several Times as a Proctor, and he paid me honestly.

Mr. Garnham, Richard Culson, Mr. Jones, Mr. Cook, William Wilson, William Rhodes, and others, depofed, that they had known him several Years, and most of them, that they had employ'd him as an Attorney, and they all said, he was a Man of a good Reputation.

* For *Peter Chamberlain.*

Chamberlain. I am a heavy, bulky Man, and very unfit to ride on Horseback—I have several Friends to my Character.

Charles Horsey, of Clare Market, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Dewes, Mr. Cooper, (formerly a Poulterer, but now a Victualler in *Vere-street, Clare-Market*) depofed, that they had known him several Years; that he had an honest Character, and that they had never heard he was charged with any Thing of this Kind before.

Edward Kennell, of Clare-Market, depofed, that he had never heard he was guilty of Theft, but only that he had been wild.

For *George Bird, the Younger.*

Bird. I shall prove where I was from 3 till 11 that Evening the Doctor was robbed.

George Bird, a Victualler and Bailiff in Clare-Market. The Prisoner is my Brother; on the 11th of June, I went to *Acton*, and returned Home at six in the Evening, when I found the Prisoner in my House, and he staid there till eleven at Night. It was a very wet Day, and when I came Home, I shifted my Cloaths—I remember the Day, because the next Day he took a Bail Bond of *Mr. Lampton*, and that Bond was dated the Twelfth of June.

Jonathan

* Chamberlain was a Witness for Maccray, and swore he saw him take up the three Keys in a Bunch at Charing-Cross, on the 12th of June, which Dr. Lancaster swore Maccray robbed him of, and which were found in Maccray's Pocket, when taken in Whitechapel.

Jonathan Gumey, Shoemaker, I was present when the Bond was filled up, but I did not read it.

Edward Chace, in *Fox-Court*. The Prisoner is a Sheriff's Officer, he arrested a Man on the 11th of *June*—here is the Warrant. I left him at 5 in the Evening at his Brother's House.

Christopher Higginson. On the 11th of *June* I was three Times at *Bird's House*, and saw the Prisoner there. The first Time was at Noon, the second between four and five in the Afternoon, and the third between nine and ten at Night.

James Norton, *George Lines*, *John Lewis*, *Robert Davis*, *Samuel Norton*, *Benjamin Pickering*, *John Burley*, *John Giles*, *Thomas Jones*, and *James Agur*, deposed, that they had known the Prisoner several Years, and that he had a very good Character.

† For *Campbell*.

Francis Howard and *William Salisbury*, deposed, that he had a good Character.

‡ For *Ruffet*.

Edward Railton. I have known the Prisoner from a Child. I was Apprentice to, and afterwards Partner with his Father, who was in good Circumstances, and left him three hundred Pounds, and a Share of his Goods: He was a sober, honest Lad.——He has not been of Age above these five Months, but his Friends have let him have Money.——He had 10*l.* in *March* last.

James Hall, —— *Evans*, *Robert Sanders*, *Joseph Lemon*, *John Ballard*, *William Briton*, *Tempest Brown*, and

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H

William

† *Campbell* was an Evidence for *John Smith*, who was tried in *February Sessions* last for stealing the Money of *Nicholas Pollamounter*, at the *Angel Tavern*, the Corner of *Sheer-Lane*. And, at *Maccray's Trial*, *Campbell* swore; he was at the *Stagg and Hounds*, a House in *Holbourn*, with *Ruff Head* and *Julian Brown* (his two Clients) and *Maccray*, from Six in the Evening, till Eleven at Night, on the Eleventh of *June*; and, that neither of them stirred out of the Room.

‡ *Ruffet* was a Witness for *Maccray*, at his Trial, and swore, he was with him at the same House.

William Killingworth, gave him the Character of a sober, honest, fair dealing Man.

Justice *Deveil*. When *Chamberlain* was taken, I prest him to be an Evidence. He said he was unconcerned in the Robbery; but, as to what he swore at *Maceray's* Trial, about finding the Keys, he confest he was perjured. — When *Bird* was examined, he said, he did not know *Julian Brown*: But finding that *Brown* knew him, he then said, that *Brown* would not have known him, but by his Frock: *What!* says I, *had you that Frock on, when you committed the Robbery?*

Dr. *Lancaster*. I heard *Chamberlain* own himself Perjured; and, to confirm what I say, I desire Mr. *Crofts* may be call'd.

Mr. *Crofts*. *Chamberlain* being somewhat related to me, when I heard he was sent to the Gate-house, I was willing to have a little Discourse with him, for which Purpose I waited on Justice *Deveil*. — I asked *Chamberlain* if he was concerned in the Robbery? And his Answer was, that he knew nothing of it. But, says he, *I was never more sorry for any Thing, than I am for the Perjury*; and, kneeling down, he added, — *As to the Perjury, Wreathock is to blame*. This I had in Trust, and Mr. *Deveil* promised me, that I should not be called upon to his Hurt. I told this in Confidence to Dr. *Lancaster*, and I am much mistaken if he did not make me the same Promise.

Mr. *Deveil*. Sir, it was not I that called upon ye to give Evidence to this.

Dr. *Lancaster*. Upon Honour, I made no such Promise. The Jury found all the Prisoners Guilty. *Death*.

They afterwards received his Majesty's most gracious Reprieve for Transportation.

The following was designed to have been spoken by Mr. WREATHOCK, at the Place of Execution, if he had been Executed.

My Dear Country-men.

I Have little Time to spare, a great Work to do, my Dissolution is at Hand; I am going to pay a Debt to Nature due from all the World; I go before, you must follow after, the

Time

Time and Manner is alone incertain ; some are carried off in Frenfies, others in burning Fevers, some by racking and tormenting Pains, others by lingering Consumptions, and various other ways, according to the Will of Divine Providence. Mine is indeed (as many others have been and will no doubt be) attended with Violence and Ignominy; my great Comfort and Satisfaction is, that I am wholly innocent of the Offence, for which I die, as I hope for Mercy from the Almighty, at the Great Tribunal, when the Hearts of all that be open'd and every one receive a just due Demerit; I do from my Heart (as I hope for the Remission at the last) forgive the Justice, the Doctor, the Apostate Evidence, the surviving Eleven, of the Jury by whom I was convicted, never to be forgotten twelve, and all others of what Denomination soever, who have any ways been concerned or aiding in pursuing me to Death. God give them all a due Sense of their Sins, may they live long to repent, and die in Peace and receive Mercy at the last. My Time hath since my Conviction been greatly employed in the Care of my Soul, and I hope, and doubt not of receiving Benefit thereby, thro' the Merits and Intercession of my dear Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, in whom alone I put my whole Trust. I will for the Sake of the Judge, who presided at my Trial, spare the Hardship I then underwent, but for the Good of my Country, and the Verdict against me, and that the same may be recorded to latest Posterity, I can't help taking Notice here, that it was such a Verdict as I firmly believe was never given, nor will I hope ever be copy'd. For tho' I had made no Defence, yet the Evidence against me was such, that I am convinced, that the most savage Country in the World could not have produced twelve Miscreants enough abandon'd to give Credit to it. The Doctor's Evidence and Brown's are diametrically opposite, the whole a seeming studied Tale, Romantic and inconsistent; my Defence was just, the Verdict therefore against Evidence, and I think I may say, by consequence Law, sure I am against Reason: the price of my Blood, and the Blood of the other four, must be the main Motive, and I doubt not but a little Time will bring forth to the World the true Source and Origin of it. I declare as I am a dying Man, I never saw Brown 'till the 27th of June last, to the best of my Remembrance, Recollection and Belief, I never saw the Doctor's or his Lady's

H 2

Watch,

Watch, I never hired any to kill him, nor ever laid in wait to shoot the Justice. Stories fit for Children, like Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and can, I am thoroughly assur'd, have no Weight with the Ingenuous and Judicious, are only here taken Notice of by me; for the Sake of the ignorant and unwary, who can alone be captivated by the prejudiced and iniquitous. God grant long Life and Prosperity to my King and Royal Family, Peace and Tranquility to my Country, and a full Enjoyment of their Liberties and due Execution of the Laws. The Lord pardon all my Sins; I forgive all the World, the Lord have Mercy on my Soul. Adieu.

May 17,
1736.

WILLIAM WREATHOCK.

Elizabeth Skipper, for privately Stealing, May 1736.

ELIZABETH SKIPPER, of Stepney, was indicted for stealing 2 Quart Bottles of Brandy, 1 Pint of Red Wine, 4 Bottles of Beer, and 2 Quarts of Cyder, the Goods of Richard Brome, the 30th of May.

Council. This Woman is indicted for stealing the Things mention'd in the Indictment; the Prosecutor kept a Publick-house, and the Prisoner was his Servant. They were conveyed by her to the House of one Blaggett, who lived the next Door. Pray, Mr. Brome, give the Court an Account of this Affair.

Richard Brome. The Prisoner was not my Wife, but my Servant; she lived with me a Year and a Quarter at Mile-end Green. I had a good Trade, yet I run out; I entrusted her with every Thing, and she embezzled my Goods. She went from me last June, at which Time I could prove nothing upon her. When I had her before the Justice, she confessed taking the Goods mention'd; but there was no Confession taken in Writing, and these Things were taken without my Knowledge——that's all.

Council. Aye—you are willing to be gone—Pray, how came you first together? In what Manner did you live with her!

Brome. She was recommended to me by Mr. Coombes, who had lived with her in a criminal Way.

Council. And how did you live with her?

Brome.

Eliz. Skipper, for privately Stealing.

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Brome. As a Servant I paid her 6 l.——a Year.

Council. Was not Part of the Goods in your House, marked with her Name and yours?

Brome. Yes.

Council. And how came you to mark your Goods with your Servant's Name?

Brome. I was afraid of an Execution; so thought to make over some of my Goods to her.

Council. And had you no other Reason to mark your Goods so? Pray, how came you to sign this Paper?

Brome. It was a voluntary Act of my own. The Case was this:—At that Time I was not capable of proving she had taken any thing from me.

Council. Why, this is a general Release.

Brome. The Reason was this: Mr. *Coombes*, who kept her Company, and does so now,—she was with Child when she came to me,—He gave me Money to take her.—Some Time after——about *October* last, there was some Discourse among them, and he took me into an Harbour, and asked me the Reason we could not agree; if we could not agree he said I must turn her away. Upon this——

Council. I fancy you was not so kind to her as you used to be?

Brome. No, Sir, all Familiarity between us then broke off,—and says I, what Mr. *Coombes*, have you been thereabouts since? Do you want me to father another Kid for you?——

Council. But why did you give her a general Release?

Brome. I suspecting the Thing, taxed him with it,—I one Day discovered——don't dash one so!——there's no Occasion for it—she wanted to come to Bed to me; I would not suffer it, but thrust her down Stairs and hurt her Shoulder—I turned her away for this Reason,—I came into the Kitchen one Day, and saw something a Boiling, which I believe was to cause an Abortion: So, says I——then you shall stay no longer here—No Murder in my House!

Council. How came you to know she was with Child?

Brome. Mr. *Coombes* partly confessed it.—The Release was my own Act, and I did it because I wanted one from her. And now, Gentlemen, you have the Middle and both Ends on't.

H 3

Prisoner.

Prisoner. Pray ask Mr. *Brome* if he agreed with me to be his Servant?

Brome. I did agree to take her, and in that Condition: I believe the Bargain was made at *Temple-Mills*. ———
I had 23 *l.* 10 *s.* with her.

Council. What was you to have 23 *l.* 10 *s.* to take her as a Servant? Was not you to father the Bastard?

Brome. Yes.

Blagget's Maid deposed, she received several Things mention'd in the Indictment over into *Blagget's* House, and some the Prisoner brought herself under her Apron.

Prisoner. Some of these Things are set down to Mr. *Blaggett*, as many as amount to 9 *s.* 10 *d.*

— *Earwood.* When these two came together, they came on equal Terms; the Major part of the Goods her Friends put into the House, they come into the House together.

Thomas Edwards. I thought she had been his Servant, but the Money was advanced to buy Goods.

Harris. *Brome* did say, that if Mr. *Coombes* would give him a Bond for 20 *l.* he would not prosecute her. Several others appeared, and swore they lived together as Man and Wife, and that she had the Charge of the Liquors. The Jury Acquitted her.

John Bailey, for the Murder of William Burton, June 20, 1737.

JOHN BAILEY, of the Tower of London, was indicted for assaulting *William Burton*, with a drawn Sword, made of Iron and Steel, which he held in his right Hand, and giving him, the said *Burton*, on the right Part of the Belly. under the right Ribs, a mortal Wound, of the Breadth of half an inch, and the Depth of six Inches, June 20, by Reason of which he languished, and languishingly lived, from the said 20th, to the 21st of the said Month, and then died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquisition for the said Murder.

John Waterman. The Night this happened, I was in Bed in the Barracks, and after the *Tattoo* was gone by, the Deceased,

Deceased, as Serjeant of the Night, came in his Office to call over the Rolls, in order to see who was absent, when he came to one *Darby's* Bed, he found him missing, and said he would return him: The Prisoner told the Deceased, he should not return him: The Deceased said he would: The Prisoner said, he would lay him a Shilling he dar'd not return him: The Deceased replied, G — sink me if I don't: The Prisoner repeated, ——— that he dar'd not; the Deceased d - n'd his own Blood, if he did not return him just then, and he immediately laid down his Paper, and began to write, in order to return *Darby*. When he had done it, he commanded the Prisoner to go to Bed; he told him, he would not; upon this the Deceased blew the Candle out, and went into the next Barrack to call over his Roll there. Then he returned with a Candle into this Barrack again, and went to Bed, having first put out the Candle. The Prisoner lay in a little Apartment that is enclosed, and taken out of the Barracks for the Use of the Colonel, and the Deceased lay in a Bed that joined close to it. After the Deceased was in Bed, the Prisoner told him he would *do for him* next Morning; and the Deceased said he did not value him, but could do well enough for himself. Then the Prisoner called him black-guard, scrubby Fellow; and the other told the Prisoner, he was a saucy, ragged, Country Fellow, and came up to the Army without a Shirt on his Back; upon which the Prisoner called the Deceased a black-guard, scandalous Rascal; the Deceased then said, — if you call me so again, I'll get up and pull down your Barrack Door, and lick you. The Prisoner called him the same Names again and again directly; so the Deceased jumped out of Bed, and went into the next Barrack to fetch a Candle, and he came with it immediately to the Prisoner's Door, and taking hold on the Top, he gave it a Shake. Whether he pulled it open, or whether the Prisoner opened it himself, I cannot tell, but the Prisoner had his Hand on the upper Bar of the Door; when the Door opened, I saw both their Hands on it, and it had not opened above 18 Inches, before the Prisoner gave his Sword (which was drawn in his Hand) a Twirl round, and *presented* it into the other's Body, through the right Part of his Belly. I can say nothing further, the other Witnesses will give a better Account of it.

Prisoner. Did not I tell the Deceased, that *Darby* had thrown up his Pay?

Waterman. Yes, and you told him he had Leave to be absent.

Prisoner. When I told the Deceased I would not go to Bed, did not he strike me over the Face, and beat the Pipe out of my Mouth?

Waterman. No, the Deceased was not within 5 Yards of the Prisoner.

Prisoner. Did not I go to Bed before the Deceased, and make my Door fast?

Waterman. He went into his Room; but, whether he went into Bed, or fastened the Door, I cannot tell.

Q. Did the Deceased attempt to force open the Door?

Waterman. He took hold on the Top of the Door, and shook it; I think if he had pulled the Door with half his Strength, he might have broken it to Pieces.

Q. Was this Apartment separated from the rest of the Barracks?

Waterman. Yes, it was divided from them by a Partition of Boards. 'Tis a little Place about nine Feet long, — or not so much, and seven Feet over; the Prisoner's Bed was in this Place. The Colonel puts his Goods in it, and the Prisoner has lain in it ever since I have been in the Company, and I commenced the 6th of May last. I am but a young Soldier.

Counc. Do you remember what Corporal *Lindsey* said upon this Quarrel?

Waterman. No, I do not; I know he was never out of Bed 'till the Deceased was killed.

Council. Has the Prisoner any particular Service under the Colonel, distinct from that of a Soldier?

Waterman. He was Paymaster Serjeant; there is one Paymaster Serjeant in each Company, and he pays the Company he belongs to. The Prisoner and the Deceased were both Serjeants.

Council. Had one a Command over the other?

Waterman. The Deceased in his Office had the Command over the other, and over every one that belong'd to that Company.

Q. Had the Deceased any Weapon in his Hand, when he came to the Door?

Waterman.

Waterman. No ; nothing but the Candle and Candle-stick.

Anthony Sharp. On Monday Night, the 20th of June, the Deceased came into the Barrack I belonged to, and fetched away the Candle in a Hurry ; he was naked, and without Shoes or Stockings, I followed him into the other Barrack, and saw him clap his Hand on the Top of the Prisoner's Door ; I cannot be positive whether he or the Prisoner opened it, but the Door opened, and I saw a Hand and a Sword come out (before the Door was full open) with a full Push, and the Deceased was thrust into the right Side of the Body. I can't say I saw any more of the Prisoner than his Hand.

Council. What was the Consequence of that Push ?

Sharp. The Deceased clapped his Hands here (on his Belly) and immediately stagger'd. He died the next Day between 12 and 1 o'Clock.

Prisoner. Did you see my Hand on the Door ?

Sharp. I can't tell that I did,

Council. How far from the Door was the Deceased, when he received the Wound ?

Sharp. I believe he might be half a Yard from the Door.

Council. Had the Deceased any Command or Power over his Brother Serjeant ?

Sharp. Yes, he had ; he was to see us all in Bed, and that all our Candles were put out.

Council. Had he Power to command the Prisoner to open the Door ?

Sharp. Not as I know of.

Council. Supposing the Prisoner had insulted the Deceased, or had given him provoking Language, had he Power to correct him with Blows.

Sharp. He had Power to take him Prisoner, according to military Law, and to have sent him to the main Guard.

Q If the Prisoner had had a Candle there, had the Deceased a Power to have gone there to have searched ?

Sharp. He is authorised and obliged to put out all the Lights, after the Tattoo has gone about.

Prisoner. Had I a Candle in my Room ?

Sharp. I can't tell.

Waterman. I believe there was no other Candle, than that which the Deceased had in his Hand.

Richard Toombes. The Deceased and I had been out that Afternoon, drinking at a Friend's House. We came in about ten o'Clock, and he did his Business, and called over the Roll. One *Darby* was absent, and the Prisoner said, he had Leave to be absent. The Deceased said he would return him, and the Quarrel began as the first Witness has mentioned. After many Words, the Deceased put the Candle out, and went to call over the Roll in the other Barrack: When he had done, he returned to his own Barrack, and undress'd himself and went to Bed. The Prisoner in his Room still abused him, and the Deceased said, he would get up and lick him for abusing him; and accordingly, our Candle being out, he got up and fetched one from the next Barrack, and coming to the Prisoner's Door, he took hold of it and shook it; the Door was opened, I know not how, nor by who; but when 'twas about a Foot and a half open, the Prisoner thrust out his Hand with his drawn Sword, and stabbed him immediately. As soon as he had done it, he shut the Door again, and fastened it in half a Minute's Time: 'Twas fastened on the Inside, for Corporal *Thomas* was forced to fix a Bayonet on a Piece, and break the Door open to take the Prisoner.

Prisoner. Ask him, if he did not see the Deceased strike me and break my Pipe, before I went to Bed?

Toombes. No; there was no Pipe broke, nor any Blow struck on either Side. The Push with the Sword was all.

Prisoner. When I was taken, that Man went dancing and singing all the Way before me, and said he had an Opportunity now to be revenged: And he would swear his Soul to the Devil but I should be hanged.

Q Have you ever expressed any Ill-will to the Prisoner?

Toombes. I never used any such Expressions, nor have I any Ill-will to the Man. I borrowed Money of him but two Days before, and have often drank with him: The whole Company knows it.

Q Did any Words pass between the Prisoner and the Deceased at the Door before it was opened?

Toombes. I heard none.

Christopher Smith. When the Deceased was in Bed, many Words pass'd: The Prisoner called the other Black-guard,

guard, Scoundrel, and Rascal. The Deceased said, don't call me so, if you do, I will get up and lick you. You dare not, says the Prisoner, I have got something will keep you from it: The Prisoner was then in his Apartment.

Q. Are you sure the Prisoner said he had something would keep him from it?

Smith. Yes, I am sure of that. Then the Deceased ran to the other Barrack, and fetched a Candle. He shook the Door, and it opened; but I cannot say which of them opened it. Then the Prisoner gave a Push with his Sword, under his own left Arm (for his left Hand was upon the Door) no sooner was the Sword pushed out, but the Door was made fast, and the Corporal was forced to break it open to take him.

Prisoner. Ask him if he did not see the Deceased break my Pipe?

Smith. No, I saw that Corporal that stands there break his Pipe?

Q. How long after the Door opened, was it, that the Push was given?

Smith. The Push was given, and the Door was fastened again in less than a Minute. 'Twas given immediately, and immediately the Door was shut, and made fast on the Inside.

Q. Was there Time, after the opening the Door, for the Prisoner to draw his Sword?

Smith. No, there was no Time to draw his Sword; it must have been drawn before the Door was opened.

Council. What is the Prisoner's general Character?

Smith. Since I have known the Company, he has not had an extraordinary Character. He very frequently disturbed the Barracks in the Night.

Counc. Who do you speak of; the Prisoner or the deceased?

Smith. The Prisoner there at the Bar.

Mr. Ellis, Surgeon. The Day after the Deceased died, I examined the Body. I found the Instrument had penetrated the right Side of the Belly obliquely through the Back. The Wound was downwards, and went quite thorough the Back, and to be sure was the Occasion of his Death.

John Urquhart. The Quarrel began as hath been related, and after many abusive Speeches, the Prisoner and the Deceased went to their Beds: After they were both in Bed, the Prisoner aggravated the Deceased, and called him

him old rascally Scoundrel, and the Deceased said, if he abused him so, he would get up and lick him. The Prisoner continuing to abuse him, he got up, and went to the other Barrack for a Candle; and, when he came back with the Candle, he pulled once or twice at the Prisoner's Door, and it opened, but who opened it I cannot tell. Immediately upon Opening the Door, I saw his Hand push the Sword into the Deceased's Body, he stagger'd, and clapt his Hand upon his Belly. I was partly behind the Door, so I could not see whether the Prisoner had his Hand upon the Door or not. I saw no Blows before this, nor did I see the Pipe struck out of the Prisoner's Mouth.

John Thomas, Corporal. I was in the other Barrack when the Deceased came to fetch the Candle. I got up, and went after him; and, when I got into his Barrack, I saw him stooping as if he was wounded. I was very much *flustrated* (or very much surprized) so I run to a Rack, and took down a Piece, and (I believe) I broke open the Door, and took him, the Prisoner.

Q. How long had the Prisoner lodged there?

Thomas. We have been 8 Months at the *Tower*, and he has lain there all the Time; I think he purchased it. 'Tis a particular Bed; enclosed with a Partition: The Bed belongs to the King, or the Barrack-Master.

Q. Has the Serjeant, that is in Office for the Night, any Right, for the Sake of preserving good Order, to go into that Place?

Thomas. Whether he has any Right to go in there, I don't know, — any further than to see that all the Candles are out, and every Body in Bed.

Prisoner. Could not the Deceased have seen whether my Candle was out, without coming into my Barrack?

Thomas Yes, 'tis but a poor slight Enclosure of slit Deal. If there is any Light in it, those on the Outside may see it; and, if there's Light without, the Person within may see that too. There was no Candle in his Apartment, when I took him Prisoner.

Q. If there had been a Light in this Place, had the Officer of the Night any Right to have forced the Door open?

Thomas. I don't know; but, if any Abuse is given, the Officer

Officer has a Power to take the Person, that is guilty of the Offence, and carry him Prisoner to the Main-Guard.

Q Might he have entered, and have taken him from thence in Order to have carried him Prisoner to the Main-Guard?

Thomas. Yes, he was under the Command of the Serjeant for Night, in that Place, as much as if he had been in a common Barrack.

Council. Had he, as Superior of the Night, any Power to go in and strike him?

Thomas. There's no such Thing as Striking in the military Way?

Prisoner. I ask, if there was not a large Quantity of Powder there?

Thomas. There is some Powder there to be sure.

Q. Who keeps the Key of this Place?

Thomas. He padlocks it himself on the Outside when he goes out. The Serjeant, that has the Care of the Company, keeps the Things that are for the Use of the Company: and the Prisoner keeps the Company's Linnen there, and the Colonel's Things.

Q. Do you know whether there's any Fastening on the Inside?

Thomas. There's a Kind of a Nail, and a String on the Inside.

Council. Did not the Prisoner buy this Apartment?

Thomas. I don't know whether he or the Colonel paid for it.

Daniel Vandervoren, Serjeant. I was not there when this happened; but I know the Apartment where the Prisoner lay.

Q. If any Person that lies in that Place, occasions a Disturbance, or abuses the Serjeant that commands for the Night, may he open that Place to correct or apprehend the Person that offends?

Vandervoren. No, I think not; I know, the Serjeant that commands, has Power to quiet any Man; he is empower'd to take him Prisoner, and carry him to the Main-Guard: Each Serjeant takes his Week, and we are to see every Man in their Barracks at such an Hour; he is to keep them in Peace and Quietness; and, at such a Time, to take Care that all the Candles are out. By Virtue of this

this Power, if his Brother Serjeants or Corporals disobey Orders, they are liable to be taken Prisoners, and Complaint is made to the superior Officers, but they are not to give Correction themselves to any Serjeant.

The Prisoner's Defence.

George Smith. I was going through their Barrack when the Dispute began, and I saw the Deceased lift up his Hand, and strike the Prisoner; he struck him with his Fist somewhere over the Face, and I think I saw a Pipe fall, but I cannot say the Deceased struck it out of his Mouth. I have known the Deceased 3 Years, and never heard that he was given to Quarrelling.

Council. Did you never hear of his quarrelling with Serjeant *Vandervoren*?

Smith. No.

Serjeant *Lindsay.* I can give but the same Account of the Quarrel as has been already given; there was a great deal of ill Language given on both Sides, both before and after the Deceased was in Bed, and the Prisoner had shut himself up in his Place. The Deceased lay with me, and I bid them both be quiet, or I would take a File of Men, and carry them both to the Guard. The Deceased said, he'd get up, and pull the Prisoner's House down, and send him to Hell. I knew them both perfectly well, and have done so nine or ten Years. In the way of Strength or Handy-cuffs, the Deceased, a believe, would have been too hard for the Prisoner, though he is a lusty Man. I could not prevail upon them to be quiet, but provoking Language still being given, the Deceased jumped out of Bed, and got a Candle from another Barrack, and came with it to the Prisoner's Door; he took hold with one Hand shook it; then he sat down the Candle, and put both Hands to it, and shook it again; there was Room enough over the Door for him to put his Hands in. As I was getting out of Bed to prevent the Dispute, the Door opened, the Deceased fell back, and I caught him in my Arms, and laid him upon our Bed. He never quarrell'd with me, but he has with the Prisoner, and I have parted them several times. The Prisoner always lay in that Apartment, and 'tis usual for him to fasten the Door on the Inside; I know he does, because I once wanted to speak with him when he was in Bed, and I shook the Door, but I could not get in, till he 'rose and opened it himself. The Deceased lov'd a
Glas.

Glass of Liquor ; and, in his Cups, would sometimes be fractious.

Q. Was there any Words between the Prisoner and the Deceased before the Door opened ?

Lindsay. Not a Word.

Vandervoren. I was the Deceased's Comrade ten Years. In Liquor he would sometimes be good humour'd, and sometimes quarrelsome. He never quarrel'd with any Body when he was sober. I know the Prisoner too very well; I have seldom seen him in Liquor. We have all been Friends together, the Prisoner, the Deceased, and I.

The Jury found the Prisoner Guilty on both Indictments. *Death.*

He was afterwards Reprieved.

John Totterdale, for the Murder of his Wife, August 1,
1737.

JOHN TOTTERDALE, of St. John the Evangelist, Victualler, was indicted for that he not having God before his Eyes, &c. August 1st, on Mary his Wife, did make an Assault, and with both his Hands, in and upon the Stairs of his dwelling House, the said Mary did cast and throw down, and she on the Stairs so lying, he, the said John did drag and pull down to the Bottom ; and her the said Mary from the Bottom of the said Stairs, into a certain Room in the said House, did cast and drag, and the said Mary so lying on the Floor, he with both his Hands and Feet, her Head, Neck, Breast, Shoulders, Back, Sides, Belly and Thighs did strike, kick and stamp upon ; giving her, as well by throwing and dragging her down the said Stairs, as by striking, kicking and stamping upon her, several mortal Bruises, of which she instantly died.

He was a second Time indicted on the Coroner's Inquest for the said Murder.

Daniel Brown. I lodged in the Prisoner's House when the Fact was committed. On the first Day of last Month, I went Home a little before five. (The Prisoner keeps a Victualling House in *Vine-street, Westminster*, the Sign of the *Two Brewers*) All then was very good humour'd ; the Deceased was in a Room with two Women ; she seem-
ed

ed to be a little in Liquor, but that I don't mind. I sat down and drank with some Company in the House, and the Deceased went out, — but where or how, — I can't tell; that is, I did not mind; — for why? — It was none of my Business — but she did go out of the Room, and was out a Quarter of an Hour. I sat down and talk'd with this Woman here, she's a Witness too, — and I saw the Prisoner take a Knife and Fork, and he went up Stairs, — as it happened, — but indeed it was more than I knew. After the Prisoner had been up Stairs a little while, says the Woman here, (*Margaret Philips*) Lord — Brown, *there's a great Noise in your Room. Well, says I, if there is, fight Dog, fight Bear, and the Devil part you; I have parted you too often already.* for the Woman told me Totterdale was beating his Wife. But presently I heard, — *Murder, — Murder!* in a soft, faint Tone; so upon that, I ran up Stairs, and found the Prisoner standing at the Chamber Door, and his Wife laying on the Floor; he was a stamping upon her, and kicking her, — I saw him stamp two or three times upon her as she lay upon the Floor: but I got hold of the Knife and Fork, and took him down Stairs. I look'd upon the Knife to see if it was bloody, but I saw none upon it. The Prisoner staid some little Time below Stairs, and in the mean time my Wife went up, and convey'd the poor Woman into my Room, and then I thought all was over; but instead of that he went up Stairs again. I follow'd him, and when we came to my Chamber-door, he asked me where the Key of my Door was? I told him I did not know. He then bid me ask my Wife for it, and said, if I would not give him the Key, he would break the Door open, — but I would not suffer him to break it open. Upon this he went down and fetch'd a Key, with which he open'd the Door; his Wife was sitting upon my Bed's-Feet, and the Curtains were drawn over to hide her. When he first went into the Room he could not find her, so I wav'd my Hand to her, — to bid her get away; but whether she was then able to stir or not, I can't tell; she did not go, and the Prisoner discovered her, and asked her where the Cap was, which he had given her? 'Tis below Stairs, *Johnny*, says she, You lie, says he, — 'Tis indeed, *Johnny* says she: You lie for a Bitch or a Whore, and

and immediately flew at her : I caught hold of him, but he kick'd her and sprung out of my Arms, and then he caught hold of her Feet, and dragg'd her by the Heels off the Bed upon the Floor ; then he drew her to the Stair-head, and threw her down, — I don't know whether 'twas Headforemost or not, but she fell about 7 Steps, and there she lay. I was so surprized and so frightened, that I turn'd back and went into my own Room, and there I staid three or four Minutes ; then I went down and found the Prisoner had got the Deceased into his own Room, and had bolted and barr'd himself in with her, I heard the Deceased in this Room cry, — *for Christ's Sake Johnney ! Johnney, for Christ's Sake don't kill me !* 'Tis true, the Door of this Room was but a very slight Door, — only Slit-deal, but I was frighted and could not break it open, so went out of the House for an Hour and a half, and when I came Home she was Dead.

Brown's Wife. I had been abroad the 1st of *August*, but I came Home about two o'Clock, and went into my own Room. I had not been there long, before I heard a Noise in the next Room, I open'd the Door and found the Prisoner was beating his Wife, he asked her for a Cap, she said it was below, and upon that he went down Stairs. When he was gone, I call'd *Molly, Molly*, come hither ; so I got her into my Room, and draw'd the Curtains over her to hide her, and lock'd the Door. About 5 o'Clock the Prisoner came up and open'd the Door, he look'd about the Room for her, and at last pull'd open the Bed-Curtains ; then he took her by her two Legs, and haul'd her off the Bed on the Floor, and as she lay, he stamped upon her Head, Belly, Stomach, and Legs, and after he had stamp'd upon her, he kick'd her all to pieces, and flung her down Stairs ; then he dragg'd her into their own Room, and lock'd himself and her in. I thought they were gone to sleep, so went out, — but when I returned, the Woman was Dead.

The Surgeon. The next Day, or the 2d Day, after the Woman was kill'd, I view'd the Body. Upon the external View of the Corps, I saw so many Marks of Violence, that put me upon being careful and inquisitive in my Search, I turn'd the Body on one Side, and found two or three Ribs fractured. There was a Stab in her right Arm, that

that went into the Joint; it was 4 or 5 Inches deep, and seemed to have been made with a Knife. The Instrument went under the Nerves, and so happen'd to cut no Blood-Vessel. Upon opening the Body, I found nine Ribs fractured; two or three of them were broken in 3 or 4 Places; one in two Places, another in 2 or 3; another was mash'd *all to Pieces*; two whereof were beat in, upon the left Kidney. I observed something farther, which was very particular. There was one Rib in the Middle of the broken ones, that was not fractur'd at all; which convinced me, that the rest were broke at several times, and I imagine with the Heel of his Shoe; for if those that were broke, had been fractur'd by any Instrument, it would have broke more than one at a time, it would have been almost impossible that this single Rib should have remained unhurt in the Middle of the fractur'd ones. This Treatment occasion'd her Death; and 'tis my Opinion, that if but one of her Ribs had been fractur'd in the Manner that 3 or 4 of them were, it would have been impossible for her to have liv'd.

A Woman. I happen'd to come on the 1st of *August* to the Prisoner's House, to speak to *Margaret Philips* (my Cousin) and he was then in a back Room where he lies o'Nights. We call'd for a Pint of Beer, so he came out and drew it for us, and was in a very great Hurry for the Money. Then he went backward into the Yard where he keeps Hogs, and returning, he comes to us, — and *damn you*, — *you Phillips*, (says he) *where's my Bitch?* I don't know, says she, unless she is among the Hogs in the Yard. You have hid her in your Room, says he, and immediately he took up a Knife and Fork and went up Stairs. I heard a great Jumbling after he was got up, so says I, *Phillips*, how can you sit here, and not go up? Says she, he'll run the Knife into my Guts. The Jumbling continued a little while, and then I saw the poor Creature come tumbling down the Stairs, and her poor Head came knock, knock, knock, upon every Stair, and he kick'd her all (the Way down) upon her Breast, Belly, &c. When she was at the Bottom, he dragg'd her into a little Room, and lock'd himself in with her; she was not dead then, for I heard her cry faintly, — *Oh!* — *Oh!* — *Oh!* *Pray don't beat me any more!* *Oh!* — *Oh!* — *dear Johnney,*
Johnney,

Johnney, *don't ! don't !* I could hear him very plainly, — thump, thump, thump upon her. Another Woman that was in the House went to the Door and knock'd, but he would not open it, at last the poor old Mother she came, and call'd at the Door, *Johnney, Johnney*, but no *Johnney* would speak ; then she went round to another Door and got in ; but she immediately came out crying *I'm undone ! undone ! undone !* Upon this, I got up and peep'd in, — and there was the Poor Woman, — dead, — and her Jaws were ty'd up with her Cap.

Margaret Phillips. I can speak out, — in an honest Cause. Just before she died, (the same Day) he sent her out, to see if she could get a Debt of 5 s. which he never expected to receive, and I (having occasion to go out,) met her, returning with the Crown : She told me she had got the Money, and that her *Johnney* would give her a *Judas's* Kiss for it. I came back with her, and he kiss'd and embrac'd her, as if it had been the first Day they were married. My Cousin and I were drinking a Pint of Beer, and while we were together he went out in the Yard, and when he came back, he ask'd us, where his Bitch was, — There he stands, he can't deny it, — your Bitch, says I, why your Bitch is in the Yard among the Hogs, I believe ; for I thought he meant a Bitch that he kept, and had had Puppies by. Then he took a Knife and Fork, and as he went up Stairs, I said, What do you mean your Wife, by your Bitch — God mend me, — You have been just now Kissing her. Aye D——n her says he, I'll do for her, and went up Stairs with the Knife and Fork. I saw him throw her down Stairs and stamp upon her.

Q Did you see him do any thing to her upon the Stairs ?

Phillips. No ; but when he had dragg'd her into his own Room, I peep'd thro' the Key hole and saw him stamping upon her, as if he would stamp her Guts out. She dy'd in about an Hour from the Beginning of the Af-fair.

A Woman. I know nothing of the Murder, but I went next Day to the Gatehouse, and I said *John, John*, what have you done ? I have kill'd your Siller, says he ; the Devil drove me up Stairs to her, and when I had kill'd her, God would not give me Power to run away.

A Soldier. I was going to see the Races on the 1st of *August*, and met my Wife, she told me *Totterdale* had murder'd his Wife : No, no, says I, he has only half murder'd her, as he frequently did : However, I went to the House and would have gone in, but a *Miss* he kept forced against me to keep me out of the House, D—n you, you Bitch says I, would you hinder me from coming, into a House where Murder has been committed ? So I threw her against the Wall and went into the Back-Room, there I saw nothing ; but going into the Yard, I look'd in at a Casement which was open, and there I saw the Prisoner. We got a Constable, and he asked him whether he did the Murder ? The Prisoner only said, he could not help it.

Prisoner. I know no more of it than the Child unborn.

Q. To the Prisoner, Have you any Witnesses ?

Prisoner. They are not come yet.

Coroner. He has an own Brother hard by ; but neither his Mother, nor Brother will appear for him. Guilty, Death.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

John Totterdale, who was born at *North Currey* in *Somersetshire*, and was brought up to Husbandry altogether ; he had been married 12 Years to his Wife, when he committed this Fact, and by her had had 6 Children, two of which are now living, and are (by the Interest of Mr. *Paul*, a Brewer in *Westminster*) provided for in *Westminster* Workhouse, since their unhappy Father's Confinement ; for tho' the Mother of this unhappy Man is still alive, at *Taunton-Dean*, yet her Circumstances will not allow her to do for these her Grand-children.

Frequent have been the Uproars between him and his Wife, and for this 5 or 6 Years last past, the barbarous Usage she received from him, has been known to all who lived near them. He had but very little to say in Excuse of his horrid Crime, and the whole Time that he was in Custody he appeared stupid and sullen, and very seldom spoke to any one. Two or three Days after he had been in the Gatehouse, the Deceased's Sister went to see him ; she cry'd — O John ! John ! how could you be so barbarous to murder your Wife ! He replied, *The Devil overpowered me, — I was pushed on by the Devil, both to begin and finish the Deed — I cannot recal or undo what I have done, —*
but

but I wish I could bring back my poor unhappy, unprepared Wife from the Grave again. He was asked why he did not endeavour to make his Escape, after he had committed the Fact, instead of continuing in the Room with his murder'd Wife? His Answer was, that he did intend to have got away, but as he was coming out of the Room from the dead Woman, he imagin'd he heard a Voice saying, *John, John, stay, — what have you done? — you cannot go off;* and from that Instant he had no Power to stir.

While he was in Custody in the *Gatehouse*, he was visited often by one M——t F——r, with whom he used to keep Company; she embrac'd him, and publicly declared, *That if he should happen to be Transported, she would go with him at all Events,* which being heard by some young Gentlemen of *Westminster School*, they resented the impudent Behaviour of the Creature, and it was with some Difficulty she escaped Discipline in *Totbil-Fields*.

He declared that he was not afraid to suffer the ignominious Death that was before him, nor did he desire to avoid it; if (said he) my Sentence had been, not only that I should die, but that I should die by Piece-meal, — by suffering Tortures, as such a Criminal as I must have given up Life in some other Nations, yet that would have been welcome to me: — 'Tis my Crime (added he) and not my Punishment that affects me.

The Day the *Dead Warrant* came down to *Newgate*, he was acquainted that he was included therein, and that he must die on *Wednesday* next; to which he answer'd, — *The Lord's Will be done; I am ready to die, I am willing to die; — only I beg of God that I may not (tho' I deserve it) die an eternal Death, and tho' I die out of this World for my beinous Crimes, and aggravated Offences, yet I hope 'tis not impossible for me to be forgiven — not impossible I should live for ever in a better State, and seeming in a Transport, he cry'd out, — God bless his Majesty and my honourable Judges, they have done me no wrong, they are just, 'tis I that have offended, and have been guilty of the unnatural Murder of my poor Wife; the Lord be more merciful to me than I was to be, or else I perish.* Then he desired those that might have received any Injuries from him to forgive him, as he forgave all who at any Time had injur'd or offended him.

The following is a Copy of a LETTER which Totterdale sent to Mr. Paul, a Brewer in Westminster.

Mr. Paul, This from your humble Servant *John Totterdale.*

S I R,

I Return you a Thousand Thanks for all your great Kindness to my 2 Children, whom you have been so good as to take Care of, since I have been under my unhappy Misfortunes; I hope God will recompence you for it, the Blessing of Almighty God be with you and yours; and I pray God prosper you and yours, as long as you live, for the extraordinary Favour done unto my Children. My Prayers to God for all Friends and Neighbours, hoping that they won't reflect upon my poor aged Mother and my two Children, for my Misfortune that has befall me, which I never intended; nor did I ever think of coming to such a shameful End, which I hope God in his great Power will have Mercy on my poor Soul, and forgive me all my Sins, as I put my Trust in him; and I beg (if the Favour is not too great) of all Love that you would desire all such Friends that shall come to see me Die, that they will be so good as not to let the Surgeons have my Body, but give me their Assistance, for my Brother and other Friends have promised me so to do; which I hope in God they will, for my Desire is to lay by my Wife if possible I can. I beg of all Love that my Acquaintance that comes, that they will be so good as to assist my Body to some convenient House just by the Place where I did live, which I hope in God they will; and in so doing, I shall be thankful for it. So to the Lord I recommend my Soul, and the Blessing of Almighty God be with you and yours for ever. Amen.

From my Cell in Newgate.

October 4. 1737.

J. TOTTERDALE.

When the Day of his Death was approaching, a Reverend Divine, out of a compassionate Regard to his State, wrote him a Letter, which made a deep Impression on his Mind, and further'd him in the great Work that was before him, a Copy thereof follows,

For

For Mr. Totterdale in Newgate.

Mr. Totterdale,

TH O' I have but little Knowledge of you, yet I am exceedingly troubled that you should commit such a barbarous inhuman Fact, as the Murder of your poor Wife, by which you have brought yourself to such a shameful and untimely End. You have but a little while to live in this World; I beseech you to lose not a Minute of it, but fast and pray. Retire from Company, and cry mightily to God for Mercy. God has ordained a Saviour for Sinners, his Son Jesus Christ, who is able to save the worst of Sinners, and will not cast out any that come to him in a penitent Manner, with a lively Faith in him. This is the only Way of Salvation; here spend all that little remaining Part of your Time, and I pray God grant you Mercy through the Merit of his Son, and Sanctification of his Holy Spirit.

It is but a few Hours, and you will appear before your Judge; therefore bend all the Powers of your Soul to seek Reconciliation with him, through the great Peace-Offering, the Sacrifice of our Saviour on the Cross.

For other Things I leave you to the Direction of the Revd. Mr. Guthrie, recommending you in my Prayers to the Mercy of Almighty God through his Grace. I am your Friend,

Westminster, Oct. 3 1737.

J. W.

He was Executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1737.

Richard Coyle, for the Murder of Captain Benjamin Hartley, August 26, 1736, tried at a Court of Admiralty, held at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, February 24, 1737.

Clerk of Arraignment.

RICHARD COYLE, hold up your Hands Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the Prisoner, and hearken to his Cause.

He stands indicted by the Name of Richard Coyle, late of London, Mariner, for that he, together with John Richardson, Caleb Larson, and John Davison (not taken) not having God before their Eyes, but, being moved and seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, on the 26th of August, in the Ninth Year of his present Majesty's Reign, he,

he, the said *Richard Coyle*, with the aforesaid *Richardson*, *Larson*, and *Davison*, being Mariners in the *St. John Pink*, whereof one *Benjamin Hartley*, a Subject of our Lord the King, was Master, with Force and Arms, on the High Seas, 20 Leagues distant from *Padras* in *Turkey*, and within the Jurisdiction of the Admiralty of *England*, in and upon the said *Benjamin Hartley*, being in the said Ship, and in the Peace of God and our Lord the King, feloniously, wilfully, and of their Malice aforethought, did make an Assault; and that the Defendant *Richardson*, with both his Hands, him, the said *Hartley*, on the Side of the said Ship, towards the Sea, and on the High Seas as aforesaid, did lift and throw, and the said *Hartley*, then and there laying hold of the Lanniards of the Shrouds, to preserve himself from falling into the Sea, he, the said *Richardson*, with an Axe, which he held in his right Hand, him, the said *Hartley*, holding by the Lanniards as aforesaid, on the Top of the Head did divers times, feloniously, wilfully, and of his Malice aforethought, strike, by Reason of which Striking, the said *Hartley* fell from his Holding, and fell into the Sea, and in the Waters he was suffocated and drowned, of which Suffocating and Drowning he then and there died. And the Indictment charges, that they, the said *Richard Coyle*, with the aforesaid *Larson* and *Davison*, at the Time of committing the said Murder, were present, aiding, abetting, assisting, and comforting the said *Richardson*, him the said *Hartley*, feloniously, wilfully, and of his Malice aforethought, to kill and murder: And so the Indictment charges, that the Defendants, *Richardson*, *Coyle*, *Larson*, and *Davison*, him the said *Hartley*, feloniously, &c. did kill and murder, against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

To this Indictment the Prisoner pleaded, Not Guilty.

Clerk. *Richard Coyle* stands a second Time indicted, for that he, together with *John Richardson*, *Caleb Larson*, and *John Davison*, on the 26th of *August*, in the Ninth Year of his present Majesty's Reign, with Force and Arms, on the High Seas, and within the Jurisdiction of the Admiralty of *England*, 20 Leagues distant from *Padras*; they being then Mariners in the *St. John Pink*, belonging to the Subjects of our Lord the King, to the Jurors unknown,

known, and whereof *Benjamin Hartley* was Master, feloniously and piratically did endeavour to make, and did procure and cause to be made a Revolt in the said Ship, the said *Hartley* being then Master, against the Form of the Statute in that Case made and provided, and against the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, &c.

Philip Wallis was called and sworn.

Council. Do you know the *St. John* Pink?

Wallis. Yes; I belonged to her 5 Years.

Council. Was you on board this Vessel in *January* 1733.

Wallis. Yes; I was the Captain's Servant.

Council. Was there any other Person in the same Condition with yourself? Was there any other Servants?

Wallis. There was one *William Durrant* came a Twelvemonth afterwards, and after that *William Metcalfe*; they were on board in *August* 1735.

Council. Where was the Ship then?

Wallis. The Ship was at *Padras* when the Murder was committed, and *Padras* is in the *Morea*.

Council. How many Persons were then on board?

Wallis. There was the Captain, and the Prisoner at the Bar he was Mate, and *Richardson* the Carpenter, and a *Spaniard*, and *John Davison* the Cook, and one *Caleb Larson*, a Foremast-Man, he was a *Dutchman*.

Council. What Time did you sail from *Padras*?

Wallis. On *Monday* in the Forenoon ('twas the 26th of *August*, to the best of my Knowledge, 1735) The Morning of that Day we came out of the Harbour, and that Night, between one and two, they began to murder the Captain; I heard nothing of it till the Captain came up upon Deck, and then I saw the *Dutchman, Larson*, jump down, and hand up two Blunderbusses, one of them he gave to the Prisoner, and he (the Prisoner) went towards the Captain, who was then upon the Fore-Shrouds, crying out, — *Dear Mr. Coyle, what are you against me?*

Council. And what did the Prisoner say?

Wallis. He said, Yes he was, and told the Captain it was a Thing consulted among all the Ship's Company, and that over-board he must go, and over-board he should go.

Council. Repeat that again.

Wallis. He told the Captain, that over-board he must go, and over-board he should go: After this the Captain

called out to *Richardson* the Carpenter, ——— *My dear Carpenter, are you against me too?* No, Sir, says he, I am not, and immediately he and the *Dutchman* followed the Captain up the Shrouds into the Fore top; the Captain ran up the Shrouds into the Fore-top, and the *Dutchman* and the Carpenter followed him.

Council. Had they any Weapons in their Hands?

Wallis. The Carpenter had a broad Axe, and the *Dutchman* had a Blunderbuss: The Captain cried out to them, ——— *For Christ's Sake, for God Almighty's Sake, spare my Life! I will hurt none of you, if you'll spare my Life!* The *Dutchman* asked him, if he would forgive him? And the Captain said, Yes, if you'll spare my Life, and he put out his Hand to shake Hands with him, but *Richardson*, who followed the *Dutchman*, said, G——d——n you, if you offer to shake Hands with him, I'll chop your Hands off.

Council. This was all said while the Captain was on the Fore-top, was it not?

Wallis. Yes; and he begged there that they would save his Life; he begged for God Almighty's Sake, that they would spare his Life, and he promised not to hurt any of them, but would forgive them, if they'd but spare his Life.

Council. Where was the Prisoner at this Time?

Wallis. He was below with a Blunderbuss, and said nothing at all just then: But *Richardson* told the *Dutchman*, if he offered to shake Hands with the Captain, he would cleave (cleave) him down the Head: Then the Captain begged again, *That they would remember his Wife and Family*, and the Prisoner called out, and said, G——d——n you, why don't you fetch him down? Why do you stand talking to him? As we have begun, we must go through with it. After this, the Captain finding they were resolved to kill him, he begged for four Hours Liberty, by himself, but *Richardson* bid him come down, and swore, if he did not come down, he would cleave him down: At last he came down by one of the Back-stays, ——— he slipped down by it; and, as he was sliding down by it, *Coyle*, the Prisoner, snapped a Blunderbuss at him, but it missed Fire; then the Captain jumped down, and got it out of his Hands, and intended to throw it over-board, but it struck against the Fore-sheet, and one of my Fellow Servants kicked it over-

over-board with his Foot: The Captain had not Power to heave the Blunderbuss clear of the Ropes, so it fell down, and my Fellow-Servant kicked it into the Sea.

Council. What followed upon this?

Wallis. Then the Captain got from them to the Fore-mast, and Coyle and the other two got hold of him, and slung him over the Gang-way, but he caught hold of the Lanniards of the Main-shrouds, and cried out to us, *Boys, Boys, can't you do something for me!* We said, we could not; one of my Fellow-Servants got hold of me, and said, *Let us save the Captain's Life;* but they said they would knock us down if we offered to stir. Then the Carpenter got hold of an Axe, and knocked his Brains out. The Prisoner took up the Chicken-Trough to strike him with, but I cannot say I saw him strike; though he was close by when *Richardson* knocked the Captain into the Sea with his broad Axe.

Council. What did the Prisoner say at this Time?

Wallis. I don't remember, in particular, what he said. After this they came to us, and asked us what we cried for; and they told us, if we would be content, and go with them, they would not hurt a Hair of our Heads. Then *Richardson*, the Carpenter, went after the *Spaniard*, who was all this while at the Helm of the Ship, and he said to him — *D—n you, why did not you come and assist us?* — The *Spaniard's* Name is *John Davison*; he told them he was minding the Helm, — he was looking after that.

Council. What did *Richardson* say to that?

Wallis. He said — *D—n you, and the Ship, you might have let the Ship have gone to Hell, and have come and assisted us.*

Council. Was the Ship under Sail at that Time?

Wallis. Yes, and went after the Rate of 2 or 3 Miles an Hour, with a small Breeze of Wind.

Council. When they had killed the Captain, what followed?

Wallis. After that they went down into the Captain's Cabin, and broke open his Scrutore.

Council. Who did?

Wallis. *Richardson* broke it open, and what Things they found, they put by themselves together: There was

no Money on board : Then they loaded all the Arms in the Ship.

Council. What did they do that for ?

Wallis. Coyle and the *Dutchman* would have them down to load them, because, they said, they could not tell who they had to trust to.

Council. After the Death of the Captain, where did you go ?

Wallis. The first Land we made afterwards, was the Island of *Malta* ; but before they went to Land, they made Articles, and *Richard Coyle*, the Prisoner, was made Captain ; *Richardson* went for Mate, and *Larson*, the *Dutchman*, for Boatwain. Then they came to us, and wanted us to sign the Articles, but we were not willing ; so, upon our refusing, they would not go to Land, but *Coyle* cried out, — *If they won't, — then bear away, Boys, we'll remember them another Time ; we'll give them nothing but Bread and Water, and serve them worse than the Captain was served :* This he said to me and my Fellow-Servants.

Council. Where did you go when you left the Coast of *Malta* ?

Wallis. We put into *Foviano* : We wanted Water, they said ; but we had Water enough on board : Indeed they wanted fresh Provisions and Liquors : At *Foviano* they could get nothing but Water ; so when they came off the Island in the Boat, they let it lie a-stern of the Ship, and the next Night I and my Fellow-Servants, and a *Greek*, four of us in all, got into the Boat, and went a-shore : This was about Midnight, when they were all fast asleep. They missed us about an Hour and half after we were gone, and they hauled out the Long-boat, and went off in her from the Ship : The next-Morning the Governor sent us a-board again, with 13 Soldiers, but the Prisoner and his Companions had left her, and were gone.

Council. What became of the Vessel ?

Wallis. She was sent to *Trepany*, where there was an *English* Consul ; and there we performed Quarentine.

Council. Whereabout is *Foviano* ?

Wallis. *Foviano* is near *Trepany*, and that is not far from the Island of *Sicily*. When our Quarentine was out, I was sent to *Leghorn*, and from thence to *Lisbon*, and so to *England*. I never saw the Prisoner after he left the Ship,

Ship, till I saw him at *Lisbon*, on board the *Princess Louisa*; in which Ship he was to be brought home.

Council. Who do you say was made Master?

Wallis. The Prisoner was made Captain; *Richardson*, the Carpenter, went for Mate; and *Larjon*, the Dutchman, was Boatswain

Q. When the Captain called upon you for Help, what did the Prisoner say to you?

Wallis. I don't remember what he said to us?

Q. When the Prisoner took up the Chicken-Trough, what did he do with it?

Wallis. He was going to knock the Captain on the Head with it.

Council. You say, when the Captain was coming down the Shrouds, the Prisoner snapped a Blunderbuss at him; was it loaded or not?

Wallis. Yes it was loaded; there was 3 of them loaded and lay under his Cabbin.

Council. Did you see the Prisoner attempt to throw the Captain overboard?

Wallis. He lent a Hand, but I did not see him strike him.

Council. Are you sure the Blunderbuss was loaded?

Wallis. Yes I saw them loaded two or three Days before.

Q. When the Captain was struck from the Lanniards into the Sea, did he sink presently?

Wallis. Yes, he sunk down directly.

Prisoner. I would ask that Witneis, whether the Captain and I had an angry Word together all the Voyage? And whether I was not a particular Favourite of the Captain's?

Wallis. The Prisoner had some Words with the Captain a few Days before we came out of the Harbour at *Padras*.

Prisoner. At *Ancona* the Captain paid us all our Wages, and he was so kind to me, that he asked me if I wanted Money, and I told him I should not have Occasion for any till I came to *Leghorn*: I acknowledge I snapped the Blunderbuss, but not with a Design to kill him.

Council. Who loaded the Blunderbuss?

Wallis. The Prisoner loaded every one of them himself.

Council. Call *Richard Durrant*.

Richard Durrant was called and sworn.

Durrant. I was on board this *Pink* in the Year 35, at *Padras*.

Council. Who was on board at that Time?

Durrant. The Prisoner, who was the Captain's Mate, *John Richardson* the Carpenter, and *Larson* the Boatswain, and *Davison* the Cook, and us three Servants, *Wallis*, *Metcalf*, and myself.

Council. When did you sail from *Padras*?

Durrant. On a *Monday* Morning, about ten o'clock in the Forenoon.

Council. What happened after you came from *Padras*?

Durrant. About two o'clock in the Morning, the Captain went to sleep; *Wallis* and I lay down in the *Cable-Teer*: We were waked with a Noise, and I asked *Wallis* what was the Matter? He said he heard a shrieking upon Deck; so we ran up to go upon Deck, but I saw *Coyle* with something in his Hand, and was afraid to venture further. I saw them running after the Captain, and he was endeavouring to avoid them: Upon this, we went upon Deck, and I saw the Captain upon the Foretop, begging and praying for his Life. There were the Carpenter *Richardson*, and *Larson* the Boatswain, going up the Shrouds after him, and the Prisoner stood at the Bottom with a Blunderbuss in his Hand: The Captain was some Minutes on the Fore top, and he called out to shake Hands with them; but the Carpenter said, *By G—d, if you offer to shake Hands with him, I'll cleave you down with the Axe.*

Council. What Words did the Captain use.

Durrant. He begged of them for God Almighty's Sake to remember his Wife and Family: As he came down, the Prisoner, who stood upon Deck with a Blunderbuss, snapped it at him, but it did not go off.

Council. What happened afterwards?

Durrant. The Captain hauled the Blunderbuss out of the Prisoner's Hand, and threw it, as if he intended to throw it overboard, but it struck against the Tackle, and fell into the Ship, and my Fellow-Servant kicked it overboard with his Foot: After this the Captain got to the Middle of the Ship, and the Prisoner and all the rest took hold of him, and they have (*heaved*) him over the Rough Tree,

Tree, but the Captain caught hold of the Lanniards, and held fast ; then the Prisoner took up the Chicken-trough, and struck him, as he hung, several Blows with it over the Head.

Council. Are you sure you saw the Prisoner strike him with the Chicken-trough?

Durrant. Yes, I did ; and they found that would not do, so the Carpenter, with his Axe, struck him several Times upon the Head, and then he let go his Hold, and dropped over-board, and was drowned immediately. We expected they would kill us too.

Council. What did they say to you ?

Durrant. They bid us not cry, they would not hurt us, and this, and that, — and t'other. Then they went down into his Cabbin, and looked over his Cloaths, and got all his Papers together, and burnt every one of them. The next Day they shared his Cloaths, and every one had his Part. The Prisoner had his Part, *Richardson* and *Davison* had theirs, and *Larson* stood upon the Ladder, and cry'd — *Who shall have this ? — Who shall have this ? —* After this we made the Island of *Malta*, and they had a Mind to go in there for Provision, but were afraid.

Council. What happened next ?

Durrant. The next Thing they did, was, they went down into the Cabbin, and drew a Paper, and they brought it to us to sign ; we refused, and *Richardson* told us, if we would not sign it, we should go the same Way with the Captain : No, says the Prisoner, *they shall not go the same Way, we'll starve them to Death.* After this, they talked of putting in at *Malta*, but they were afraid, so we made the Island of *Mauritimo*, for they had drank all the Wine out, and they wanted to put in somewhere for more, and this was a Place where they need not perform any Quarentine ; so we brought up to an Anchor that Night, and, in the Morning, the Prisoner dressed himself in the Captain's Cloaths, and was rowed ashore in the Yawl by two Hands. We were kept a-board all that Day, and at Night *Larson* and *Davison* were upon Guard upon Deck, one of them with two Pistols, and the other with a drawn Sword, to prevent our getting ashore. Af-

ter this we came to *Foviniano*, and one Night finding them asleep, we hauled the Yawl to, and my Fellow-Servants got in; I heaved the Oars over-board, and then got in myself; we rowed ashore directly, and acquainted the Governor; we desired they would go off directly and take them, but they said they had no Orders: That Night we lay on Shore, and next Morning, when we went on board, the Prisoner, and the rest of them, were gone off in the Long-boat.

Council Was the Blunderbuss, that the Prisoner snapp'd at the Captain, loaded or not?

Durrant. It was loaded; they were all loaded three or four Days before; I can't say certainly who loaded them, but I know they were all charged.

Q. When the Carpenter gave the Blows on the Head with the Axe, which beat him into the Sea, was he drowned?

Durrant. I never saw any Thing of him more; he sunk down directly. This was at *Foviniano*.

Q Did you perform Quarentine there?

Durrant. No, at the Island of *Trepany*.

Q. Who had the Command of the Ship after the Captain's Death?

Durrant. The Prisoner.

Prisoner. I would ask him, whether I had any Animosity against the Captain?

Durrant. About two Days before we came to *Padras*, the Captain and he had some Words about a Townsman of his, who was at *Padras*. The Captain had told your Townsman, you was a drunken Fellow; he told you again, and you came a-board and railed at the Captain for it.

Council. Call *William Metcalfe*.

William Metcalfe was called and sworn.

Metcalfe. I was on board this Pink in *August*, 1735.

Council. Where was the Ship then?

Metcalfe. At *Padras*.

Council. When did you sail from thence?

Metcalfe. On *Monday* the 26th of *August*, between 10 and 11 o'clock.

Council. Who were on board at that Time?

Metcalfe.

Metcalfe. Richard Coyle, Mate ; John Richardson, Carpenter ; one Larson, a Mariner ; and Davison, the Cook, and a Greek, and three Apprentices ; the Master, Benjamin Hartley, was on board too.

Council. What do you know more of this Affair ?

Metcalfe. The next Morning, between 1 and 2, they murdered the Captain.

Council. And where was you ?

Metcalfe. I was in the Fore-castle ; this was between one and two, on Tuesday Morning. I heard the Captain cry out, and saw him afterwards running upon Deck, and then up the Shrouds, and the Prisoner followed him, with a Blunderbuss in his Hands. The Captain run up upon the fore Shrouds, and into the Top-mast, and Larson and Richardson followed him to the Top-mast.

Council. What did the Captain say to them ?

Metcalfe. He begged for God's Sake, — for Christ's Sake, they would spare his Life ; and the Prisoner said, — Captain Hartley, you must go over-board.

Council. What was done next ?

Metcalfe. He begged of Larson, and said, — Dear Caleb, shake Hands with me, and he reached out his Hand to him ; but Richardson, the Carpenter, lifted up his Axe, and said, if you do, I'll clive your Brains out. Then the Captain came down to Leeward, and Coyle snapped the Blunderbuss at him.

Council. Did you see him snap the Blunderbuss at him ?

Metcalfe. Yes, I stood just by him, and saw it ; when the Captain found the Blunderbuss did not go off, he run to him, and snatched it out of his Hands, and threw it from him, and I kick'd it into the Sea.

Council. Was the Blunderbuss loaded ?

Metcalfe. Yes, they were charged on Account of the Turkish Pirates on that Coast. After this they took hold of the Captain.

Council. Who took hold of him ?

Metcalfe. Larson and Richardson ; and they heaved him over the Gang way, but he caught hold of the Lannards, and Coyle took up a Hen-coop Trough, and struck him two or three Blows on the Head and Shoulders ; the Carpenter struck him too over the Head, with his broad Axe, and the last Words he spoke were, — I am a

dead Man ! And so he dropt down immediately into the Sea ; I looked over-board, and saw him sink directly.

We begged the Prisoner to give us the Boat, and let us go away ; but he would not, and said, What are you afraid of ? we won't hurt you ; go along with us, if you go away, what shall we do with the Ship ?

Council. Was the Ship under Sail ?

Metcalf. Yes, 'twas going before the Wind, and we were making the Island of *Malta* ; and, when we lay off the Island, the Prisoner came to me, and asked my Name ; he said he could not spell it right : Then he went down, and Articles were drawn, and he told me I must sign them.

Council. What were the Articles ?

Metcalf. I can't certainly tell what was in the Articles ; but *Coyle* was stil'd Captain, *Richardson* was to be Mate, *Larson* was to be Boatswain, and *Davison* was to stand as before. *Coyle* took the Guidance of the Ship upon himself, as Master.

Council. What did they do at *Malta* ?

Metcalf. They intended to go in ; so they made us set our Hands to the Paper ; but after we had sign'd it, they were afraid to venture ashore there.

Council. Who were afraid ?

Metcalf. *Coyle* and *Larson* were afraid to go in ; and *Richardson* fell a d——ing and cursing them, because they would not go in.

Council. So you sign'd the Paper.

Metcalf. The Carpenter told us, if we would not sign it, he would send us the same Way with the Captain : No, says the Prisoner, we'll keep the Ship out at Sea, as long as there's a Bit of Beef, or a Drop of Water on board, and we'll starve them ; then we sign'd the Paper, and as soon as we had done it, the Prisoner and the Carpenter laugh'd, and said, now we are sure of you. Then we were coming down the *Streights*, and after we came between the Island of *Mauritimo* and *Cape Bonne*, we stood away to the Northward, and bore away for the Island of *Foviniano*. They talked of going to *Trepany*, but *Coyle* said, it was better to go to *Foviniano*, because there they were not so strict in their Quarentine. When we came to *Foviniano*, we let out two Anchors, and the Governor in the

Morning

Morning sent a Man on board. The Prisoner dressed himself in the Captain's Cloaths, and he pass'd for Captain, and we went on Shore to sell some Corn, and purchase fresh Provisions; but they would take no Corn, and we had no Money, so they could get nothing but Water there. We were kept on board all the Time that the Prisoner was on shore; when he returned to the Ship, he took the Captain's Watch and his Silver Spoons, to see if the Governor would take them for Provision; and this Time *Davison*, and *Richardson*, and I, went with the Prisoner on shore, and we took some Casks with us, and return'd with Water.

Council. And what happened next?

Metcalf. In the Night, when they were asleep, I went down and called my Fellow-Servants, and the *Greek*, and we got into the Yawl; *Durrant* staid behind to slip the Oars over-board, for we were afraid to throw them into the Boat, for fear they should hear us; so we lay by a little while, till the Oars drove to us, and then we row'd to shore. The Soldiers upon shore charged us to keep off, but we begged for God's Sake we might come on shore, and we told them our Captain was murdered: Upon this they suffered us to land, and put us all into a Cave for that Night. When the Governor examined us, we desired 4 Hands to go on board the Ship, lest they should cut the Cable, or sink the Ship; but after he had examined us, he went to his own House, and set twenty or thirty Soldiers over us in the Cave, and they told us they could see the People in the Ship, hauling the Boat along Side of her. We begged them to fire a Musket upon them, but they said, they could not fire without Orders from the Governor; but, when they got into the Boat, they fired twenty or thirty Muskets upon them, but they got away; I saw them go off in the Boat, and never saw any of them since, till I saw the Prisoner here.

2. When the Boat went away, who was it that fired upon them?

Metcalf. The *Spanish* Soldiers, that were upon Shore.

2. How many of you went ashore in the Boat?

Metcalf. I, and my two Fellow-Servants, and the *Greek*.

Prisoner. I would ask this Witness, Whether I ever abused

abused the Captain? Whether I ever had any Words with him, and, whether I was not his Favourite?

Metcalf. No, I don't know that he abused the Captain all the Time of the Voyage; the only Time the Captain and he had Words, was at *Padras*; but (I think) they were Friends together after that.

Council. How long after these Words did the Captain live?

Metcalf. He was killed two or three Days afterwards.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. I have no one to appear for me, nor any Friend, therefore I hope you will hear me patiently. We sail'd from *Leghorn*, *March 23*; when we arrived at *Messina*, we took in Goods, and went to a Bay near *Syracusa*: After that, when we came to sail, the Captain had some Words with *Larson*, the Boatswain, about making fast the Stopper of the Anchor; the Boatswain got hold of the Captain, and I turned myself about, and took him (the Boatswain) by the Collar, and said,——*Caleb*, what are you about to do Mischief? *Wallis*, one of the Boys, said, D——n him, heave him over-board; but I released the Captain out of the Boatswain's Hands, and he went upon the Quarter-Deck. I said to *Caleb*, go after the Captain, and fall upon your Knees, and beg his Pardon: Accordingly he did so, and the Captain forgave him; so we proceeded on our Voyage from thence to the *Morea*, and we landed some Passengers at *Salonica*; we were loaded with Tobacco, and were to go from thence to *Ancona*. I was offered a Ship, but the Captain persuaded me to stay with him; no better Agreement could be between two People, than between him and me; nor did I ever eat or drink worse than he himself. When we had made this Voyage, the Captain designed to come home to *Falmouth* for Pilchards, upon which two *Greeks* we had on board, desired to be discharged; he paid them their Wages, and asked me, if I wanted Money? I told him, it would be more agreeable to me, on Account of my Wife and Family, to take my Money at *Leghorn*. So the Captain paid the *Greeks* off, and discharged them, and this *Richardson*, *Larson*, and the *Spaniard*, came on board in their stead.

We

We then sailed for *Padras*, with Money on board, which the Captain had received for Freight, and Money receiv'd at *Leghorn*. We took in a Cargo at *Leghorn*, and in the Time of loading there, this was expressed by these three young Gentlemen,——there was a fine Sloop come from *Venice*, of 160 Tons, which the Carpenter, and these Witnesses, and the *Spaniard*, and the *Greek*, had agreed to cut away in the Night; I heard a great deal of their Villainy; ——but the Sloop sailing, they were disappointed in their Design. Then, we being loaded, sailed about eight o'Clock in the Morning, the 11th of *August*. They took all my Papers, and suffered me to save nothing, but what I brought upon my Back out of the Ship. In the Night I went to watch from eight to twelve; they came to call me, so I went upon the Deck, and there I found the Carpenter, the Boatswain, and the *Spaniard*, I can't say where the Boys were, I believe they might be in the Steerage, but the Carpenter says to me, ——*Coyle*, if you don't take this broad Axe in your Hand, and stand at the Cabbin Door, and if the Captain offers to come up, if you don't knock him on the Head, I will cut you in Pieces. I said, pray don't do so; if you make a Word on it, says he, I'll throw you over-board: So I thought best to take the Axe into my Hand, but, when they were gone, I threw it down again, and knew nothing of it, till the Captain came running up upon Deck, and they followed him. I run round and got upon the Quarter-Deck, then I saw the Captain on the Fore-top, and the Carpenter and the Boatswain on the Fore-yard. The Carpenter was an ill Man, I did not like him, ——he had not been a board a Month, ——therefore I had no Commerce with him: But I seeing the Captain on the Fore-top, I jump'd into the Steerage, and took up a Blunderbuss, but I never loaded it, and I believe there had not been a Pistol nor a Blunderbuss loaded for some Time, for we had not a Pound of Powder on board. I went for the Blunderbuss to shoot the Carpenter, and, being very much surprized, I snapp'd it, (but did not know whether it was loaded or not) with a Design to shoot the Carpenter on the Starboard Side of the Quarter-Deck. *Metcalf* and *Durrant* brought the Captain round, and I thought they were going to heave him over-board. They know I have declared these Things before,

before, and that makes them such strong Evidences against me now. I came round with my Blunderbuss, to strike in among them, I don't know I struck, but it was taken out of my Hands and thrown over-board. The Carpenter took the Captain; he struggled, but there was never a Blow struck, nor a Drop of Blood spilt. The Carpenter made a Reach at me with his Axe, and said, G——d——n you, you shall go first, which made me withdraw on the Quarter-Deck; then he fetched the Captain a Blow, but it did not stun him, so he called out to me, *Coyle, Coyle, for God's Sake help me!* Lord have Mercy on you, says I, the Men are all against you, and so they *hove* him over-board. Then *Wallis* went down into the Cabbin, and brought up two Case Bottles, a Bottle of Brandy, and a Bottle of Rack, and they proposed to make Punch Royal, that is, with Wine in it. Next Morning I said to *Wallis*, what a Piece of Work is this! D——n him, says he, it were no Matter if one half of the People at *Yarmouth* was served in the same Manner. Before the Consul of *Tunis* he acknowledged himself guilty, and accused every one of them but me.

Q. If you apprehended the Blunderbuss was not charged, how came you to take it up and snap it?

Coyle. I never examined it; ——— I was in a Surprise.

Q. Did you go ashore at *Foviniano*?

Coyle. Yes, by the Carpenter's Orders. I never had a Rag of the Captain's Cloaths; the Carpenter took his Cabbin for his own Habitation. If I had had a mind to have been a Villain, how came I to preserve the Ship and Cargo; they knew no more of it than you do. When the Water was stor'd in the Forecastle, I desired them to go into *Malta*, but neither *Metcalfe*, *Durrant*, nor *Wallis*, would go; if they were innocent, why should they refuse to go into safe Harbour?

Q. When the Captain was killed, who navigated the Ship?

Coyle. I did, under the Command of the Carpenter.

Q. The Witnesses say, you, and *Richardson*, and the rest, went away in the Long-Boat, what became of you?

Coyle. We went to *Tunis* in *Barbary*: In case these 3

Witnesses

Witnesses had assisted the Captain, the Thing could not have been done.

Q. Have you any Witnesses?

Coyle. No, none but the Boatswain and the Consul of Tunis.

Q. Pray why did you leave the Ship?

Coyle. After they went from *Fovinianno*, they differed in their Opinions, and were afraid of one another, so the Boys took the Boat, unknown to the other Men, and went away; when the Boatswain found the Boys and the Boat was gone, he called the Carpenter, who lay in the Captain's Cabbin, and told him the Yawl was gone: I was pleased with it, thinking they would now go away, and leave me on board: so the Carpenter turned out and called the *Spaniard*, *Davison*, and they consulted together, and haul'd up the Long-boat, and put Masts and Sails into her, and took what Things of mine were on board, and then the Carpenter came to me with two or three Cutlasses, and haul'd me on Deck, and said, G——d——n you, get into the Boat; I heard what they were about, and was in hopes they would have left me in the Ship, so I said, for God's Sake don't kill me; and, while I was dressing, one of them gave me two or three Blows with the flat Side of his Cutlafs, and told me, if I would not go, he would cut me in Pieces; then he ordered me into the Boat, and put me to an Oar, and one of them steer'd; we row'd a Mile, and got to Windward of the Island; then they ask'd me, what Place they might go to, where there was no *English* Consul? I told them they must go to *Tunis* or *Tripoly*: They said they would not go either to *Tunis* or *Tripoly*; so after some few Days, we proceeded to a Place just off *Tunis*, and there we stopped to shelter ourselves, for the Wind blew hard, and we were loaden: Then we proceeded to *Byzarta*, and landed fifteen Leagues to the Westward of *Tunis*, and the Carpenter, before we put in, made me swear, that I would be one of his Company, and said, I should not stir from him; he said he would run his Knife through me, if I spoke any thing of this Affair. When he came ashore, he was dressed in the Captain's Cloaths, and appeared very grand. He told the People, he was born in *New-York*, and passed an Examination before the Governor, but what he said there I don't

don't know ; but a Paper was brought us, and we all signed it. After a while, we had all Orders to come to *Tunis*, so we came to *Tunis*, and there I was confined with the Carpenter, who was Captain for two Days ; at last I discovered the Thing, and the Carpenter made his Escape, but was retaken ; the Boatswain turned *Turk*, and the other turned *Jew* : I was kept in Prison there 3 Months.

Q. Where was you taken into Custody ?

Coyle. I surrendered myself to the Vice-Consul of *Tunis*.

Q. What Ship was you put on board there ?

Coyle. I was put on board one Capt. *Darrel*.

Q. Was you at large in that Ship ?

Coyle. I had small Irons put upon me, but I had my Liberty to walk about the Ship. From *Tunis* I was carried to *Gibraltar*, and I was in Custody there two Months ; from *Gibraltar* I was carried to *Lisbon*, and came Home from thence in the *Princess Louisa*.

Q. And had you Irons on all this while ?

Coyle. Yes, but I was at large.

Q. Have you any Witnesses ?

Coyle. What Witnesses can I have, since all the Ship's Crew were concerned ? As for the three Witnesses against me, I have often beat them myself for abusing the Captain. 'Tis hard I should have such frivolous Witnesses against me, when I have been Master of a Ship myself seventeen Years. I have used the Sea in the King's and Merchant's Service, this great while, and defy any Person to say, that Black is the White of my Eye. Call *Joseph Lyon*.

Joseph Lyon. The last Time I saw the Prisoner was 5 or 6 Years ago. I have known him 13 or 14 Years. I never knew any Harm of him, and took him to be an honest Man, nor did I ever hear any one give him a contrary Character. This Affair I know nothing of.

Richard Manwaring. I have little to say in his Behalf : I knew him ten Years ago, and have never seen him since ; he was hired and freighted by a Person I had some Concerns with, to carry Goods to *Madeira*, and he performed that Voyage and had then a good Character ; as for any Thing since I know nothing of him ; he told me himself that

that he bored Holes in the Ship, on Purpose to have them taken, but how true it is, I cannot tell.

Another Witness. I have known the Prisoner 27 Years, he was born just by me ; I never heard any Hurt of him ; the last Time I saw him was about 3 or 4 Years ago in *Church-Alley*, in *St. Olave's Parish*.

C. Why he was aboard this *Pink* three Years ago.

Witness. It might be four, for ought I know.

The Jury withdrew, and in a short Time returned, and found the Prisoner guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

Richard Coyle, forty five Years of Age, born near the City of *Exeter*, of honest Parents, who gave him good Education at School, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Navigation. When of Age, he was put to Sea, and served his Time to the Satisfaction of his Master. He afterwards went to Sea, in the King's Ships, and sometimes in Merchant-Men ; and during the Time of these Services he had a good Character, and was esteemed by the Generality of those with whom he dealt, or had Acquaintance. Twenty-four Years ago he married a Wife, by whom he had several Children, four of which are still living with his Wife at *Exeter*, the youngest, whom he never saw, having been born since he went last to Sea with Captain *Hartley*. He had been Master of a Ship, and had been chiefly employed in the River from *London*, during the space of seventeen Years, and in that Time he bore a very good Character ; but about five Years ago, after many Misfortunes had befallen him, he was turned out of that Business, and then he served in the Station of Mate in other Ships, in which Station he was under Captain *Hartley*, bound from *Yarmouth* to *Italy*, laden with Herrings. They traded likewise at *Leghorn*, *Messina*, *Syracuse*, *Salonica* in *Greece*, and *Ancona* in *Italy* ; they touched also at several *Creek* Islands, and he spoke as if they had been at *Alexandria* ; the last Port they went to was *Padras* in the *Morea*, where they took in (as he said) six hundred pounds worth of Wheat. In this Place it was, that he, with the Ship's Crew, formed the Conspiracy against the Captain, and to run away with the Ship and turn Pyrates.

Mr. *Coyle* appeared to be pretty ingenuous in his Confessions, and owned for the most part the Evidence as it was sworn

sworn against him, *viz.* That on the 25th of *August*, 1735, they departed from *Padras* in *Turkey* loaden with Corn, and bound for *Leghorn*. They went out of that Port about ten or eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, and towards Night, having sailed about 20 Leagues between the Island of *Cephalonia* and *Zant*, they put their horrible Design in Execution. They awaked the Captain out of his Sleep, and then he came to understand, they intended immediately to murder and throw him over-board. *Coyle*, or some other of them. (for he was not willing to declare that Affair plainly) stood at the Cabbin Door with a Hatchet in his Hand, to knock down the Captain when he open'd the Door; but his Conscience checking him, or Courage failing him, the Captain run to the Deck in a great Surprise, and made his way in all haste to the Forecastle, and got upon the Fore shrouds, crying out, *Dear, Mr. Coyle, are you against me?* He told the Captain that it was determin'd by the Company, over board he must go, and he was against him too. They had pursued him along the Deck as he went to the Forecastle, and *Richardson* and *Larson*, the *Dutchman*, went up the Shrouds after him; *Richardson* the Carpenter, having an Axe in his Hand, threatened to kill *Larson* with it, if he agreed with the Captain: They threatened, cursed, swore, and d—n'd at the Captain to come down, and *Coyle* d—n'd them to bring him down. The Captain seeing nothing but Death determin'd against him, came down quickly on a small Rope; before this, and at this Time, he frequently begged for God's Sake, in Consideration of his Wife and Childern, to spare his Life; but they were deaf to all his compassionate Intreaties, and seized him in order to throw him over-board; *Richardson*, *Larson*, and *Davison*, were the principal Actors, and *Coyle* also gave a helping Hand, though he was not willing to acknowledge it; they were the Men, he said, who violently push'd him over; he held by the Lanniards, but *Coyle* hit him on the Head sometimes with the Chicken-trough, and that not doing, he swore at the Carpenter to strike him with his Axe, which he did, and knock'd out his Brains; the last Words he was heard speak having been, *Lord have Mercy on me, I am a dead Man*, and then he sunk into the Sea and was never seen more.

After

After this they divided the Captain's Goods and Cloaths among them, and having no good Agreement among themselves, but their Guilt flying in their Faces, they curied and d—n'd one another, especially the Carpenter, who had the chief Hand in this Murder, and was a notorious wicked, bold, imperious Fellow ; however, they writ Articles, and all of them signed the Articles, not excepting the Captain's Boys, who were the three Witnesses, as they pretended were forced to do so for fear of their Lives. By this Agreement Coyle was Captain, *Richardson* the Carpenter, Mate, *Larson* Boatswain, and *Davison* Cook as before.

Matters being thus settled, they bore up for the Island of *Malta*, but were afraid to go ashore suspecting one another, and fearing some of themselves would not fail to make a Discovery, so they went to a little Island off of *Sicily*, called *Foviniano* ; Coyle went ashore as Captain, and dressed in Capt. *Hartley's* fine Cloaths, but, having no Money, nothing could be got in this Island, but Water, and next Night the three Boys, *Philip Wallis*, *William Durrant* and *William Metcalfe*, who were all the Witnesses against Coyle, found Means to get on Shore in the Yawl, and told the Governor and Garrison about the Murder of their Master, Capt. *Hartley* : When Coyle and the rest of them knew of their going off, they immediately launched the Long-boat, and pursued them so far, that they were in Danger of being apprehended by the Soldiers of *Foviniano*, an Island belonging to the King of *Sicily*, and if the Governor had given Orders to board them that Night, they must have been taken, but delaying to the next Morning, all of them made their Escape in the Long-boat, and went directly to *Tunis*, where Coyle (as he said) surrender'd himself to the *English* Consul, or he was taken up by him, and he then discovered the whole Matter to the Consul, who took them up, and put them in Irons. From thence he was sent to *Gibraltar* in a Merchant Ship, where he was kept two Months in Prison, and thence they put him on board the *Louisa* Man of War, who brought him home to *London*, to receive the due Reward of his Deeds.

He confessed that he was concerned in the Conspiracy of carrying away the Ship, but at first denied the Murder, pretending that he knew nothing of it, or that he ever struck him, or lifted his Hand up to the Captain ; this he spoke but

but faintly, but afterwards his Conscience checking him that he had not declared the Truth, without being ask'd, he own'd that he was concerned and had a Hand in the Murder of Captain *Hartley*, for which he expressed a great Regret and the Height of Sorrow.

TO MRS. HARTLEY, Widow of Captain HARTLEY, at
Yarmouth.

Madam,

AS my Life makes Satisfaction to the Law, so I hope my unfeigned Penitence and Sorrow will make Attonement to you for the Hand I had in depriving you of so good a Husband: His particular Kindness to me, whom he treated rather as a Brother than as a Servant, makes my Cruelty and Infidelity more inexcusable; but I trust my Death will however move Pity and Forgiveness, since I chearsfully yield it up as a Sacrifice for my great and crying Sin. I beseech God with my last Breath, that he will be the Protector of your Widowhood, that he will shower down his choicest Blessings upon you, and incline your Heart to pardon him who is

Cells in Newgate, March
13, 1736.

Your dying Servant,
RICH. COYLE.

To the Sailors in the Merchants Service.

KNOWING well the Folly of this censorious World, and how, without weighing Things, the Actions of particular Persons are imputed to their Countries or Professions, I think myself under some Obligation to make you what Amends is in my poor Power (by addressing this Letter to you) for the Reflections my wicked Actions and shameful Death will bring upon you. I hope you are, generally speaking, Men of better Sense than to resent this Application from a Criminal like me, the Approach of Death making me a sincere, at least, tho' it may be but a weak Adviser.

It

It is of late Years (the more the Pity) become a Mode to make a Jest of Religion, as if one might do well enough with a little Morality ; but my Friends, Morality not founded in Religion, is only Self-love and Self-interest, it is wearing the outside of Religion, which if it be right, why should we not wear it within ? I am a plain Man and no Scholar ; I would only recommend Christianity and living according to the Gospel. This I sincerely believe would be for the Benefit of all Men, but am confident it would be especially so for Sailors.

From thence we should in Storms and Tempests borrow not only Courage but Composure, we should not fall into Despair, or act with a brutal Disregard for Death, it would bestow a Calmness capable of preserving us in many Cases of this World, and it would give a sure Title to Life in the World to come. A conscientious Seaman must be ever at Peace in himself, and in a Condition to do his Duty towards others ; he will listen to Directions in the most dangerous Times, and will direct his own Conduct by the Rules of Reason, when those who should direct him (it may be) have lost theirs ; because he confides in that Almighty Being, of whom only it can be said, The Winds and the Sea obey him.

From the same Fountain may be derived the most firm and vigorous Resolves to serve Masters and Owners faithfully. I am in great Doubt, indeed, whether this Principle can be drawn from any where else. One meets with daily Temptations, either to dislike the Orders of Superiors, or to attempt to cheat them ; and with what shall we combat these, if the Hopes of God's rewarding our Fidelity and Self-denial be taken away ? It is undoubtedly our Duty to obey all the lawful Commands of Masters, however hard they may seem, and to endure their ill Humours, how uneasy soever they may be ; they are the Thorns and Thistles of our Kind of Life, the Like are found in every other Tract, since our first Parent was condemned to get his Bread amongst them. We live also always in Hopes we may be soon rid of those Difficulties, we are not Slaves chained to an Oar, if one Master is bad, we may next Time take Care to get a better.

A thorough Sense of Religion would determine your Views to just and reasonable Purposes. Sensual Pleasures would

would not then affect you, and, from their too strongly affecting you, all your Mischiefs arise ; you love Drink, and Drink makes you Brutes ; you neither know, nor care what you do, but execute, before the Fumes of the Liquor are out of your Heads, what your disturbed Imaginations suggest : You fall into the Company of lewd Women, they exhaust your Purfes, and Want inclines you to evil Courses.

Such, from Experience, has been my Case, and, I doubt, many others ; if, therefore, I set up this Sea-Mark, to shew you both the shallow and the deep Water, if I warn you of your Danger, and point out the safe Way, sure, I do you no Wrong, neither do I mispend these of the few last Moments of my Life. If any of you think of my Fate, think of these serious Thoughts it has suggested, and be warned by the Fate of

Your dying and afflicted Brother,

RICHARD COYLE.

A Copy of a LETTER wrote by *Richard Coyle*, the Night before he suffered.

Oho, my dear Charly !

EXCUSE me of my Writing, my Eyes flowing with Tears, but could desire your Company with me, but not in the same Form as I am going ; but I have Faith in God, and through my Savior Jesus Christ, where I hope is Salvation for poor Sinners.

My tender Charly, when I left you, I thought to have seen you again with Pleasure, but 'tis otherwise now ordered, for which I am contented, wishing you could see the last of me in this World ; but, as it cannot be so now, I hope we shall meet in Heaven, which will be far better ; desiring you and all Friends to remember our Creator in the Days of our Youth, while the evil Days come not, when we may say, we have no Pleasure in them : Therefore, my tender Charly, you see how soon a Man is gone by some Way or other. I desire you, although I am a dying Man, to have the Lord always before your Eyes, knowing this, that this World is but a Bubble on the Water. Oho ! Eternity, my tender Charly, to think of Eternity, 'tis very hard, therefore,

fore, for the Lord's Sake, remember your latter End, for this World is nothing at all in Comparison with the World to come. If you, Charly, was to die To-Morrow Morning as I am, it would be very heavy to you to think of Eternity. My dear Charly, I don't send this to you in Anger, but from Love, hoping you will excuse me in this Condition, and consider me with your own Reason.

My dear Charly, I thank you for your Kindness to me, I did not know the Things came from you, thinking they came from Baker, because he promised to send me such. But I thank you, not only that you have been so good as to put up your Praers for me in the Church for my poor Sole. I am much obliged to you and Mother Rose for the same, and all other People, that bore me so much good-will. My tender Respects to you and Mother Rose, and all good People that bore so good Respects to me. I never thought Mr. Baker was the Man.

My dear Charly, I am hearty sorrow for your Alement, and I dout it will be so as I formerly told you as to your Uncle and Wife, likewise your Dater; she I dout will be of no Sarvis to you. My poor Charly, if you please to send for my Bed To-Morrow, about Nine o'Clock in the Forenoon, it shall be at your Sarvis. I owe Baker nothing but Good-will, and he has got one Pillar, two Rugs, and one Carpit, and one Blankit, which I freely give you with this Bed that I have here, if you please to except it. My dear Charly, I dout you will be left in the Lurch; this Bedding will be of Sarvis to you, if you think of going to the Common Side, which I would advise you to, except you have any Thoughts of Redemption.

Give my Love to Mother Rose, unknown to her Dater, and say, I have here by Word of Mouth heartily thanked you and she, being from

Your well-wishing Friend,

If I could serve,

Sunday Night,

RICHARD COYLE.

Newgate, March 13, 1736-7.

Pray let me hear from you To-Morrow, and how about the Things. God Almightie be with you and me, as I hope he will.

He was Executed at Execution-Dock, on the 14th of March 1737.

John

John Richardson, for the Murder of Captain Benjamin Hartley, August the 26th, 1736. try'd at a Court of Admiralty, held at Justice Hall in the Old-Bath, December, 1737.

J O H N R I C H A R D S O N, who was an Accomplish with Richard Coyle, in the Murder of Captain Benjamin Hartley, being some Months after taken, was arraigned upon his Indictment, and the Depositions of the Witnesses being to the same Effect as on the Trial of Coyle, we shall forbear to insert it, and only subjoin the following remarkable Account which he gave of his own Life after his Condemnation for the said Fact.

The following Account Richardson gave of his Life, and of the Fact he was charged with, the Day before he suffered.

I Was born in New-York, in America, of good Parents. My Father was a Goldsmith there, and I lived at Home till I was Twelve Years old. I went to School till I was Fourteen; then I was put under the Care of a Brother, to learn the Groper's Trade; but, not caring for that Business, I left him, and went to Sea with one Capt. Richardson, a Name-sake of mine; when he returned to New-York, I learned the Carpenter's Business, of one Peter Carley, and lived with him 5 Years; then I got his Daughter with Child, and run away, leaving him to maintain her and the Bearn. Upon this Occasion I shipped myself on board a Vessel bound for Jamaica, William Jiggles, Master, and we were no sooner arrived at Jamaica, but I was pressed on board a Man of War, in which I came to England, and when the Ship was paid off at Chatham, I came up to London, and took Lodgings in the House of one John Turner, at Horslydown Old Stairs, where I continued four Months, in which Time I spent all my Money, and then was obliged to ship myself as Boatswain on board one Edward Jesson, who was bound for the Baltick. I had no sooner arrived there, but I disliked my Situation, and resolved to leave him. — This

was

was the Beginning of all my Roguery. Though I resolved to leave Capt. *Jeffson*, yet I thought it hard to come away without Money, and lose all my Wages; so one Day, as I was going ashore, a Project came into my Head, which I resolved to put in Execution, in order to supply myself with a little Money. And accordingly I went into a Tavern, and wrote a Letter to a Merchant in the Country, with whom I knew the Captain had Dealings, and in that Letter I wrote, as from the Captain, that he desired him, upon an extraordinary Occasion, to send him 100 Rix-dollars by the Bearer. This Letter I carried myself, and the Merchant very readily gave me the Money, and desired to make his Compliments to my Captain, and tell him, if he should have Occasion for more, it should be at his Service.

The very next Day I went on board a *Dutch Ship* bound for *Amsterdam*, and came to *Holland*, where I had not been above three Months, but I got acquainted with a Woman, whose Husband was Mate of a *Dutch East-India Ship*, and he being abroad, I supply'd his Place, and lived with her eight Months; then she told me she expected her Husband Home, and desired me to reconcile myself to the Thoughts of parting with her. I told her I would, and as I was to lose my Mistress, I was resolved not to go away empty-handed; and accordingly I took the Liberty one Night, as I was conducting her from a Play, to carry her into a Tavern: I persuaded her to drink, and got her pretty much disguised in Liquor, in order to execute my intended Project; so having got my fuddled Mistress Home, I undressed her, and put her to Bed; she soon fell asleep, and then I took the Keys out of her Pocket, and unlocked her Warehouse, in which she had a vast Quantity of *India Goods*, and made myself Master of about 200 Pounds Worth, which I carried to a Lodging I had before taken for this Purpose: When I had taken what I thought proper, I lock'd up her Shop again, and laid the Keys under her Head; but, considering a little Money would be necessary as well as Goods, I searched her Pockets, and found her small Keys, with which I opened her Drawers, and put to the Value of 60 *l.* in my Pockets, then I marched off; I knew she was very rich, and would not mind her borrowing this Trifle in this Manner, nor

was I mistaken, for I saw her in my Rambles about two Years ago, and she never complained.

As soon as I could, I got my Goods down to the *Rotterdam* Boats ; I was acquainted with some of the Watermen, and they assisted me in carrying my Chest and other Things to the Boat ; and when I had got all my Cargo on board, I went directly to *Rotterdam*, and there I found one Capt. *Brown*, bound for *Boston* in *New-England* ; I agreed with him for my Passage, and in four Days we sailed for *Boston*. When we arrived there, I resolved to go up into the Country, and see if my Money and Goods would not get me a Country Wife ; and accordingly I went to *Fairfield*, twenty Miles distant from *Boston*, by Water, and from thence to a Town fifty Miles further ; here I took up my Quarters at an old Farmer's, and had a Place, which served me as a Shop or Warehouse for my Goods ; and I being a Stranger there, and the *Christmas* Holidays being come on (when the People all go abroad) the Country Folks flocked about me, and many of them desired me, ——— (for they are very courteous to Strangers) ——— to come and take a *Christmas* Dinner with them. There were so many of them, that I could not tell whose Invitation to accept of first, but I resolved to go with him who had most handsome Daughters, and at length it fell to the Lot of one *William Brown* to have me for a Guest ; he had three very pretty Daughters, and four good agreeable young Maid-Servants, therefore I went to spend my *Christmas* with him ; this was in the Year 1727. After the Holidays were over, I thought I must be grateful for my Entertainment, and for their Civility, so I went to my Warehouse, and fetched some *India* Handkerchiefs of several Sorts, which I made Presents of to the young Women ; but I may leave it to you (Readers) to imagine from what I have told you of my Way of Life already, whether such a Man as I would make Presents for nothing ? No, the three Daughters, and the Maid-Servants, and I, grew very well acquainted, and in 4 Months Time they had every one of them great Bellies.

Sometime after this there happened to be a Wedding at this Town, to which one Justice *W——m's* Daughter was invited : She lived about thirty Miles off, and was reckoned the greatest Beauty in the Country : Among the many

Folks

Folks invited, who should be one but myself : The Beauty was one of the Bride-Maids, and I a Bride-Man : During the Time of this Wedding, she and I grew very great, insomuch that I invited her to go and see my Lodging and Warehouse ; she readily comply'd, and came with me : I took her among my Goods, and desired her to look about her, telling her, I should think myself very fortunate, if I had any Thing she could fancy for a Gown ; if any Thing she saw was worth her Acceptance, I told her it was at her Service. She seemed to take most Notice of a particular Piece of Chints, which, after some Words she accepted, and took home with her.

Two Days after she was gone Home, I wrote her a very complaisant Letter, she answered it, and by the Contents I found she would answer my Expectation : Then I wrote to her Father, and desired his Leave to come and pay my Addresses to his Daughter ; he granted my Request, and in three Months Time I got the old Folks Consent to marry her. — But, the Cream of the Jest follows.

In that Country they have no Licenses, and all Marriages must be published three *Sundays* successively in the Church ; the first *Sunday* the Declaration passed off pretty well, and without any Forbidding ; but the second *Sunday* all the Girls came from the House where I had dined on *Christmas* Day last, with their great Bellies, crying and howling about the Parson, and telling him, I had promis'd every one of them Marriage, and that they were all with Child by me.

I had a fine Time on't, you may imagine ; but I thought 'twas my best Way to sneak out of the Church. I expected I should presently hear from my Mistress's Father and Mother, but I was not at all uneasy about it ; for I knew very well they would sue to me in a few Weeks to take her off their Hands.

According to my Expectation, it was not long before I received a Letter from my Father-in-law (that was to be) desiring me of all Love, — and by all Means, to come no more near his House, nor to entertain any Thoughts of having his Daughter, for I had done so much, that the Country was all in a Hubbub. According to his Advice I staid at Home ; but I knew I should hear from them, and that they would be very ready to admit me a Suitor again.

As I imagined, so it proved ; for in about four Months Time, the old Gentlewoman perceived how it was with my young Mistress, and I was sent for with all Speed. When I got there, the Father told me he would give me 300 *l.* (in their Money, which is worth about 100 *l.* Sterling) more than I was to have had before, if I would have their Daughter. I would not agree at first, but at length I consented, and every Thing was agreed upon ; and, to prevent being disturb'd, my Mistress and I went to a Village forty Miles from where I lived, to have our Intentions declared in the Church without Interruption, and where the Publication would be out of the Hearing of the other Girls and their Friends.

When the Publications of Marriage were over, we got married, and no sooner was the Wedding over, but — alas for me ! — I was arrested by the Girls Friends where I had kept my *Christmas*, for the Maintenance of all the Children. My Father-in-law, to make us easy, bail'd me, till the Girls were brought to Bed, and paid me my Wife's Fortune. When I had got the Money, I could not be easy to stay with them, so I told them I did not like a Country Life, and indeed I had no Notion of Plow jogging.

My *India* Cargo, which I had brought from *Holland* (what was left of it) I had sent down to *Boston*, without giving them any Notice, and then I told them I must go to *New York*, to build me a Vessel, and that I would be back again in three Months. So I took the Money I had with my Wife, and all my Goods, and took Leave of her, and my Father and Mother-in-law, to go for *Boston*, and never went to them any more, — so there was an End of my Affairs, with Regard to my Country Wife.

When I came to *Boston*, I soon spent my Money upon Whores and Musick-houses, and quickly came to so low a Condition, that I had neither Money nor Credit ; and I had made so good Use of my Time there, that nobody would trust me a Farthing: I had not worked a good while, and was not willing to come to it again, but at last I was forced to look out for something to do, and soon found Business ; for I was employed to run up the Side of a Vessel which was then upon the Stocks, and I being a little more skilful in building than most of the Men that were there employed,

employed, the Master-Builder, who was a *Quaker*, grew very fond of me, and I wanted for nothing that his House could afford.

He was in Years, but his Wife was a good likely young Girl, and I longed for a little Communication with my Female Friend; so one Day when the Ship was finished, and all Hands were at work in getting her off the Stocks, my Spirit was moved, and I slipped away from my Work, and went to ask my Mistress a Question or two. My Master missing me, came directly Home to look for me, and found me with his Wife. *Friend*, says he, *what Business has thee here? Why dost thee not keep at thy Work?* I told him I was only come Home for an Augre. *Ab! Friend John*, I do not much like thee, says he, *my Wife knows nothing of thy Tools; I fear thee badst some evil Cogitations in thy Head.* I made him no Answer, but went to my Work again, and when that was finished, I thought there would be no staying there very long for me, as the old Man had entertained ill Thoughts of me, so I desired him to pay me, and told him I would leave him. He refused to give me any Money, telling me he had too much Reason to believe his Wife had paid me: I told him I was resolved to have my Money, and would sue him for it, and desired him to consider, that if he made that Excuse in open Court, which he made to me, it would disgrace him all over the Country.

Upon this he paid me, but absolutely forbid my ever entering his Doors any more. I told him I never would, and I intended to keep my Promise, ——— but what could a Man do in my Case? — For about eight Days after, he was obliged to go up into the Country to buy Timber, and insisted on his Wife's going with him, that she might be out of Harm's Way; but the poor young Friend pleaded sick, and kept her Bed till he was gone. Some little Time after he was gone, I met her Maid in the Street; among other Questions, I asked how her Mistress did? She told me, her Mistress wanted to see me: I desired her to present my Service, and assure her I would wait upon her about 8 or 9 in the Evening.

I went, and was so very well received that Night, that I visited her till we apprehended the Husband's Time for coming Home drew near; then, thinking I must provide

for myself, I watched my Opportunity, and opened the Friend's Chest, from whence I took all the ready Money I could find, which was about 70 *l.* there was a good deal of Paper Money, but that would pass only in that Town, and I knew I must be gone from thence immediately, therefore I did not meddle with any of that. As soon as I had got this Booty, I agreed with one Captain Jones, who was then just going off for *Philadelphia*, for my Passage thither.

When I arrived at *Philadelphia*, I took Lodging at a House where there was only a Widow and her two Daughters, and here I lodged about 4 Months. In this Time the Widow and I agreed so well together, that I acted as if the House had been my own; but, at last, I took a Fancy to one of the Daughters, and began to grow weary of the old Woman, and resolving to let the Girl know my Mind, I took an Opportunity to attack her one Sunday, when the Widow was gone out to pay a Visit to a Neighbour; but while I was engaged with the Daughter, the Mother unexpectedly returned, and caught us in some Disorder together. You may guess I had a fine Noise about my Ears very openly, — but in private I was severely reproached, and she told me, — truly she thought I might have been satisfied with the Liberty I took with her. With much ado, and by being very fond of the old Woman, I made up the Breach; but, in about a Month's Time (as she was grown very jealous of me, and watched me very narrowly) she caught me transgressing with her other Daughter. Then she flew out, and told me the Consequence of my first Crime, was that the Girl was with Child, and rated me so severely, that I began to storm again, and told her, if her Daughter was breeding, she must get her a Husband as fast as she could, for I would have nothing to say to her.

When the old Woman's Passion was a little calm'd, I told her it signify'd nothing to make such a Noise, — 'twas out of my Power (I told her) to marry both of her Daughters myself, but if she would provide a Husband for one of them, I would, — to oblige her, — take the other myself. She soon got a young Fellow, a *Goldsmith*, to marry one of them, and then I was teized to Death to fix the Time for marrying the other. I told her I had some
Business

Business to finish, which would take me up about a Month's Time, but when I had made an End of that, if she would pay me down such a Sum of Money, I would have her Daughter; if she refused, I told her I positively would not comply.

For a great while together the old Woman constantly plagued me about her Girl, telling me she had no Money; I knew to the contrary, and told her, she must look out for somebody that would take her without Money, for I would not. At last she told me, she would give me 100*l.* and half her Plate, which I agreed to accept, so I marry'd the Daughter, got the Money and Plate into my Custody, then gave them all the Slip, and left the Mother and Daughter, to cry after me. And,

From *Philadelphia*, I sail'd with one Captain *Williams*, to *South-Carolina*. *Brownjohn*, now under Sentence for writing some Letters to Mr. *Bell*, the *Quaker*, in *Lombard-street*, was then a Sailor on Board. When I arrived at *South-Carolina*, I lodged at one Mr. *Jones's*, a *Sailmaker* there, and I lived very well with him. I had not been there a Month, before I got acquainted with Capt. *Roberts*, who, wanting a Mate and a Carpenter, he desired me to go his Mate to *Jamaica*. I told him, I did not much understand Navigation, but I would go his Carpenter, if he thought proper. He told me I should go both as Mate and Carpenter too, if I would, and he would do his endeavour to teach me Navigation. Accordingly, we set sail from *South-Carolina* to *Jamaica*, and he used me all the Voyage more like his Fellow Captain, — his Equal, than his Carpenter; when we had unloaded our Vessel, and done all our Business, we returned Home again.

The Ship belonged to a Farmer, about ten Miles up the Country, and the Winter coming on, we resolved to uplay the Ship, and the Captain pitched upon me to look after her, and I consented, and agreed to lie on board during the Winter, by which Means I became very well acquainted with the Owner. About a Week before *Christmas*, I had an Invitation from him to come up to his House, and make merry with him and his Friends, on the Birth-Day of his only Daughter. Now you must know, that a Man that can sing them a Song, and can dance a little, is always looked upon in those Places, as a

very fine Fellow ; so I diverted them by doing both ; and I observed our Owner's Daughter very well, and thought, if it was possible, she and I would be better acquainted ; and it was not long before I had a fit Opportunity. For the *January* following, there happened to be a Wedding in the Family of a Friend of our Owner, about twelve Miles off, and she was invited ; the Company talked about the Diversion I had given them on her Birth Day, and they agreed to send a Man and Horse for me. When the Messenger came, I was resolved to go and see who the People were, (for I was always fond of Adventures) and when I came there, who should be the first to bid me welcome, but our Owner's Daughter, who hoped I would excuse her Boldness in sending for me, and told me, that she sent for me to oblige the Company with a Dance. I told her, I should be proud of obliging the Company in general ; but more so, if it was in my Power to oblige her.

During the Time the Wedding lasted, she and I grew wonderful great, but I had like to have spoiled all, by taking out another young Woman to dance with me as a Partner ; for she told me, — as I was a Stranger, and knew none of the Company better than I did her, she expected me to keep her for a Partner while the Wedding lasted. I was very well pleased to find I might make free with her ; and when the Company broke up, I offered my Service to see her Home ; she readily accepted of my Care, and in our way thither, I took her through a very thick Wood, and when I had got her into the Midst of it, I pretended to be very ill, and that I must get off my Horse, and sit down upon the Ground ; she desired to get down too, so we both walked under a fine large Chestnut-tree, and sat down together till it was Evening. Then I asked her, if we should mount and go forward ? — Not yet, says she, — I have staid here a good while for your Pleasure, — you'll not deny to stay a little longer for mine. I guessed what we were to stay in the Dark for, so I kiss'd her, and after we had spent some Time agreeably together, I conducted her Home ; but I did not suffer any of the People of the House to see me, lest they should have some Suspicion of us, so I went contentedly down to my Ship, having told her, at parting, that I would come and see her the next Day.

And

And the next Day I went to her Father's House, and just got Time to speak to her alone in the Kitchen. I persuaded her to make me her Husband, and begged of her to contrive some Way for our coming together sometimes. She told me, there were so many Negro Servants about the House, that it was impossible. I said, if she had any Regard for me, she might watch her Opportunity, when her Family were in Bed, and come out, and I would carry her down to the Ship, where I had a handsome Cabbin, and a good Bed; she consented, and we carried on this Game for about a Fortnight; then she began to be afraid of being discovered, and would go on no further. But being both of us a little uneasy asunder, we contrived to bribe an old Negro Woman Servant to be our Confident, and for four Months this old Woman used to let me in o'Nights to her young Mistress, when every one else was asleep. At last the poor Girl's Mother took Notice there was some Alteration in her, and she asked her what was the Reason that she grew so fat in the Body, and thin in the Face? The Girl told her she could not tell the Meaning of it; but the old Woman, upon examining her, soon found how it was with her, and charged her to tell who was the Father of her Child? With some Difficulty she told them, I was. Upon hearing this, the old Woman, in a very great Passion, calls her Husband, and bid him look upon his Daughter, Look upon her! says he, and what then? Why, she's with Child by your Carpenter, ——— *Richardson*, says she. Then the braver Fellow he, says the old Man.

I knew nothing at all of the Discovery, but came that Night to sup with them, and I had no sooner entered the House, but the old Man wish'd me Joy, and told me, with a deal of good Humour, that his Daughter *Nan* said I had got her with Child. Pardon me, Sir, says I, *Mrs. Ann* and you are only inclined to make yourselves merry. Nay, says he, and called *Nan*, is this the Father? My poor Girl was obliged to own it, and then I told him, I thought myself very happy in having my Lot cast in so credible a Family. Well, says he, since she and you have been two Fools, you must e'en take her and maintain her. I told him I had nothing to maintain myself, therefore I could

not maintain her, without his Assistance. He promised I should not want that, and so we were married.

After the Marriage, he made me a Present of the Ship and Tackle, and a good Cargo, as a Fortune with his Daughter. I thought this was pretty well, and, as soon as I could, I shipped Hands, and having taken Leave of my Wife and her Friends, I set sail for *Barbadoes*; but when I had been four Days there, a Hurricane came on, in which I lost my Vessel and Cargo, and was again a broken Merchant. Here I staid four Days, and, not knowing what Course to take, I went Passenger with one Capt. *Williams* to *St. Kitt's*. When I had been there about ten Days, Capt. *Jones* arrived, and told me my Wife was dead: This News, with the Loss of my Ship, affected me so deeply, that I ran raving mad, and was confined in a Chamber 4 Months at *St. Kitt's*.

When I had recovered my Health and Senses, I went Mate with Capt. *Williams*, who brought me to *St. Kitt's* in the *Sant Employ*, a Ship belonging to the *African Company*; I sailed five Months with him, then I left him, and went to *Antigua*.

While I was at *Antigua*, I happened at a Dancing-Bout to get acquainted with a young Gentleman of the Island: He was mightily pleased at my dancing a Hornpipe, and desired my Company Home with him to his Father's House; I went thither, and was entertained a Fortnight very kindly; but one Day as I was out a rambling with the young Man, to visit some of their Plantations, I thought I would try to get some Money out of him; so as we travell'd along, I put my Hand into my Pocket, and seem'd to be terribly surprized, he asked me what was the Matter? I told him I had lost my Purse, and 20 Pistoles. Pish, — says he, there's more Money in *Antigua*. Aye, but says I, I am a Stranger here, I am a *Creolian* from *Meovis*. What! do you belong to the *Richardson's* at *Meovis*, says he, I know them very well! I knew the Governor's Name at that Time was *Richardson*; so I told him I was his Son. You his Son, says he, and want Money in *Antigua*! no, no, only draw a Bill upon your Father, and I'll answer for it, my Father shall help you to the Money. I was pleased with the Project, and it gave me fresh Hopes.

When

When we got Home, my Companion acquainted his Father that I was Governor *Richardson's* Son ; and at the same Time told him of my terrible Misfortune, and that I had lost my Purse and Money since I had been out.

The old Man when he heard the Governor was my Father, told me he was sorry I had lost my Money ; but, as he knew the Gentleman my Father, whatever I wanted should be at my Service. I told him about a hundred Pistoles would serve me 'till I should go Home, and accordingly I drew a Bill upon my *unknown* Father for the Sum. I staid here after I had drawn this Bill about a Week ; then (to carry on the Joke) I told them I was going to write to my Father, to acquaint him of their Civility to me ; and I wrote a Letter to my *unknown* Father, and subscribed myself, ——— *his dutiful Son*. This Letter I entrusted to the Care of a Man who was not to deliver it, nor suffer it to go according to the Direction ; and some Time after, I got the Mate of a Ship to write a Letter as from my *unknown* Father, directed to the old Gentleman, and full of Thanks for his Civility to his Son. This Letter was brought to the old Man as from Governor *Richardson* of *Meowis* ; he was wonderfully well pleased with it, and told me he had received a Letter from my Father, but he did not deserve half the Compliments and Acknowledgments contained in his kind Letter, and without any more ado, if I wanted any more Money, or any more Necessaries, I must speak, and I should be welcome. I thought I must *make Hay while the Sun shone*, so I told him I did not know I should want any Thing else but a few Shirts, and some other Necessaries, and the Reason that induced me to supply myself now, was (I told him) that the Things I wanted were cheaper here than at *Meowis*. But to make the Gentleman quite easy, I drew another Bill for another hundred Pistoles, and when I had got my Things all ready, I left them Bills to pay themselves, — when they could get the Money, — (God bless me, — my Time is very short, — but I have no more dread of Death, than if I was not to meet it. ———)

From thence I went on board a Vessel which came from *Guiney*, and was bound for *Jamaica* ; and as soon as I arrived, I took Lodgings at one Mr. *William Torkman's* at *Port-Royal*, where I had not been a Month, before I shipp'd myself

myself on board with Capt. *Trevisa*, bound for *Carthagera*; but, before I went from *Jamaica*, I laid out the Money I brought with me in Goods, which I bought of a *Jew* Merchant, intending to sell them at *Carthagera*. The *Jew* seeing me able to buy Goods, asked me what Voyage I was going to make? I told him I was going to *Carthagera*, with Capt. *Trevisa*. He hearing that, offered me an hundred Pounds worth of his own, and 'tis usual for the Merchants in those Places, to entrust Goods with Traders for half Profit. I accepted of his Goods, and we sailed from *Jamaica* to *Carthagera*; when we arrived there, I made a good Market of my Goods, but I took Care to return no more to *Jamaica* to give the *Jew* any Account of his Merchandize.

From *Carthagera*, (when I had sold all my Goods) I went Passenger to *Vera Cruz*, in the *Prince William*, Capt. *Mead*, and when he came back to *England*, I came with him, and took up my Quarters in the House of *Thomas Bullard* at *Chatham*. He happened to have a Brother many Years abroad, and he took a Fancy in his Head that I was like his Brother, and the more he conversed with me, the more he was convinced that it must be so. He asked me if my Name was not really *Bullard*? I told him no; but, finding he was very willing to think me mistaken, and imagining I might get something by falling in with him, I humoured him, and consented to be his own Brother. (He had two Sisters, who have been with me here in the *Press-Yard* since my Confinement, and was very sorry for their Brother's Misfortunes.) While I was at his House, I always saw the poor Man in a *Pucker* when there was any Difficulty about my being his Brother, so I own'd I was, because I thought I might as well live with him at *Freecost*, as pay for what I had, — and he kept a very good Publick House, — so after we had agreed to be Brothers, he told me of 2 Sisters he had at *Sittingbourn* in *Kent*, and he would have me go with him to see them. I told him I should be very glad to see my Sisters, and I went with him — but when I came there, they did not know me, — nor I them. But my Brother made them know me, — he lost Sheep was found, and great rejoicing was made. — the Cow and the Hay-stack were met, tho' they never, (I am sure) saw me before in their Lives.

After

After we had been glad to see one another a whole Week, my Brother's Business called him to *Chatbam*, but my two Sisters were not willing to part with their new Brother so soon. — I was left there, and one Day my Sisters and I sitting together, and talking about Family Affairs, they told me my Mother loved me dearly, and at her Death had left me 20 *l.* and the Mare she used to ride on, I was glad to hear that, and in some little Time I got the Money and the Mare into my Custody.

While I was at my Sisters, I took Notice of two young Women who used to come to the House; *Ann* and *Sarah Knolding*. By attending to the Conversation that passed between them and my Sisters, I found their Friends were dead, and that *Nanny* was left Guardian over *Sarah*. I soon got acquainted with *Nanny*, and promised her Marriage, and she so far approved of my Pretensions, that she entrusted me with all her Money, Bonds, Writings, and the Deeds of her Estate; when I had got all into my Custody, I left my Sisters and went to *Chatbam*, and mortgaged the Estate for six Years, getting 300 *l.* upon the Mortgage. Then I went immediately to *Gravesend*, and shipped my self on Board with Capt. *Bickler* for *Venice*.

At *Venice* I took a House and lived there a Twelve-month; then Money growing short, I was obliged to sell all off, and from thence I went to *Ancona*, where I lived 15 Months; at which time Capt. *Benjamin Hartley* came thither loaded with Pilchards. From *Ancona* he made a Voyage up to *Turkey*, and returned to *Ancona* again. Now he wanted a Carpenter on Board, and I was destitute of Business, and could stay no longer ashore, so I (unhappily for me) was obliged to ship myself on Board with him for *Turkey*.

We proceeded on our Voyage, and got to *Turkey* in *August*, 1735. There we took in a Lading of Corn, and from thence were consigned to *Leghorn*; but the first Night we were in our Passage from thence, *Coyle* the Chief Mate came to me upon Deck, and asked me whether I would be concerned with him or not? I told him he must first let me into the Secret, and then I would give him an Answer. He told me 'twas Pity to lose such an Opportunity of making ourselves, and that we might do it with very little Trouble, I told him I would have no Hand in it, — but
by

by his long Persuasions, and the Temptation of getting very rich in a very little Time, I consented to — *his Devilish Design*, and for which I must suffer, — but Repentance is now too late for me, — it can't recall the Thing.

But, according to the Scheme we had laid, we surprized the Captain in his Cabbin between 12 and 1 o'Clock at Night. He got from us and run upon Deck, and up the fore Shrouds. *Caleb Larson* and I went up after him, but, when he saw us pursue him, he run down on the other Side of the Shrouds. As he came down *Coyle* snapp'd a Blunderbus at him, but it miss'd Fire; upon which the Captain attack'd him, got the Blunderbus from him, and threw it into the Sea. Then *Coyle* and the rest of them got hold of him, and tossed him over the Ship Sides. As he fell, he got hold of the *Main-Tack*, as it hung by the Main Shrouds.

Before I could get down, *Coyle* took up a Hen-trough, and gave him as he hung 3 or 4 Blows over the Head with it, which only stunn'd him a little. When I came down, I unhappily saw my Axe lying in the Long-Boat, I got it, and gave him a Blow or two on the Head, and with those Blows he fell into the Water, and was — *no more seen*.

After the Captain was gone, *Coyle* took upon him to be Captain, and I was Mate; we made directly to the Island of *Malta*, and our Ship being leaky, we agreed to put in there; but the Boys not being willing we should do so, we did not go in, but agreed to go to *Majorca*. When we had got as far as *Cape Bona* in *Barbary*, the Wind proved very foul, and we were obliged to bring the Ship too, for several Days. The Storm continuing, and our Ship growing more leaky, we were obliged to look out for a Harbour. After some Consultation we resolved to make Sail for *Foviniano*, an Island belonging to the King of *Spain*. When we arrived there we went a-shore for Water and fresh Provisions, but as we came from *Turkey*, and had no Letters of Health, we could not get what we wanted, nor could we get away presently with our Ship, the Wind blew so hard.

We kept Watch o'Nights by Turns; *Coyle* and I watch'd with one of the Boys; *Larson* and *Davison* watched with the other two. In their Watch, they unhappily fell fast asleep, and the Boys, finding all quiet, haul'd up the Boat and

and got into it; when they had rowed themselves to Shore, they acquainted the Governor with what had passed on Board.

Larson was the first that awak'd, he call'd for the Boys that were in his Watch, but, having no Answer, he came down to me in a terrible Surprize, and told me all the Boys were gone, and that they had carry'd away one of our Boats. I started up and run upon Deck, where, finding what he said to be true, I told them 'twas Time for us to be gone, since they had let the Boys escape; so I order'd them to haul up the Long-Boat immediately, and throw Masts, Sails, and what Necessaries we could get into her. When this was done, we all took to the Boat, intending to make off.

The Governor, upon the Boys Information had sent down a Company of Soldiers to take Care of the Ship, and prevent our escaping, but it being very dark, tho' we were not 20 Yards from the Shore where they were all drawn up, yet they could not see what we were doing; but as soon as they heard the clapping of our Oars, they let fly all their Muskets among us; as Providence would have it, they wounded none of us; and before they could load again, we got out of the Bay into the open Sea; then we set up our Sail, and made for *Tunis* in *Barbary*.

Before we arrived at *Tunis*, we touch'd at a small Island called *Maritimo*; here we went a-shore, and staid some little Time to refresh ourselves. We diverted ourselves here with killing Rabbits; for tho' 'tis a very small barren Rock, yet it abounds so wonderfully with Rabbits, that the Ground is perfectly cover'd with their Dung, and a Man may easily kill a thousand in a Day.

When we were weary of staying here, we went to a Place about 12 Miles from *Tunis*, where I was taken and carried before the Governor. He examin'd me, and ask'd me from whence I came? I told him I was Master of a Vessel, and was forced into that Place by Distress of Weather in my Long-Boat, having lost my Ship and Cargoë off the Island of *Sardinia*. He pity'd us on Account of our Story, and made very much of us, recommending us to an *Italian* House, where we might lodge, 'till he had sent a Letter to the *English* Consul at *Tunis*, to acquaint him that there were some *English* Men arrived in Distress.

When

When I had been at this Place about a Fortnight, I sold the Long Boat, and all that belonged to her, and the Money I shared among them; then I went up to *Tunis*, and was examin'd by the *English* Consul.

I told him the same Story, I had told the Governor of the Place I came from; upon which he order'd me to make a formal Protest, as well for the Good of the Merchants who were concern'd in the Ship and Cargoe, as for our own Safety.

When we had done so, he told me he would serve me in any Thing I should have Occasion for; so I drew a Bill upon a Man at *Leghorn* for 50 *Checquins*, and supply'd my Companions with Money.

While we were here, one of our Men turn'd *Turk*, and the other *Jew*; as for *Coyle*, he got eternally drunk with the Money I gave him, and made such a Beast of himself that he betray'd himself in his Cups, and would certainly have betray'd me likewise on the Spot, but I happen'd, to hear his Conversation, and, as God order'd it, there was a Ship in the Bay just going off for *Tripoly*, on which I went aboard, and was no sooner got out of *Tunis* Bay, but *Coyle* was taken up, and I was hunted after, but was out of all Reach.

Coyle was sent from *Tunis* to *Gibraltar*, and from thence to *England*, where he was try'd for this Fact last Year, and was convicted and hang'd at *Execution-Dock*, and afterwards in Chains.

As for my Part, I got safe to *Tripoly*, and got twenty Pounds there, by drawing a Bill upon another Man at *Leghorn*; then I took Passage for the Island of *Malta*, where I lay in Quarentine twenty Days; then I went on Shore, and got me some Cloaths, and other Necessaries.

Then departed from *Malta* in a *Maltese* Galley for *Saragossa*, in the Island of *Sicily*, and from thence I fatally went to *Messina*, where I was seen and known, by a Gentleman that had liv'd at *Ancona*, and remember'd my slipping myself Captain *Hartley's* Carpenter.

He (having heard of the Murder) went directly to the *English* Consul, and told him who I was, upon which I was arrested, and kept in Goal in *Messina* about nine Months.

During my Confinement at *Messina*, I wrote a Petition

to *Don Carlos*, at *Naples*, praying his Orders for my Release, and setting forth, that I was a Servant of his Father.

He sent Orders to the Governor of *Messina*, to set me at Liberty, and to convey me away from *Messina*, and out of the Hands of the Consul.

Which they accordingly did, and I was sent to *Rome*. I continued five Months there, and then I came down to *Civita Vecchia*, thinking as I had turn'd *Catholic*, I should get some Employment in the *Pope's Gallies*.

While I was at *Civita Vecchia*, I unluckily fell into the Hands of Captain *Peter Blomet*, who invited me on Board his Ship, with some other Officers.

As soon as they were gone, he shewed me a Letter, in which I was described, and taxed me with the Murder of Capt. *Hartley*; I deny'd it, but it would not avail, he call'd down Hands to his Assistance, and secured me in Irons; then he sent me to *Leghorn*, from thence I was carried to *Lisbon*, and put on board the *Dursley Galley* Man of War, where I was kept three Months, and then was put on board the *Prince Frederick* Packet Boat, and brought to *Falmouth*; from *Falmouth* I was carried to *London*, and clapped up in the *Marshalsea*, and from thence was brought to this Place, in order to take my Trial, and, being convicted, must now very speedily suffer Death, as a due Punishment for my wicked Life.

Newgate Cells, Jan.

24, 1737-8.

John Richardson.

A Copy of a LETTER, wrote by the PRISONER.

TO MRS. JANE RICHARDSON in Soho-Square.

DEAR SISTER,

I AM sorry to find that your Love is still so cold to me; but I flatter'd myself that my long Absence might have turn'd your Heart, and have given you some little Desire to have seen me; but I find to the contrary, and that you are neither desirous of seeing me, nor willing to relieve me.

Had you acted like a Sister, you would have taken some Compassion on me under my Misfortunes, before I leave you and the World, which must be on Wednesday next; but,
instead

instead of meeting with Compassion from you, you despise me under my Calamities, and was so ungenerous as to send me but one poor Shilling out of the 20 l. you received, and which you know belongs to me.

Your ungenerous, and ungrateful Spirit, I hope will meet with its due Reward. Had I troubled you when I first came to England for any Assistance, you might have had Room to have put me off with one poor Shilling now. I hope your Twenty Pounds will melt and waste from you, like Snow against the Sun.

If you have any Inclination to see me before I die and leave the World, I should be very glad to see you; but if you have not, I conclude in my hearty Wishes, that you may meet with all the Unhappiness that can attend a Woman.

Cells in Newgate, Jan.

the 23d, 1737-8.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

He was Executed at Execution-Dock, on Wednesday, the 25th, of January, 1738.

Ed ward Johnson, Nicholas Williams, Lawrence Senett, Nicholas Wolf, Pierce Butler, and John Bryan, otherwise O'Bryan, for the Murder of Captain Benjamin Hawes, September 7, 1736, try'd at a Court of Admiralty, held at Justice-Hall, in the Old-Bailey, Feb. 24. 1737.

Clerk of Arraignment.

EDWARD JOHNSON, late of London, Mariner; Nicholas Williams, late of the same Place, Mariner; Lawrence Senett, late of the same, Mariner; Nicholas Wolf, late of the same, Mariner; Pierce Butler, late of the same, Mariner; and John Bryan, otherwise O'Bryan, late of the same, Mariner; you stand indicted, for that you, not having God before your Eyes, but being moved by the Instigation of the Devil, on the seventh of September, in the Tenth Year of his Majesty's Reign, you, the said Edward Johnson, Nicholas Williams, Lawrence Senett, Nicholas Wolf, Pierce Butler, and John Bryan, otherwise O'Bryan, then being Mariners of, and in a certain Ship, called the *Dove* Brigantine, of which one Benjamin Hawes, a Subject of our Lord the King, was Master; with
Force

Force and Arms, on the High Seas, and within the Jurisdiction of the Admiralty of *England*, about half a League distant from *Leghorn* in *Italy*, in Parts beyond the Seas, and upon the said *Benjamin Hawes*, then being Master as aforesaid, in the Peace of God, and in the said Ship, feloniously, wilfully, and of your Malice aforethought, did make an Assault, and that you, *Edward Johnson*, with a certain Knife, made of Iron and Steel, which you then and there held in your Right Hand, in and upon the Left Part of the Breast of the said *Benjamin Hawes*, near the Left Pap, then and there on the High Seas, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of your Malice aforethought, did strike and stab, giving to him then and there on the High Seas, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, on the Left Part of the Breast, and near the Right Pap as aforesaid, a mortal Wound, of the Length of one Inch, and the Depth of three Inches, of which mortal Wound, then and there on the High Seas, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, he instantly died.

My Lords, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, the Matter for your Consideration will lie in a narrow Compass, so I shall take up no more of your Time, but shall only call our Witnesses.

Richard Walker was called and sworn.

Council. Do you know the Vessel called the *Dove* Brigantine?

Walker. Yes, I belonged to her nine Years; *Benjamin Hawes* was Master.

Council. When did you go from *England* in her last?

Walker. About six Years ago; we went from *Harwich* and *Falmouth*: I was the Captain's Apprentice, and was to go with him all his Voyage for a certain Term of Years.

Council. Where was you in *June* last?

Walker. At *Leghorn*.

Council. Who had you on board at that Time?

Walker. *Williams* was Mate, and *Johnson* was a Mariner, *Senett* was a Mariner likewise, and one *Derrick* a Dutchman, was a Mariner too.

Council. Had you no one else on board?

Walker. Yes, we had one *O Mara*, a Passenger, on board, and none else, but the Captain and myself.

Council.

Council. When was you to sail from *Legborn* ?

Walker. We were to sail from thence the seventh of September.

Council. Were the rest of the Prisoners at the Bar on board ?

Walker. I did not see them then. The Master gave Directions on the 7th of September, that as soon as the Wind came off the Land, they should heave the Anchor ; and then he went down into his own Cabbin, and went to sleep, and I went and lay down on the Quarter Deck, over his Head, and went to sleep likewise.

Council. What followed upon that ?

Walker. I heard a shrieking and groaning, which wak'd me.

Council. What Time o'Night was this ?

Walker. I believe it was half an Hour past Ten when I heard it.

Council. What Sort of Noise was it ?

Walker. Like the Groans of a dying Man. I could not then tell what it was ; so I got up, and was coming round the Companion, and I met *Johnson* with a Knife in his Hand, and his Right Hand was all bloody. I asked him why he was bloody, and went down directly to see what was the Matter. I called *Williams* three Times by Name, and he asked me, what was the Matter ? I asked him if he was hurt ? He said, No. I desired he would let me look at him ; he said, may be the Captain is dreaming.

Council. Were they heaving the Anchor at this Time ?

Walker. Yes ; *Senett* had put a Handspike into the Windlace on the Side, and the *Dutchman* had another in the other Side, and *Johnson* was casting off the Stopper, in order to heave up the Cable. *Senett* said to *Williams*, shall we heave up the Anchor ? Aye, says he, with all my Heart, Boys — Turn too, Lads ; heave it up with all my Heart.

Council. What did you say to them ?

Walker. I said, what signifies heaving the Anchor, when the Vessel won't work ? *Williams* said, the Captain had ordered it ; and I said, then I will go down for my Shoes : I had locked the Cabbin-Door, (single locked it) when the Captain went to sleep, and I left the Key in the Door ;

Door ; when I set the Door open, I was frightened at what I saw.

Council. What did you see ?

Walker. I saw the Captain half on the Bed and half off, all bloody, and he appeared to me to be dead.

Council. What did you do upon this ?

Walker. I went up upon Deck, and met *Williams*, and I said, Mr. *Williams*, the Captain is dead ; who has killed him ?

Council. What Answer did he make ?

Walker. Lord have Mercy upon me, says he, I cannot tell. I desired him to take *Johnson*, and lash him to the Ring-bolts, and carry him ashore in the Morning, for, says I, I saw him coming up the Companion Ladder, all bloody.

Council. What Answer did *Williams* make ?

Walker. None at all, but only went forwards to *Johnson*, and I followed him : Then *Johnson* took hold of me, and said, G — d d — n you, I will kill you too.

Council. Repeat that again.

Walker. *Johnson*, when he took hold of me, said, G — d d — n you, you Dog, I will kill you too, and he struggled with me, and try'd to take out his Knife ; but I gave him a Blow on the Arm, and he let me go ; then I jumped over-board, and as I was going off, *Johnson*, cry'd, D — n the Dog, kill him, kill him, don't let him go ; and one of them struck a Knife after me into the Water, and it struck upon my Buttock.

Council. Was *Williams* upon Deck at the same Time ?

Walker. Yes, but I did not see him do any Thing ; the Knife that was thrown after me, cut my Trowsers, but not my Flesh.

Council. What followed upon your jumping into the Sea ?

Walker. They got into the Boat, and row'd after me ; *Johnson* was one who row'd after me ; but I did not mind who the others were ; I swam, and they followed me ; but I got to an *Italian Settee*, and I begged of them for God's-Sake, to make them keep off, for they had killed my Master, and wanted to kill me. They asked me who the Boat belonged to ? I told them : Then they haul'd the Boat, and *Johnson* cry'd *Hallo !* Then the People in the *Settee* fired upon them, and they then gave over the Pursuit, and returned to the Ship.

Council.

Council. Did you see the Ship make any Sail after this?

Walker. Yes, I saw the Ship go.

Council. Which Way did she go?

Walker. From the Land.

Council. So the *Italians* took you on board?

Walker. Yes, they threw out a Rope and pulled me up, and examined me: I would have had them put off, but they were afraid of being killed themselves; so they guarded me into the Mole, put me on board a Ship, and presently there came Boats mann'd and arin'd from other Ships, which went after them and took them: I came Home with them, but never had any Conversation with them.

Council. You say, you acquainted *Williams* with your seeing *Johnson*, coming up the Companion Ladder?

Walker. Yes.

Council. Did he make any Answer to you?

Walker. No, not at all; but went directly up to *Johnson*?

Council. Did he offer to seize *Johnson*?

Walker. No.

Council. Was there any body could have helped him to have seized *Johnson*?

Walker. Yes, *Senett*, and the rest of the Prisoners; but they none of them offered to seize him. *Johnson* seized me with one Hand, and with the other Hand he felt in his Pocket for his Knife, and cry'd *Aye, G—— d d—— n you, I'll kill you too*; but I struck him a Blow on the Arm, which made him let go, and I jump'd overboard, and he cry'd, *Kill the Dog, don't let him jump overboard*; but I swam away from them about eight hundred Yards.

Council. What Place was the Ship bound for, when the Captain was killed?

Walker. For *Messina*.

Council. What Course did the Ship make after they were discovered?

Walker. They steer'd right off the Land.

Council. Was that towards *Messina*?

Walker. No.

Council. What Ship took you in?

Walker. I swam first to an *Italian Settee*, and was afterwards taken on board the *Levant*, Capt. *Floyd*.

Council.

Council. What did you observe the other Prisoners do?

Walker. I was so much 'frighted, that I did not mind what they were doing.

Q. Did you see *Wolf* there?

Walker. No, I cannot say whether he was in the Ship at the same Time or not.

Q. What was *Senett* doing?

Walker. I did not see him, after the Captain was killed: He was weighing Anchor before I found him killed.

Council. When they were weighing Anchor, was there a proper Wind to go on the Voyage?

Walker. No, there was not.

Council. After you came on Shore, and made the Discovery, did you go on board again?

Walker. Yes, when the Ship was brought to, I did; when they were made Prisoners.

Council. Did you see the Body of the Captain, after his Death?

Walker. Yes, there was a Wound three Inches and 3 Quarters long, 'athwart his Breast: There was 2 Wounds, but I put my Hand into the largest, and the Surgeon measured it: 'Twas a long Wound, and it went quite through his Back, and was an Inch and half wide there: The great Wound went from his Breast, quite through his Body and through his Back; but there was another smaller Wound here, in this Place, (*pointing to his own Ribs.*)

Council. You said, you saw *Senett*, *Williams*, and *Johnson*; was that after you heard the Groaning of the Captain?

Walker. Yes.

Q. How long was it after the Fact was committed that the Ship was brought in?

Walker. 'Twas brought in about 3 Hours after, by several *English* Boats, which were in the Harbour, and then the Prisoners were taken out of her, and two of them were put on board one Ship, and two on board another: They were distributed on board other Ships. *Wolf* was brought Home with me in the *Dolphin* Man of War.

Q. What shap'd Knife was it that *Johnson* had in his Hand?

Walker. A *French* Clasp-Knife, about eleven Inches long, Handle and all, with a sharp Point; the Blade, toward

ward the Bottom, was about three Fourths of an Inch broad, and about a Quarter of an Inch at the Point : The Handle was longer than the Blade.

Council. Do you think the Wound could be made with that Knife ?

Walker. Yes it might.

Council. You say you saw his Hands bloody ?

Walker. Yes.

Council. Was the Knife bloody.

Walker. I did not observe that ; when I saw him, he was shutting it, with both his Hands, and I saw his right Hand bloody. The knife was found next Morning in the Boat they row'd after me, and in the Hollow of the Handle was all greasy and bloody, and there were Hairs sticking in it.

Council. What siz'd Man was the Captain ?

Walker. A stout, lusty, fat Man.

Council. Do you believe the Knife you saw in the Boat, was the same you saw in *Johnson's* Hands ?

Walker. Yes, I'm sure 'twas the same.

Jury. We ask, whether he knows how the Knife came into the Boat, because he has mentioned a Knife being thrown after him into the Sea.

Walker. It was not the Knife that I saw in his Hand, that was thrown after me, but another. *Johnson's* Clasp-Knife was found in the Boat, three or four Hours after it was brought in with the Ship. I did not see it in the Boat when it first came in.

Council. So you say, this Knife was found in the same Boat that *Johnson* was rowing in after you ?

Walker. Yes, Sir.

Council. What Shape was the Handle of the Knife ?

Walker. At the Bottom of the Handle it was roundish; at that Part next the Blade, it was flat.

Council. Do you think, that, if a Wound was made with the Blade, any Part of the Handle would go into the Wound ?

Walker. Yes, Sir.

C. Recollect yourselves ; would any of you ask the Witnesses any Questions ?

Johnson. I have no Questions to ask him ; he knows nothing of me, nor I of him.

Williams

Williams. I would ask him, whether, as the Wind was South-West, we did not sail the direct Way to *Ancona*?

Walker. No; 'twas a fine, clear, Moon-light Night, and all the while I was going in a Boat from the *Settee* to the Ship, I had Sight of her, and she was steering quite off from the Land.

Q. How long was it before you got from your own Ship to the *Settee*?

Walker. About half a Quarter of an Hour.

Q. How long was it after you got into the *Settee*, that you got into an *English* Vessel?

Walker. About half an Hour.

Senett. I observed the Witness said, I had a Handspike in the Windlace. The *Dutchman* came to me as I was lying on the Forecastle, and he 'wak'd me: I got up and said to *Williams*, are you going to heave up? No, says *Williams*, there's no Wind. Why, says I, the *Dutchman* has 'wak'd me to heave up; then, says *Williams*, you may go to sleep again. Ask him about my Behaviour in the Ship.

Walker. He obeyed Command in the Ship, as other Mariners ought to do. He had been about six Weeks on Board, when this happened; and was taken in at *Legborn*.

Council. Call *William O Mara*.

William O Mara, who was very sick, was called and sworn.

Council. Do you know the *Dove* Brigantine?

O Mara. Yes, I did, Sir.

Council. What Time did you come on board?

O Mara. Sometime in *August*, 1736, I dont remember the particular Day.

Council. Who was on board when you came first?

O Mara. There was *Williams*, he was the chief Man: he at the Bar there. There was *Andrew Downing*, — *Laurence Senett*; I don't know that *Johnson* was there: He belonged to the Ship at that Time, but was not concerned in any Business, in the wicked Enterprize they went upon; nor *Wolf. Bryan* was. *Butler* was not there at that Time.

Council. Give an Account what passed the 7th of September,
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tember, after that *August* you speak of, with Relation to the Captain's coming on board, and ordering the Ship to be put under Sail; tell what passed that Night.

O Mara. I was asleep in the Mate's Cabbin, and *Wolf* with me. About eleven or twelve I heard a great Groan in the Captain's Cabbin; I said, Oh! dear *Wolf*, what is the Matter? G——d d——n thee, says he, can't not sleep, and, in about three Minutes Time, *Walker* went down. I heard the Gushes of Blood run from the Orifices, as if a Bung hole had been made in his Body.

Council. How near did you lie to the Captain?

O Mara. I lay in the Larboard-side of the Ship, and the Captain's Cabbin was just at my Head, and nothing between us, but a slight Partition. He lay more in the Center of the Ship than I did.

Council. When you heard the Groans, and the Gushing out of the Blood, what did you do?

O Mara. Nothing in the World; but then, in about three Minutes after, *Walker* came down and went in, in his Shirt; when he saw the Captain dead, he run to *Williams*, and said, Oh! Mr. Williams, the Captain's dead; then I heard *Johnson* say, *Kill the Dog, kill the Dog*; meaning *Walker*, and they had a Jostle together about half a Minute; well (says I) now the Boy is killed, and there's no Remedy. In a short Time after this I heard somebody say, ——— See how naturally the Dog takes the Water.

Council. Do you know any Thing of *Senett*, or *Johnson*, or any of the Prisoners endeavouring to weigh Anchor at that Time?

O Mara. I did not hear any Thing of that, to my Knowledge. As soon as the Noise began, they did not stay to get up the Anchor, for they cut the Cable.

Council. Which of them cut the Cable?

O Mara. *Williams* did; I was by at the same Time, and saw him cut it with a Hatcher.

Q. What was the Reason, that *Williams* cut the Cable?

O Mara. Oh! ——— the Captain was killed, and he was going Captain.

Q. How do you know that?

O Mara. I have very good Reason to know it, — I myself

self drew the Articles, by which he was constituted, nominated, and appointed so. There were Articles drawn twice; but *Downing* had nothing to do with them.

Council. Do you know of any Combination among the Prisoners?

O Mara. I do,—I know it all; I was a Party concerned myself.

Council. Begin, and give an Account when you first came on board, and what passed between you; What was the Occasion of your first coming on board? Who tempted you on board?

O Mara. *John O Bryan*, one of the Prisoners; he brought me on Board, and told me, that I must go no more to my own Ship, for somebody had told Sir *Mark Forrester*, who was the Captain, ('twas a *Spanish* Man of War) that I had given it out, that he was Knighted by a *Bricklayer's* Son, meaning the *Pretender*, and *O Bryan* told me, that he would hang me up when I went on board: This drove me to Despair, and made me willing to go any where. He told me he had got a *Birth*, and was going Mate of a *Dutch* Ship, the *Dove* Brigantine: He called it a *Dutch* Ship, and said, if I pleased I might take a *Birth* along with him; so I went on board the *Dove* with him, and I met Mr. *Williams* in the first Place, and *Downing* and *Laurence Senett*.

Council. What Discourse had you together?

O Mara. They brought out a Prayer-Book, and swore me to Secrecy, and I swore. When they had done taking the Oath, they said, this Ship was richly laden, and belonged to *Jews*, and that it was no Sin to carry it away from them. They said the Ship ('twas given out) belonged to a *Dutchman*, but that was only a Sham and a Pretence, to get me into their Contrivances. They proposed to go away with the Ship, and sell her and her Cargo on the Coast of *Portobel* or *Gallicia*, and every one was to have an equal Dividend.

Council. Who made the Proposition?

O Mara. All; they all joined, *Williams*, *Senett*, *O Bryan*, and *Downing*. I agreed with them in it, and we went ashore directly, and called *Butler*, and we drew up the Articles at a Publick House, the Sign of the *Ship and Mermaid* at *Leghorn*.

Council. Who drew up the Articles?

O Mara. I did, and we all signed them. *Williams* signed first.

Council. What was the Substance of the Articles?

O Mara. The Substance was, that *Williams* should be Captain; *O Bryan*, Mate; *Senett* was to be Boatswain, and *Downing* was to be second Mate; there was something to be for every one; every one was to have a Post, and so they gave me the Name of Doctor.

Council. What followed upon this?

O Mara. When we had signed the Articles, *Williams* and *Senett* went on board again; *Downing*, *Butler*, *Bryan*, and I, staid on shore.

Council. What Office was *Butler* to have? You have not mentioned his Post.

O Mara. I had forgot him: He was to be Supercargo.

Council. Well, and what did you all do on Shore?

O Mara. Why, that Night we drunk upon the Strength of what *Williams* gave us.

Council. What did he leave you to spend?

O Mara. A Chequin.

Council. When did you see them again?

O Mara. About two Days after, *Downing*, *Butler* and I, sent aboard for *Williams* and *Senett* to come ashore to us, and we pretended that we had other Men who would join with us in the Business. This we did to get the Paper out of *Williams*'s Hands, for he took it when we had signed it.

Council. Repeat again the Names of the Persons that signed, and the Order in which they signed.

O Mara. *Williams* signed first, as Captain; *O Bryan*, as Mate, second; *Pierce Butler*, third, as Supercargo; *Downing*, fourth, as second Mate; *Senett*, fifth, as Boatswain; and I said, Gentlemen, I am satisfy'd with any Thing, so I sign'd—Doctor.

Council. What did you do with them when they came on Shore?

O Mara. We got the Paper from them and burnt it, and departed, resolving never to see one another more.

Council. What made you desire to get the Paper again?

O Mara. Disunion among us.

Council.

Council. How came you to go to the Ship again ?

O Mara. *O Bryan* and I took out a Bill of Health to go to *Genoa* on the 20th of *August*, but we had not the good Fortune to meet with a *Felucca*, so we were obliged to stay in the Town.

Council. Who burnt the Articles ?

O Mara. *Williams*, he would not give them out of his Hand ; he pulled out a Paper, and said, here they are, and he held it over the Candle and burnt it ; I believe it was the Articles.

Q. Consider, you swore the Articles were burnt, now you say, you don't know whether they were or not ; you must say nothing upon Surmise.

O Mara. He produced a Paper, and said it was the Articles ; 'twas very much like them, and he held it over the Candle till it was burnt ; we did not care to shew Names. *Downing* was the Person that called out most for the Articles. *Williams* at first told us the Articles were on board, but afterwards, when there was some Words about them, he drew out a Paper, and held it over the Candle, and burnt it, and said,——there it is in Ashes.

Council. What happened after the Paper was burnt ?

O Mara. Sometimes afterwards they begun with us again : *Williams* spoke to *Senett*, and then they took *Johnson* in and me. We drew second Articles among us four, and I wrote the Articles by *Williams*'s Direction. They were of the same Purport with the other, only the Names of the *Mates*, and *Supercargo*, and *Boatswain*, were changed.

Council. Who signed these second Articles ?

O Mara. *Williams* signed first as Captain, *Senett* signed second for Mate, I signed next for Supercargo, and *Johnson* for Boatswain. And, to these second Articles, there was none conscious, but us Four, to my Knowledge.

Council. What Time were these Articles signed ?

O Mara. 'Twas before the Captain was killed, about a Week before, or thereabouts. I went on board, and remained on board from that Time till the Captain was killed.

Council. Had you any Discourse together what was to be done with the Ship ?

O Mara. There was nothing fixed where we were to go, some said we'll go to *Sallee*, some said to *Angier*, some said go here, some there.

Council. Were these Articles too put into *Williams's* Hands ?

O Mara. Yes, and I saw them afterwards in his Hands, he delivered them into my Hands the Night before the Captain was killed, and that very same Night too. *O Bryan* came on board the latter End of the Night, before the Captain was killed, and *Butler* with him. I was the first that saw them after they came on board ; they had swam to us from the *Lazaretto*, and I told *Williams* that *O Bryan* and *Butler* were come, and he proposed the Affair to them. We had then on board *Williams*, *Johnson*, *Senett*, *Butler*, *O Bryan*, and myself ; all the Ships Hands were upon Deck ; these were all on board the Night the Captain was killed.

Council. Was the Design of killing the Captain, and running away with the Ship, mentioned to all these ?

O Mara. Yes, and they declined doing it that Night, because it was past Three o'Clock ; and they were afraid they should be taken, before they could get off.

Council. Did any of them oppose the doing it ?

O Mara. No, not one ; they only declined doing it that Night, because it was so near Morning they were afraid of being taken.

Council. Did *Johnson* sign the second Articles ?

O Mara. Yes, he signed the second Articles, but not the first ; *Johnson* was to be Boatswain.

Council. What were the Conditions of these Articles, with Regard to the Captain ?

O Mara. Some were for putting him to Death ; but, in the written Articles that was left to *Williams*, and he said he would put him on Shore at *Gallieto*. By the Articles *Williams* was to do as he pleased with him. We had great Disputes about the Captain ; some were for putting him on Shore at *Gallieto*, (a desolate Island on the Coast of *Africa*) with some Provisions, and among these *Williams* was one.

Jury. Was he to be put ashore dead or alive ?

O Mara.

O Mara. Alive,——alive,——we were to give him Provisions, I told you.

Q. How far distant is *Gallieto* from any other Island?

O Mara. Thirty or forty Leagues.

Q. How long after the Captain's coming on board was it that he was killed?

O Mara. He was killed the first Night he lay on Board: He had been absent from the Ship a Day or two.

Council. Had you any Consultations while the Captain was on board?

O Mara. No, not a Word, nor a Word of the Articles, while he was aboard.

Council. After *Butler* and *O Bryan* came on board, had you any Consultation?

O Mara. After they came on board, *Williams* said, he had a mind to slip, and one of them said, it would be hard to do that, for fear the Crew should be in Liquor, and the Wind should blow hard.

Council. Was *Wolf* present at any of the second Meetings?

O Mara. Yes, very often.

Council. Had they any Discourse what to do with the Powder and Guns?

O Mara. Yes, the Morning after *Bryan* and *Butler* came on board, they all went forward to the Captain's Cabbin and the Steerage, and I went down after them, and they eat some dried Fish, and drank some of that Country Wine; and, after they had done eating, they took down 6 Fuzees, which hung in the Cabbin, and *Williams* charged them with a single Ball in each of them. *Wolf* asked him, how many Balls he had put in? He said, but one: *Wolf* said, G——'s B——d, a single Ball may fly here and there, and do no Execution; so he put another Ball into every one of them, and said, they should do sure Work; then I apprehended Murder would be done. I used to hear them very often threatening *Dick Walker*,——that they'd be even with him: They have said an hundred Times, D——n their Bloods, the first Opportunity they had, they would get him out of the Way,——a vile Dog as he was, for opposing them.

Council. Who said so?

O Mara. *Williams* has said so sometimes, but rather seldomer than the others; *Senett* and *Johnson* has otten said, ——— *D* ——— *n the Dog, he should have a Shite,* meaning a Shoot.

Council. Was it proposed, that *Bryan* and *Butler* should sign the Articles?

O Mara. Yes, they desired to see them, and *Williams* gave them into my Hands to read them. I did so; and *Bryan* and *Butler* begun to swear and damn, because, in these second Articles, others were substituted in their Places. But *Williams* said he would make them all easy, when he was got out to Sea. *Senett* told him, that *Johnson* and himself had most Trouble in lading the Ship, and, says he, shall others run away with the Substance? Then, says *Williams*, do you take one of the Men, and I will take t'other, and we'll put them out of your Way: And they drew their long Knives, but *Johnson* said, if any Dog offered to come near him, he would rip him up: *Bryan*, seeing this, said, he would swim on Shore again.

Q. How soon after this, did the Captain come on board?

O Mara. I was a sleep when he came, but I believe it was about nine or ten at Night. I went to sleep about duskish, and slept till the Groan 'wak'd me, that was between eleven and twelve.

Q. Do you know who went in the Boat to pursue the Boy?

O Mara. I was below when the Boat went out, but I saw it return; *Johnson* and *Butler* came back in it. I heard *Senett* and *Johnson* say, G——d's Bl——d, the Dog can't swim far, he has got the Knife in his Body; however, take the Boat and row after him. When *Johnson* and *Butler* returned to the Ship, *Johnson* said, ——— *Ob! you treacherous Dogs, G——d d——n you, could not you keep that Boy aboard, when I had done the Work of the Great Man, and killed him myself.* ——— And he drew out his Knife, and swore he would kill himself, because his Hands had missed the Boy; but I got hold of him, and said, *For God's Sake don't send yourself to Heaven* (to Hell, I meant) *as yet.* The Knife was bloody at that Time, I knew it, and I know

know he has stole it from a *Frenchman* ; the Blade was 6 or 7 Inches long.

Q. Did he say he had killed the Captain in the Hearing of the Prisoners?

O Mara. Yes,—of every one of them, and they did not blame him at all, only *Bryan* and *Butler* blamed him for killing him before they were got out to Sea. *Williams* said, that was the Misfortune.

Q. Who cut the Cable, and what Part of it was cut?

O Mara. *Williams* cut it at the Windlace; there was about three Turns upon the Windlace.

Williams. *Dick Walker* came and begged of me to take that Witness on board as a Passenger.

Walker. I deny it; *Williams* asked me to let him come on board, and I said I would ask the Captain's Leave, and I did so, and the Captain said he might come, but he should pay for his Passage.

John Legard. I was Chief Mate of the *Levant* : I saw *Walker* begging in the Water to be taken on board ; and heard him pray for his Assistance, his Master being kill'd : He was taken in, and presently five Boats were mann'd out and arm'd ; I was one that boarded the Brig. *Bryan* jumped over-board, but another Boat took him up again ; *Williams*, *Wolf*, and an *Indian* (born at the *Cape-of-good-Hope*) were upon Deck ; *Senett*, *Johnson*, *Butler*, and the Witness O Mara were hid in the Fore-Scuttle, under some raw Buffalo's Hides ; D——n you, says I to *Williams*, what have you done with the Captain ? After some Time being silent, he said, he's a dead Man, and not a Man for this World. I went down into the Cabbin, and saw him lie on the Floor with his Hand on the Wound, and the Corpse was covered with a Sheet, his Scrutore broke open, and his Papers lying about. *Williams* said to *Johnson*, *Johnson*, don't deny it; you are the Man that killed the Capt. and I cut the Cable ; and the *Dutchman* said, *Awe, that's the Man that slaaw'd the Captain* ; and he said nothing at all in his own Excuse. *Williams* told us the Captain had always been very good, and he believed the Devil was in him, and he expected nothing but to die ; so I sent him a Bible, and bid him make good Use of it. When we pulled the rest of them out from under the Hides, O Mara was very obstreperous, and told us he was the King of Spain's

Subject; but we broke a Cutlass about his Shoulders, and made him quiet.

Mr. Rogers. I was one who boarded this Brig, we found *Wolf, Williams*, and the *Dutch-Indian*, on Deck; so I thought there must be more Men concealed, so I asked *Williams* for a Tinder-box and Candle; he told me he knew of none; we told him he deserved to have his Nose cut off, — he a Mate, and not know where to find a Tinder-box: At last we found one, and got a Light to search for the Men that were hid; we saw their Legs under the Hides, but they would not come out; but, upon our threatening to fire among them, *O Mara, Johnson, Butler*, and *Senett*, came out, and we secured them. *Williams* said, the Captain was very good to him, that he never eat nor drank without him, and he believed the Devil possessed him. He told *Johnson*, it signified nothing to deny it. After this *Senett* confessed the whole Affair, and, at his own Request, I took an Account thereof in Writing. He told me, that *Williams* swore him first to Secrecy, and when he had sworn, he (*Williams*) told him, the Vessel was richly laden, and if he could procure others to acquiesce with him, it might be run away with. Upon this he brought *Downing* to *Williams*, and after this he was sworn to Secrecy. *Williams* told him (*Downing*) that the Captain was to be killed, that no Stories might be told. *Williams* said, that for his Part, he was rather for setting the Captain ashore on a desolate Island: But *Johnson* insisted on his being killed, and said, that it would not be the first (by many) that he had put out of the Way. That *Downing* was the Man who first proposed killing the Captain.

The Prisoners had nothing material to say in their Defence, nor any Witnesses to call, either to the Fact, or to their Characters.

Edward Johnson, Guilty; *Nicholas Williams*, Guilty. *Senett, Wolf, Butler*, and *Bryan*, acquitted.

Edward Johnson, Nicholas Williams, and *Lawrence Senett*, were indicted a second Time, for feloniously and piratically endeavouring to make, and causing to be made, a Revolt in the said Ship, and running away with the same, as aforesaid.

The Evidence upon this Indictment was the same as upon

upon the former Trial, and the Jury found them all Guilty. *Death.*

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

Nicholas Williams, 31 Years of Age, of honest Parents in the *Isle of Man*, who gave him good Education at School in Reading, Writing, Accompts, and other Things, to fit him for Business, and had him instructed carefully in Christian Principles; when of Age he was put to the Sea, and served out his Time honestly and faithfully: He liv'd a considerable Time in *Dublin*, having gone several Voyages from that Port. Since he was eighteen Years old, he always served as Mate of Ships, was honest in his Dealings, and had a good Character among Merchants and Captains, who employed him.

Some Time ago he married a Wife, by whom he has one Child now living: She came often to visit him in his most miserable Circumstances, weeping most bitterly, and shedding plenty of Tears. The last Voyage he went to *Gibraltar*, and after that happening to be at *Marseilles*, when Capt. *Hawes* had discharg'd his Men, he engaged with him as Mate for *Leghorn*, whither when they came, they unloaded and loaded again a very rich Cargo, designing to come Home. This rich Ship had gone from *Harwich* for *Leghorn*, for Herrings, in the Year 1730, intending now to return to *England*, having been at several Ports in the Course of a trading Voyage. On the 7th of *September* last, the Captain, having been on Shore for two Days, to set all Things in Order for his Voyage homeward, he came on board about eight or nine o'Clock at Night, and enquiring into the State of the Ship, he gave Orders to *Williams* to heave the Anchor and set sail when the Wind blew off the Land. They had before left the Mole, and were lying at Anchor in the Road of *Leghorn*, about half a League from the Town, and were ready to sail.

The Captain having given this Order to the Mate, told him, *He was going to sleep, and bid him take Care.* Accordingly he went to Bed, and, wearied with Business on Shore, fell into a sound Sleep, and about half an Hour past Ten at Night, *Edward Johnson* went down to the Cabin, and, with a *French*, strong, large Clasp Knife, stabbed the Captain in the Breast, and quite through to the Back,

where

where also a Hole was made, and he wounded him likewise in other Parts of the Body, the Orifice of the great Wound being so large, that it looked as if his Body had been ript open. The first who took Notice of this, was *Richard Walker*, the Cabbin-boy and Apprentice to the Captain, who heard a grievous Groan and Out-cry, like that of a dying Person. Astonished at this, he called out to Mr. *Williams*, that he had heard a lamentable Groan, and asked him if he was well, and felt about his Breast with his Hand: *Williams* said, perhaps the Captain is dreaming; then the Boy saw them working the Windlace to weigh Anchor; he thought it strange that they were to sail when it was calm and no Wind; yet he went to the Cabbin for his Shoes in order to assist; there he found his Master, the Captain, lying half out of Bed in the miserable Manner aforementioned.

He immediately went up Stairs, and saw *Johnson* going up with his Hands all bloody, and closing the Clasp Knife with both his Hands. He told Mr. *Williams*, the Mate, that the Captain was murdered, and desired him to secure *Johnson* the Murderer. *Williams* made no Answer, but spoke to *Johnson*; upon which *Johnson* swore at the Boy, and called him Dog, threatened to kill him, and, holding him by one of his Hands, he, with his other Hand, was taking out the bloody murdering Knife; but the young Man, giving him a Blow upon the Arm, got loose from him, and running about Mr. *Williams*, he jumped into the Sea, and swam for his Life: *Johnson* cried out to kill the Dog, and threw a Knife after him, which cut his Trowsers, but did not touch his Flesh; then *Johnson*, with two or three others, pursued him in the Ship's Boat, but *Walker* swam so fast, that, before they could overtake him, he came up with an *Italian* Settee, and begged hard of them to take him in, for the Murderers of his Master were pursuing to kill him also.

They took him in, and, telling them the Story, they conveyed him to an *English* Ship, and the *English* Ships in the Harbour immediately mann'd and arm'd several Boats. The first who boarded the Ship was Capt. *Rogers*, with a Mate of another Ship, who found *Williams*, and two or three of the Men, on Deck, *Williams* stood confounded,
and

and had little to say ; upon this, in an Instant, came up a great many more Boats with arm'd Men, and finding a Light, which Mr. *Williams* could not tell them of, they saw the Captain, with a Sheet thrown over him, and barbarously murdered as above. Then they laid hold upon *Williams*, and the two or three Men on Deck, and searching for the rest of the Crew, who, with *Johnson* the Murderer, were hid under some Skins in the Fore-skuttle ; they put the whole Ship's Crew in Irons, and carried them on board of the *English* Ships in the Harbour, and put them two and two in different Ships to be kept secure.

Next Morning they brought the late Capt. *Hawes's* Ship into the Mole, to secure her for the Owners. The Prisoners were brought Home in a Man of War, by the Way of *Gibraltar* and *Lisbon*, to *London*. Mr. *Williams* said, that Evening he was very drowsy, and was sleeping on the Quarter-Deck upon the main Sail, when this Murder was committed, which was all the Excuse he had, that his Hands were not imbrued in the Captain's Blood ; but otherwise he confessed, that he was the chief Man in contriving the whole Plot, to run away with the Ship, and turn Pirates ; but he was not clear for murdering the Captain, inclining rather to set him on Shore on some desolate Island.

And he alledged also, that he knew nothing of the Design of murdering the Captain that Night : He likewise owned their having drawn up Articles twice, and that they signed them. He was mightily inclined to drinking, and kept himself, and the rest of the Conspirators, for some Days, while all this was a hatching, perpetually warm with Drink, having consumed a considerable Quantity of strong *Florence* Wine, which was upon the Captain's, or some Merchant's Account.

He gave the Captain the Character of a very kind, civil Gentleman, particularly to himself, and that he never eat or drank without him. He told also, that having four Swivil Guns, which could shoot every Way, and plenty of Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and Lead, he could have killed fifty or a hundred Men before they could have boarded him ; but he said he was glad that no more innocent Blood was shed.

*A Copy of a Letter, sent from Eleanor Williams, to her
Husband in Newgate.*

MY dear and unfortunated Love, who have always a Hart both to love and pity, tho' a Prison cepes me from you ; nothing but Deth can tare you from my Hart.

My Sole, I am asfeard that my coming to see you, was not to yure liking, for I sereed you look as if you was offended with me ; but O let me not think you can be offended with me, noin that I was not the Caus of thes Sufferings that we both laber under ; but I indevered to prevent them to the uttermost of my Power. If you can think of ane thing to sav your dere Life, which I prires more then my oen, I will undertake it with God's Leve, let the Task be never so hard ; for the worst of Torter I can indere for your Sake.

My dere Sole, kepe a gud Hart, and trust in God, and dont despare, for I hope that he will forgiv you with true Repentense, which I hope you will striv to do, for were ther is Mercy creased, ther is Mercy found in the midst of Misere.

Loving and beloved, you shall not want my Praers to Almyty God for your Sole's Good, and as your Life is short, I hope your Behaving will be gret, and your Faith strong ; for ther is nothing too hard for him to do, nor will he be wanting if you put your Trust in him, for he is slow to Angur, and of great Gudness to all thos who love and fear him.

Pray, my dere Sole, be plesed to except this as a Peteson to introduces me into your Faver, so much as to anser these bines, and let me no the worst of your Misfortunes, which you are no to labour under, that I may the beter no how to expres myself to you ; for when I am with you, if I speke, you thinck I ressec, when it is not ment so to you ; but one my oen uen happy self and pore Child, that are to be left behind. You have but oen World now to care for, I pray God sitt you for that ; but I have too Bodys and Soles to take Care for, and a trubelsom Wurd to shiff in, which God noes that my Case is very bad and noen to help me,
nor

nor so much as to pety my deplorable Condition that I am left in; but I hop that my Los will be youre eternal Gane, and that we shall met again in a Hevenly Kingdom, where Sorres shall be whipt awea, for one Day in Heven is better than a Thousand.

My Love, they sent me Word from the *Marshall*, that they had sent the Things last Nite to you. If I able to come To-morrow I will, to see you, it being the 3 of *March*. My dere Life and Sole, Hevens bles you, and Angils gard you Nite and Day; from your poor uenhappy Wife,

Charyr-Garden, March 2.

Eling Williams.

Nicholas Williams had wrote under the above Letter.

I am in Heaviness through many Tribulations; O Lord receive me into that Place of Rest where all Tears shall be wiped away from mine Eyes; where there shall be no more Death, nor Sorrow, nor Crying, nor Pain.

I am here in a State of Banishment and Absence from the Lord; O take me where I shall for ever behold thy Face, and follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth.

I have fought the good Fight, I have kept the Faith, I have finished my Course; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness.

N. WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS's Answer to the above Letter.

My dear Life,

I Received yours, and am heartily sorry to find that you are out of Order; your giving yourself so much Trouble on my Account, makes me very uneasy: My dear Soul, I would have you know, that D——g is as guilty as I am. I am informed he tells the World that I brought him to this Place, he is a Lyar and a Villain for saying so, for it was his Countryman Senett that brought him here, and Senett will declare at the Day of his Death, that he, and his black guard Crew, were the sole Cause of my Misfortunes. I suppose he has laid me out in a fine manner, because I cannot answer for myself: If he comes to you again, ask for the Chequin that I lent him at Leghorn, where I have filled his Belly, when he had not a Soufe in his Pocket. His
telling

telling you that I shall die a Roman Catholick, is like the rest of his Villainies: But my dear Life, you are a Woman of more Sense than to believe so scandalous a Fellow as he is, and I would not have you grieve about me.

I shall leave some Papers, with regard to my Transactions, behind me, and shall take Pleasure in Death. I acknowledge I have been guilty of many Sins, but I hope and trust God will forgive me. My Dear, I shall have no more Concern upon me the Day when I shall die, than I have now; for what is Death? 'Tis a Debt which every one must pay: All that grieves me, is the Thoughts of leaving you behind me in so bad a Condition, and without any to help you: The great God I hope will be a Husband to you, and a Father to my poor Child.

And, my dear Soul, with Regard to your future Behaviour, 'tis my earnest Desire that you would look before you leap; you know I never used you ill, nor was unkind to you, any further than Words, and those but now and then, you know we never had many: But for God's Sake take Care of yourself and my Child; for if you do not, if after my Death I can be sensible you are not, it would interrupt my Rest, and disturb me much.

Pray be kind to my Child, and let not the Reflections that may be cast upon you be regarded by you. Let the World say of you as they please, I hope God will provide for you and my dear Babe. Pray come on Sunday, and take your last Farewel of me. Pray keep a good Heart, and be no Companion of that nasty Thing Davison's Wife. I have a good mind not to give her the Book; Capt. A—— stopped Half a Crown from me for it.

I beg you'd make yourself easy, which is all at present,
from Your dying Husband,

N. WILLIAMS.

I have a good mind to write to Brother Hall.

The following Paper was found likewise in his Cell.

MEDITATIONS.

WHEN I look back upon the many Years I have already lived in the World, and review the Time I have spent in Idleness, or unsatisfactory vain Pleasures, or the

the Business of this perishing World; when I consider how small a Portion of my Time has been employed in the great Concerns of another State, I cannot help being overwhelm'd with Sorrow.

I am dreadfully amazed at my own Inconsiderateness and Folly; I now see the Importance of a constant habitual Regard for the Things of Eternity. Lord! what have I been doing? How sadly have I spent all my Days (one of which I now would be glad to recal) not only negligent of thee, and of my own Good, but in the eager Pursuit of Sin and Vanity. 'Tis high Time for me to reflect on my Condition; I hope 'tis not too late now to consider the End of my Being, and why I was sent here by the great Governor of the World, and Director of all Things. Surely it was not to follow with Solicitude the Comforts and Enjoyments of this Life; it was not to take up my Rest and Habitation here, but my Life, my Being, my Time, and my Faculties, were Talents intrusted with me, that I might have improved to my eternal Advantage.

I now see, that the Blessings and Comforts of this Life should have led my Thoughts up to the Fountain from whence they flowed, and by all these Things I should have fitted and prepared myself for Immortality, and the eternal Enjoyment of God.

Now do I wish indeed, that my Life, (spent in Luxury, Vanity, and a total Neglect of God and Duty) had been all laid out in the sincere Practice of Virtue, and in the solid, satisfactory Comforts of Religion. However, since I have been too careless of these, and so shamefully negligent of what I was originally designed for, let me endeavour, with all my Might (before my Breath is stopped) to retrieve my lost Time, if it be possible.

Let me bid adieu now to the World and sensual Pleasures, for the Time now draws near, when they will bid me farewell, whether I am willing or not, and then they will be to me, as though they never had been, except the dreadful Account I must give for my too earnest Pursuit after them; and now it is that I see they are Trifles.

Methinks this solitary gloomy Cell is a proper Place for me to retire to from the busy empty World. Methinks this dismal Habitation is very fit to sequester myself in from Vanity and Vexation.

Here

Here will I bid adieu to all my former Follies, here will I employ myself to secure that Happiness for which I was created, and for the Enjoyment of which I was brought into Being. Within these dreadful Walls not a single Thought of the World I am leaving behind me, shall enter, unless it be by way of Contempt; that and I are fallen out, I find in a few Days more we must part, we will therefore now part, and that for ever. And this Cell, this melancholy Place, suits the Condition of a Man banished from Society, and parted from all Mankind: Gaiety and Inconsideration suit not with the dismal Gloom of this Retirement.

Oh! my Time, my Hours, my Minutes, how swiftly do ye fly! how soon ye are gone! Oh! that ye were not so hasty, so very transient, that I might have a longer Duration of Quietness and Sequestration from Disquietude, and the busy Interruptions of a vain deceitful World.

But, since these Hours so swiftly fly: Since my Time is so short, since the Period will so soon overtake me, which must bring Death with it, let me make the best Use of these Moments, and employ them all in preparing myself for my great Change.

Aged 31, last St. Thomas's Day.

Written on Feb. 28, 1736-7, in my Cell.

Monday Morning, March 14, Execution-Day.

I*T is a dismal Scene that's before me. ——— Metbinks I live in this Cell calmly and undisturbed! Metbinks I could pass my Time here in Ease and Melancholy! Men say, and I know, that the World is full of Trouble; but here, why could not I be content? While many eat the Bread of Carefulness, I have learned to be solicitous for nothing, so could live at Ease. ——— But stop, ——— consider, this must end, the Day is come, when all must cease, and I myself shall be no more. ——— I am indeed now in Health, Vigour, ——— but I must die. ——— Oh, dreadful Thought! ——— But let me think a little, ——— many Men were well last Month, who are now in another World. ——— I am made like them, and subject to the same Diseases and Disorders that brought them to the House appointed for all Living.*

Since

Since it is so, since at last I must submit to the Stroke of Death, why should I trouble myself that it overtakes me a few Days sooner than perhaps it might have done? The certain Knowledge of the Time when I must die may have been useful to me, by putting me on a speedy Preparation for it.

The few Minutes I have to stay in this private Cell, let me use to the best Purpose. I have no more Years to propose to myself the Enjoyment of; but was I free from this Distress, and these melancholy Circumstances, — what then? Why, I might promise myself many Days. — My Father, at my Age, perhaps did the same; yet he is gone, and what are all those Years to him now? They are vanished with him, and gone for ever. To look forward on twenty Years, it is a long Prospect; but to look back on the same when they are past, will shew the Mistake, and will convince me of their Brevity. The Years that are to come will be no longer than the Years that are past, and Death must inevitably conclude all.

What then is all the Grandeur of this World! Death puts an End to it all; tho' by a Life of Care and Toil, I might have heaped up Riches; yet the Time would come, when I must have been torn from them; they must have passed to others; it would at that Time appear to me that I had been labouring to make another Man rich, and would it not be a sad Reflection (if it should be so) that I have toiled and spent my Time to be damned for another's temporal Advantage; and I must endure eternal Torments for perhaps I know not who. Tho' this is not exactly my present Case, yet I have too much coveted what Men call the good Things of this Life. This World has had my Heart, and now I am requited: O vain bewitching Pleasure! when I was so eager in the Pursuit of you, how little did I think of this dreadful — dreadful Hour! How little of this Fear of Hell which now depresses my Spirits and embitters all my Thoughts. Ob! this is indeed a sad and dreadful Hour, in which an End must be put to Life, and the Sorrows of Eternity must begin. What Fears and Horrors fill my guilty Mind! I shall die but once — But ob! there's no returning back from the Tribunal of an Almighty God to amend my former Life; nor shall I ever have an Opportunity to make Amends for those Crimes that are the Occasion

sion of my Doom ; O ! could that be obtained, the Folly of a careless Life would be more excusable ; but — once dead, and I am lost or saved for ever ! Was it worth my while to exchange eternal Happiness for a few Year's Enjoyment ! — My Blood chills ! — My Spirits shudder ! — My Candle burns dim ! — I am frightened at what's before me ! — I must venture into the Chambers of Death : And since I have some few Minutes to spare, let me reconcile myself to Death, and let me converse a little with the Dead ; by this Means the Thoughts of Death may be made sweet : And if I am prepared its Approach will be welcome. I bid the World adieu, and need perplex myself no more about my Hours of Life.

NICH. WILLIAMS.

The following was the Account WILLIAMS gave of himself, the Day before he was executed.

IN the Year 1736, in the Month of September, I departed from London, in the Ship *Joseph*, Capt. *Joseph Atkinson*, bound for Cadiz. From thence we proceeded to *Marseilles*, where I had some Words with Capt. *Atkinson*, about something to be done in the Ship, I, having been Master of a Ship but the Voyage before, resented it, and left him to go on board the *Dove* Brig. Capt. *Hawes*, at *Marseilles*, who was bound for *Leghorn*, *Messina*, and *Ancona* ; at *Leghorn* we took in our Loading for *Messina*, but before we sailed, I met with one D—g, whom I had not seen for many Years. He told me he had quarrelled with his Captain, and had left him, and asked me to help him to a Birth ; I said I could not do it at present, but *Senett* coming up to us, I said this is a fine Cargo we have got, I wish it was ours ; Cannot we contrive to make away with it, says he : How can that be, says I ? he said he would bring it about very well ; we'll take the Ship, and put the Captain ashore on the Island of *Gallieto*, and we would give him the Worth of the Ship, and what Effects he had of his own on board. Damn it, says D—g, what signifies it, the Cargo belongs to *Jews*, and 'tis no Sin to wrong them. So by their Persuasions I came into the Agreement, and we did intend to carry off the Cargo ; but D—g said, *He would have*

have none to tell Stories after them — let's make away with all : To which I would not consent. About three Days after this, he brought on board, *Butler, O'Brian, and O'Mara* ; *O'Mara* was a *Popish* Priest, but being excommunicated for getting a Bastard, he turned Sailor.

Johnson and *Derrick* were to kill the *Boy Walker* ; and that Night they put their Design in Execution, I saw *Johnson* come up the Companion with the Knife in his Hand, but did not know what he had been doing. When he was upon Deck, *D—n it*, says he, *let's heave up* ; By whose Order, says I ? *D—n you, by mine*, says he. — Then I imagined something was done. So when the Anchor was to be heaved, the Boy went down for his Shoes, and found his Master dead : He came running up and told me of it : Lord, says I, who has done it ? *Johnson* replied, *G—d d—n you, I have done it ; and by G—d, I'll kill you too*. One Thing I forgot : *O'Mara*, after the Captain was killed, got a Handspike and went into the Captain's Cabbin, and broke his Scrutore all to Shivers, to see what Money, &c. was there. *Johnson* this Day declared to me, That when they had got the Vessel out to Sea, my Turn was to have been next ; and, in order to secure the Whole to themselves, I was not to have lived 48 Hours.

He acknowledged his Sentence was most just, and that the Punishment of his Iniquity was infinitely less than what he deserved. He sincerely repented of all his Sins, especially that execrable Sin of Murder ; and that he died in Peace with all the World.

Edward Johnson, 27 Years of Age, born in *Rotherbith*, of honest Parents, his Father an *Englishman*, and his Mother an *Irishwoman* ; having Business in *Ireland*, they went to *Dublin*, when *Edward* was very young, and gave him good Education at School, in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetick, for Business, and instructed him in the Christian Religion ; when of Age they put him to Sea, and he serv'd his Time honestly. He went many Voyages from *Dublin, London*, and other Places, and was sometimes in King's Ships, and having been over most Part of the World, and still in Station of a private Sailor, and during all that Time he was honest, and retained a good Character.

He

He had been in the *Spanish* Service, and had made Voyages for some Time in the *Mediterranean*, when at *Leghorn* he accidentally met with Capt. *Hawes*, who at that Time wanted Hands, and engaged *Johnson*, among the other Persons, to carry the Ship home for *England*. He was one of them who loaded the Ship with a very considerable Cargo; upon which, it seems, being of a wicked and cruel Disposition, he fixed too covetous an Eye.

He confessed his having committed that villainous and barbarous Murder in the manner as above-mentioned, with his own Clasp Knife, which one of the Witnesses swore he had stolen from a *Frenchman* a few Days before. After this he was in the greatest Confusion, Disorder, and Despair imaginable, and would, to have prevented a Discovery, have killed the Boy *Walker*, if Providence had not favour'd him in swimming with great Difficulty to the *Italian* Settee, upon which all the Rogues were discovered and taken. He told also that Mr. *Williams* was the chief Man in laying and contriving the whole Plot, which was communicated to him, and to which he consented, as soon as he entered the Ship, taking upon himself villainously to kill the Captain, which Resolution he executed that Evening, being the 7th of *September* last, upon the Instigation of the other Conspirators, three or four of whom with *Senett* following him down to the Cabin, when he committed that dreadful and tragical Fact, and if we may believe him, some of the Evidences were also there. The Captain never spoke a Word more, but fetcht a deep Sigh and Groan or two, and expired immediately, the Blood gushing out, as *O'Mara* one of the Witnesses declared, as Liquor out of the Bung-hole of a Barrel.

I asked him what they intended to do? he answered, they were to go for *Santa Cruz* in *South Barbary*, and there to sell off to the *Moorish* Merchants the Cargo, which was very rich, being as he alledged, 5000 *l.* Value, and then to go a Privateering.

At the Time the Murder was committed, he said he did not believe that Mr. *Williams* knew of its being intended to be done that Night, and that he (*Williams*) himself was not for killing him, but for setting him on Shore on a desolate Mland. off the Coast of *Africa*, called *Gallieto*, with some Provisions, and some of the rest were of the same Opinion.

nion. Ever since the bloody and most cruel Murder, he never had the least Peace of Mind, but had always the Idea of the deceased unfortunate Gentleman in his Head.

He died in the Faith of Christ, penitent for all the Offences of his Life, and in Peace with all Men.

Laurence Senett, near 24 Years of Age, born in the County of *Wexford*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, of honest Parents, who educated him at School to read, write, and cast Accompts, in order to fit him for Business, and had him instructed in the Christian Religion, according to the *Papish* Way. When of Age he was bred to the Sea, and served his Time honestly in *Dublin*.

When his Apprenticeship was expired, he went to Sea in divers Ships from *Ireland*, and sometimes from *England*, and had sailed to many Parts of the World; was honest in his Dealings, and of a good Character with every body he had to do with.

He met with Capt. *Hawes* at *Legborn*, and was hired as one of the Men to load the Ship and carry her home for *England*, and was one of the first Men to whom Mr. *Williams* communicated the Design of a Revolt and carrying away the Ship.

He denied his signing the Articles to be Mate of the Ship after the Captain was murdered, or that he ever consented to the Murder; and said, while the Fact was committing, he was sleeping in the Forecastle, and knew nothing of it till he was awakened by the Noise which was made upon that sad Disaster. He said it was not he that cut the Cable, but that he helped to work the Ship when they attempted to sail, tho' they were hindred for want of Wind, he said he was obliged thereto for fear of being murder'd. He confessed his being in the Plot, and that he was too active herein, to his great Grief and Sorrow, for which he begged Pardon of God and Man, and had nothing to say in his Vindication; altho' he had good Friends, none of them (saving one young Man two or three times) came to visit him. He appeared to be a sensible young Man, and might have done well enough in his own way, had he not fallen into the worst of Company. He was tenacious of the *Romish* Errors, holding firm to the Prejudices he had imbib'd from his Infancy. Some few Days before *Johnson* died, a Gentleman came to see him, alledging he was transported
seven

seven Years ago ; he denied it, and when I asked him the Question, he said he was never before Judge nor Jury in his Life, but upon this unfortunate Accident.

Johnson being confronted with *Mr. Williams* and *Lawrence Senett*, before another Reverend Clergyman and me, accused them of bringing him into this barbarous Conspiracy ; *Williams* denied nothing, *Senett* only said, *Did I advise you to murder the Captain ?* It was urged to him by the Clergyman, that Murder scarce ever failed of following upon such a cruel Conspiracy : This he owned, and had no more to say for himself.

He behaved modestly and quietly, and was sometimes attentive to the Sermon : He hoped for Salvation by the Mercy of God, through the Merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour ; was penitent for all the Offences of his Life, particularly this grievous Sin for which he suffered, and died in Peace with all the World.

They were executed at *Execution-Dock*, on *Monday, March 14, 1737.*

After they had hung a proper Time, their Bodies were put into Irons, and carried down the River, in order to be hung in Chains at the following Places, *viz. Williams* at *Half-way-Tree*, and *Johnson* and *Senett* at a Place called *Trip-Top-Trees.*

Thomas Car and Elizabeth Adams, for a Robbery, September 10, 1737.

THOMAS CAR, of London, Gent. and *Elizabeth Adams*, of London, Spinster, were indicted for Assaulting *William Quarrington*, in the House of *Mary Prevost*, Widow, in the Parish of *St. Dunstan's in the West*, putting him in corporal Fear and Danger of his Life, and taking from him a Gold Ring, set with 5 Diamonds, Value 6*l.* ninety-three Guineas, and eight Shillings in Silver, *Sept. 10.*

William Quarrington. On the 9th of September I went to the Bank, and received 100*l.* and after calling at several Places, I went to *Mr. Daxon*, who lives in *Fore-street*, by *Cripplegate* ; with him I went to the *Three Mariners*, in the same Street, and staid there till about 5 or 6 in the

the Evening. Then I went into *Southwark*, to speak to a Friend ; he was not at home, so I waited till about nine for his coming in. Then I came over the Bridge, in order to go home, and as I passed up *Fleet-street*, by *Temple-Bar*, I met a common Woman in the Street (*not the Woman at the Bar*) and she asked me to give her a Glass of Wine. I consented, and we went to the *Angel and Crown*, the Corner of *Sheer-lane*, close by *Temple-Bar*. The Drawer shewed us into a Room, up one Pair of Stairs, and a Bottle of Red Port being brought us, he departed. We sat together about half an Hour, and then the Drawer came into the Room, and told me, he had peeped through the Key-hole, and that the Woman was picking my Pocket. I found there had been a Pique or a Quarrel between the Woman and him ; but upon his telling me he knew her to be a Pick-pocket, I was a little uneasy. He insisted upon it, that he had seen her pick my Pocket, though I was very sure she had not. Then he desired to know, if I had any Money about me, and wished I would tell it over, to see if I had lost any. At his Request, I was so foolish and ignorant, as to tell ninety-three Guineas, and about twenty Shillings over, before the Drawer and the Woman, and I told them I had lost nothing. Notwithstanding this, Words arose between the Drawer and the Woman, and he turned her down Stairs. She was no sooner gone, but the Drawer returned into the Room, with Mrs. *Prevost*, and the Prisoner, *Elizabeth Adams* ; and Mrs. *Adams* desired me to stay in the House, till the Woman was quite gone ; and told me, it was a happy Thing, that I had lost none of my Money ; for the Woman, that came in with me, was a common Street-walker, and a Strumpet of the Town. Three or four Minutes after this, I went down Stairs, intending to go home ; but, as I was going away, the Prisoner, *Car*, stood at the Kitchen-door, and beckoned to me. I went to him, and he told me, — Sir, you was with a common Strumpet and Pick-pocket ; and he desired to know, whether I had lost any Money ; telling me, if I had, — the Gentlewoman of the House would come into Scandal, and would be blamed. He appearing like a Gentleman, with a Silver-laced Waistcoat, I thought he would use me like a Gentleman ; so, at his Request, I went into the Kitchen. There were he (*Mr. Car*) the

Prisoner, *Adams*, *Mrs. Prevost*, the two Drawers, and another Man and a Woman, all in the Kitchen——three Women and four Men in all, besides myself. They desired me to do it,——and I did tell out the Money which I had told over before, and informed them, I had lost nothing. *Mr. Car* said, he was very glad I had not, and called for a Bottle of Wine to treat me——

Q. Did you know him before?

Quarrington. No, I never saw him before in my Life, ——but it was at his Request, that I told over my Money in the Kitchen, and he insisted upon treating me, telling me, it should not be at my Expence. I (thinking myself very safe) sat down, and drank Part of his Bottle of Wine, and, when that Bottle was out, I called for another, in Answer to *Mr. Car*'s Bottle. When *this Bottle* was drank out, we had *another*, and he and I were to club our Shilling apiece for it. 'Twas at *Mr. Car*'s Request that I staid all this while: For he told me, it would be dangerous for me to go out, before the Woman was quite gone, ——she might, he said, set somebody upon me, to rob me, or knock me down, or carry me away to another House; therefore he desired me to stay: Though the Woman was out of the House, yet (he said) she might stand about the Door, to watch for my coming out. It was between one and two o'clock when the third Bottle was out: Then he told me, he thought it too late for me to go home, and that I might stay there all Night, assuring me, I should be very safe. On his persuading me, and telling me how dangerous it would be for me, with a Charge of Money about me, to go out at that Time of Night, I agreed to stay. and *Mr. Car* told me, he would himself see me up Stairs, and safe in Bed; the rest of the Company said, they would all see me safe in Bed; so all those, who were in the Kitchen, went up Stairs with me. There were the two Drawers, *Mr. Car*, *Mrs. Prevost*, *Mrs. Adams* the Prisoner, another Man and Woman, ——they all went up with me. I paid my Reckoning before I went up, and had the rest of the Money in my Pocket. But I had not been two Minutes in the Room, before *Mr. Car* seized me by the Throat with his Left Hand, and having a Case Knife in his right Hand, he swore he would cut my Throat if I made a Noise. Seven People were then

then present, and they threw me down on the Floor; some of them held my Legs, and some my Arms. Mr. Car, with the Assistance of the two Drawers, threw me down, and when I lay on the Floor, he swore several Oaths, *that if I made the least Resistance or Noise, he would cut my Throat from Ear to Ear.* Then he took my Money out of my Pocket, and my Ring off my Finger; the Money he put into my Hat, which lay on the Floor: He took from me ninety-three Guineas, and about eight or ten Shillings in Silver. Then they gave me Liberty to sit down in a Chair, and I saw Car distribute my Money to the People in the Room.

2. Was Mrs. Prevost, and Mrs. Adams (the Prisoner) present?

Quarrington. Yes: I was resolved to cry out when they threw me down, but Mrs. Adams (the Prisoner) stopped my Mouth with an Handkerchief. Mrs. Prevost held one of my Legs, while Car took the Money out of my Pocket. After this, they said, I seemed to be much surprized; so Mr. Car ordered the Drawer to go down for a Couple of Bottles of Wine. When the Wine came up, they filled a Glass, which I believe was a full Pint Glass, and with bitter Oaths and Imprecations, they forced me to drink it off. Then they filled another, and made me drink that. And a third was filled, which I drank half off, and then could not get down any more. Two Glasses and a half they forced me to drink — (the two first of which were filled up to the Brim) then I told them, if they killed me, I could not drink any more; upon which they undressed me, and forced me into Bed, and left me, swearing *That if I made the least Noise, they would come and cut my Throat, to prevent my telling Tales.* These (as near as I can remember) are the very Words they made use of.

I lay very uneasy till about nine or ten the next Morning, fearing, if I stirred, my Life would be taken away; and then hearing People go backwards and forwards in the Streets, I ventured to dress myself; then I crept down Stairs, and stole out of the House unobserved. I immediately went to Sir William Billers for a Warrant for these People, but he not being in Town, I returned as fast I could to the Constable of the Parish, and thought to have taken them up without a Warrant; but he did not care to

do that. Then remembering I had heard *Car's* Name mentioned in the Company, I enquired for one *Car*, an Attorney, and a Porter at the *Middle-Temple* told me, there was one *Car* lived in *Elm-Court*. I found out his Chambers, and asked the young Fellow that goes for his Clerk, if Mr. *Car* was within? He said, No. I asked him, when he would be at Home? He could not inform me. I enquired if he was out of Town? He could not tell whether he was or not.

Q. Did you never see the Prisoner, *Car*, before?

Quarrington. No, nor Mrs. *Adams* neither; but I am sure they are the very Persons that did what I have related.

One Thing (my Lord) I have forgot. — Mr. *Bird*, Sir *William's* Clerk, advised me to go to Mr. *Jones*, thinking he might assist me in getting my Money again; and I went to his House, but he was not at Home. I have no more to say, but that I have sworn the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Q. How were the Prisoners apprehended?

Quarrington. Mr. *Car* was apprehended first at his Chambers, and he gave Directions where we might find *Adams* and *Prevost*, but *Prevost* was fled.

Q. Were the Directions right, which he gave you?

Quarrington. I did not go with the Constable to find them. He and Mr. *Jones's* Man, upon *Car's* Information, found out, and took *Adams*.

Council. How long was you in Company with the Woman you first brought into the House?

Quarrington. About half an Hour.

Council. Did you go immediately to this House after you pick'd her up?

Quarrington. Some Words were spoken, to be sure, and then I went with her to this Tavern, and was there with her only about half an Hour.

Council. You had been at the Alehouse before, and I suppose had drank a good many Pots of Beer; how much might you have drank before you came to the *Angel*?

Quarrington. About three Pints of Beer to my own Share, I believe.

Council. But then you say, you had a Bottle of Wine with the first Woman.

Quarrington.

Quarrington. Yes, but I did not drink one Glass of it. In such Houses, 'tis usual to call for something I drank none of the Wine: And as for the Woman, I know nothing of her, any further than by Conversation.

Council. But you drank liberally below Stairs?

Quarrington. No, I did not, ——— *Car* treated me with a Bottle ———

Council. And you genteelly called for another, and then there was a third, and a fourth.

Quarrington. No, Sir, there was no more than the third, and that we join'd for.

Council. Was you sober?

Quarrington. I can't say I was sober, nor was I so far in Liquor, but I knew every Thing that passed.

Council. Then you was half Seas over?

Quarrington. Yes, as you call it.

Council. So after you had drank this Wine, they all of them waited upon you to Bed?

Quarrington. They did so, Sir? And when they had got me up Stairs, they robbed me.

Council. And will you stand to that, Sir?

Quarrington. Yes: As I am on my Oath before the great God, I say nothing that is untrue. I have no Interest in prosecuting the Prisoners.

Council. I think you say, you crept unobserved out of the House, the next Morning?

Quarrington. Yes, I saw *Prevoft* and *Adams* in the Kitchen, but I run out of Doors.

Council. And did you alarm the Neighbours when you got out?

Quarrington. I went to Sir *William Billers* as fast as I could, but I did not speak to the Neighbours. I did not well know which Way to proceed.

Council. Did not Mrs. *Prewost* and Mrs. *Adams* offer to stop you, when you run out?

Quarrington. No, I crept down Stairs, and ran out directly to Sir *William Billers*. When I returned they were gone, and the Doors were shut up. The House was shut up about half an Hour after I got out.

Council. Are you sure of that?

Quarrington. I will not swear exactly to the Time ;
M 3 but

but it was shut up in the Time of my going to, and returning from Sir *William's* and Mr. *Jones's*.

Council. What Account did you give to Mrs. *Jones*?

Quarrington. I was not very particular in my Account to her, nor did I mention Mr. *Car's* Name to her. What signified my mentioning the Particulars to a Woman?

Jury We desire his Lordship would please to ask the Questions that are proper, and that the Man may not be interrupted.

Car. When the Women you picked-up was turned down Stairs, and you followed, you say I beckoned to you. Pray, in what Position was I when you saw me?

Quarrington. He was standing at the Kitchen-door, and he beckoned me in.

Car. Who did you see at my Chambers beside my Clerk?

Quarrington. I saw a Woman washing a Room, but I don't know who she was.

Car. What Name did you go by that Night?

Quarrington. I never mentioned what my Name was.

Car. What did you declare to my Clerk, and to the Woman you saw in my Chambers?

Quarrington. I said I had been robb'd, and then I went down Stairs, and said nothing further. I did not mention who had robbed me.

Car. What Declaration did you make to the Constable that you went to first?

Quarrington. I told him what Money I had been robbed of; I mentioned my Ring, and I desired him to go to the House and take up the People. I told him likewise, that I had found out an Attorney of the *Temple*, who was concerned.

Car. What Time did you go to that Constable?

Quarrington. The next Day, about twelve at Noon: And I told him, I had found where you might be taken; but, as the Constable did not approve of taking you without a Warrant, I did not then tell him the whole of the Story.

Car. What did my Man say, when you came to take me?

Quarrington. I asked him, if you was within? He did not speak in a Minute or two, seeing the Constable; but you

you happened to open a Door in another Room, I perceived you, and said, There's the Man that robbed me; you was frightened, as your Conscience pleaded guilty, — you knew it to be too true.

Car. Did not you go into the Kitchen when you came down in the Morning?

Quarrington. No; I saw *Prevost* and *Adams* in the Kitchen, but I did not speak to them.

Car. And did you see nobody but *Prevost* and *Adams* in the Kitchen?

Quarrington. Yes, another Woman that was there the Night before, and she was crying out, — or was very sorrowful about something.

Prisoner Adams. Did not you come into the Kitchen for your Hat and Cane.

Quarrington. No, nor did I speak to you or any one else.

Car. Why did you not call out of the Windows?

Quarrington. I was frightened with your Threats and the Drawer's, and I thought, if I stirr'd, I should have my Throat cut. — I durst not stir.

Q. Did you sleep any Part of the Night?

Quarrington. I believe I slept about Half an Hour.

Car. Did you eat nothing in the Kitchen that Night?

Quarrington. Yes, some cold Lamb, and I cut my Finger I remember; and I remember that you called Mrs. *Adams*, your Dear *Betsy*, and she called you, her Dear *Tommy*.

Adams. Did not the Woman you brought in, rob you of 15 Guineas and a half?

Quarrington. No, she robbed me of nothing.

Adams. Did not you offer to spend a Guinea in the House, and to give the Drawers Money for taking Care of you?

Quarrington. I did give the Drawer a Shilling that was so officious as to tell me the Woman was picking my Pocket.

Adams. Was not you so drunk, that the Drawer carried you up Stairs upon his Back?

Quarrington. No, I walked up myself, nobody assisted me.

Adams. It signifies nothing to ask him any more Questions, — he denies them all.

Car. Why did you not indict Mrs. *Prevost*, and the Drawers?

Quarrington. Because I was told, that it signified nothing to indict them, unless they had been in Custody.

Car. Did you give the same Account in your Information, that you have done now?

Quarrington. The Truth will never err: I think, I gave the same Account in that, as I have done now.

William Stamper. I settled an Affair with the Prosecutor a Night, or a Night or two, before he was robbed, and he invited me to come and dine with him the next Sunday; I went, and he told me he had met with a great Misfortune, and confessed he had picked up a Woman, and had carried her to the *Angel*. He told me that she was soon turned out of the House, but that he had been robbed by several People, mentioning no Names. I told him That *Angel* was the worst *Angel* within the Walls of the City, except the *Angel* in *Bishopsgate-street*, — they are both *Angels*. He informed me, that he had lost Ninety-three Guineas, and a Diamond Ring, worth 8*l*.

Q. Did he say, he was robbed by the first Woman?

Stamper. No, he said she was turned out of the House, because *she was not one of Mother Prevost's Does*. He gave me no Account then of the Robbery, but afterwards he digested every Thing into an Affidavit before Sir *William Billers*. On the Monday after the Robbery, he came and told me that one *Car*, of the *Temple*, was one of the Persons that had robbed him. I said, I remembered a Person of that Name, whom I knew some Years ago; and when *Car* was brought to Alderman *Billers's* Office, my Curiosity led me to go to see him. I found him telling the Story to Mr. *Bird*, and that it was the same Person that I had formerly known in *Bridges-street*. The Prisoner *Car* knew me, and told me, that the Prosecutor, disguised in Liquor, brought a Woman into the *Angel*, whom he knew to be a common Pick-pocket; that she was turned out of the House, and that he, *Car* himself, bid him examine his Pockets; upon which the Prosecutor (he said) pulled out ninety-three Guineas. *Car* told me, he saw the ninety-three Guineas, and that the Prosecutor returned him many

many Thanks for his Care, and desired him to accept of a Bottle of Wine, which he did ; and then (he said) they had another, which made the Prosecutor so drunk, that he was carried upon a young Fellow's Shoulders to Bed. This was the Story that Car told me at Sir William Billers's Office.

Q. Do you know the Prosecutor ?

Stamper. I have known him a Year : During which Time, I never heard any Harm of him. He lives upon his Means ; having married a Woman of some Fortune.

Francis Lane, Constable. He gave exactly the same Account with Mr. Stamper ; that Mr. Car owned he called the Prosecutor into the Kitchen, that he advised him to tell his Money over, and that he saw him pull out Eighty Guineas which were laid on the Table, and 13 Guineas he kept in his Hand.

Car. Did not I order my Landress to go with you to the Place where Mrs. Adams might be found ?

Quarrington. Yes, and she went with us, and enquired for her. When she appeared we took her, and she immediately cry'd out, ——— Oh ! you are a base Jade for detecting me. ——— No one knew where to find me, but you !

Adams. To the Constable. Did you not leave me in the Street while you went into a Cook's-Shop for a Dram of Gin.

Constable. No, my Lord, she was never out of my Sight : ——— Nor did I go any where for a Dram of Gin.

Car. Might not I have escaped ?

Constable. No, I believe not ; I took Care that you should not ?

Adams. My Lord, I don't see that 'tis to any Purpose to ask them any more Questions, when they deny all.

Mr. Deveil. Some few Days ago. — I can't exactly recollect the Time, — Mr. Quarrington applied to me for a Warrant to take up the Persons that are untaken ; and he told me this Story exactly agreeable to the Evidence he has now given. I have known him and his Parents a great while ; I never heard any Harm of him in my Life ; I believe him to be an honest Man, and have heard he has

married a Woman of good Fortune, but his Life and Conversation since his Marriage I know very little of.

Mr. Car. Mrs. *Prevost* is the Widow of one *Prevost*, who was Master of the King's Seal-Office, in the *King's Bench* and *Common-Pleas*, and I thought my Acquaintance with her not degrading. I did Business for her as an Attorney, and was spoke to by Mr. *Stevens*, an Officer, to attend her this Night: Mr. *Salt* can inform the Court what my Business was, and he likewise knows the Reason of my being in the Kitchen that very Night. I shall prove that I was at Home, and in Bed in my Chambers in the *Temple*, by One o'Clock, before the *Temple* Watchmen went One o'Clock. I will prove, that next Morning Mrs. *Prevost* sent for me, and that I met Mr. *Salt* afterwards at *Hick's-Hall*; that the Prosecutor told my Clerk how he was robbed, and promised to reward him if he would help him to find out the People of the House. I was angry when I heard the Prosecutor had been to enquire for me, that they did not ask him where he lived. On the 12th of *September*, one *John Andrews*, a *Joiner*, or a *Carpenter*, — a Man of an evil Fame, — the Man that made *Rudkins's* Will, he came to me, and told me, that a School-fellow of his had been robbed of ninety-three Guineas at the *Angel*, and if I did not find out the Persons before the Money was all spent, the Man would swear the Robbery against me; he said I must come down the Whole, — or the best Part of the Money. I told him, I would endeavour to find out Mrs. *Prevost* and the Drawers, but the People had carried off all their Goods, and were gone off. The Man told me, if I had no Money, I had good Books, and must make Money of them. I never kept out of the Way upon this Account. I was sent for to *Hampstead* upon Business, but I refused to go, because it should not be suspected that I kept out of the Way.

The *Monday* after the Robbery, two Gentlemen came from *Greenwich*, where I live in as much Reputation as any Man that practiseth the Law — in the whole Place, and when I told them I was to be sworn into a Robbery, they laughed at me.

The *Wednesday* following, this *Andrews* came again, and I asked him to let me see the Gentleman; he said, no, I should not. I told him I would advertise the People,
and

and endeavour to take them up ; but he told me that would signify nothing, and immediately he took a Sheet of Paper and fell to writing, — *This Deponent maketh Oath,* — without setting down any Name ; and what he then wrote was very different from what the Prosecutor has said now. It is very unlikely I should be concerned with Mrs. *Prevost* and Mrs. *Adams*, and two *Irish* Drawers, in executing a Robbery. I was so far from calling the Prosecutor into the Kitchen, that I sat with my Leg up in a Chair when he came in, and told us, he did not know how to make us all Amends, for coming into so *Honest a House*.

Mr. *Thomas Stevens* deposed, That he informed Mr. *Car* that Mrs. *Prevost* desired him to call upon her for Instructions, in order to his being employed in defending her at *Hick's-Hall* ; an Information being there lodged against her, for keeping a disorderly House.

Mr. *Salt* deposed, That he was concerned in the Prosecution of Mrs. *Prevost*, for keeping a disorderly House, and that Mr. *Car* appeared in her Defence, and he seemed not to be under any Concern.

C. Mr. *Car* is not to be tried by his Looks, but by his Actions.

John Crafter. Mr. *Salt* served me with a *Subpœna* on Friday Night, for me to appear at *Hick's-Hall* against Mrs. *Prevost*. She sent for me to her that Night ; and there I found Mr. *Car* and Mrs. *Prevost*, with some other Neighbours who were *subpœna'd* with me on the same Account. Mr. *Car* told us that we need not obey the *Subpœna's*, for they were not legal ones. We left the House about Twelve o'Clock that Night, and left *Car* behind us. There were Mr. *Car*, Mrs. *Adams*, and Mrs. *Prevost*, and one Mr. *Spidel*. I did not see *Quarrington* there.

Robert Thomlinson, gave an Account, that he was sent by a Woman from the *Angel*, to fetch Mr. *Car*, from his Chambers, No. 4, in *Elm-Court*, in the *Temple*. That when he returned to the *Angel*, he saw the Woman crying ; that she bid him come again in two Hours for his Money, which he did, according to her Orders, but found the Doors all shut up, and that he never had any thing for his Job.

Charus Phillipson. I am Clerk to Mr. *Car*. On Saturday the 10th of September, while my Master was at *Hick's*.

Hicks's-Hall, attending Mrs. *Prewett's* Affair, the Prosecutor came to the Chambers to enquire for Mr. *Car*. I told him he was not at Home; he said he came about a Thing which would be of great Advantage; but he would not leave his Name nor his Business: At last he said he had been robbed at the *Angel*, by the People of the House. Upon this I called the Landress, and he told her the same. He did not charge Mr. *Car*, nor mention his Name; he only in general charged the People of the House, and desired to know if my Master could give any Intelligence of them. He told us likewise, that when he came down in the Morning, he acquainted them that he had been robb'd, and that he went out in Order to ask Advice of a Friend, but when he returned, the House was shut up, and the People were fled.

Q. What Time did your Master come home that Night?

Phillipson. To the best of my Knowledge, it was before the Watchman went One. At that Time he had a Leg in so much hazard, that no Man could think him capable of taking a Man by the Collar and robbing him. He had nine Holes in his Leg, and he could not walk up Stairs without resting himself. On *Monday*, the 12th of *September*, one *Andrews* came to the Chambers to enquire for my Master, and he told me he came about one *Wilson*, and said, it was a sad Affair, and he was sorry for Mr. *Car*, but this *Wilson* was a School-fellow of his ——— a particular Friend, and had been robbed, and if my Master did not compound and settle the Affair, it would be sworn upon him.

Q. How do you know this *Andrews* meant the Prosecutor, when he talked of *Wilson*?

Phillipson. Because he mentioned the *Angel*, and I suppose there had not been two Robberies committed there.

Quarrington. My Lord, if I may speak, — this *Andrews* I know nothing of; I never saw him in my Life.

Q. Was this *Andrews* acquainted with your Master?

Phillipson. He was concerned with him some Time ago, in a Distress that was made at *Wapping*.

Martha Grainger, the Landress. I have forgot the Day of the Month, but I remember it was on *Saturday*, about half an Hour after One, that the Prosecutor came

to enquire for my Master; he happened not to be at Home. The Clerk asked him his Business, and he informed us, that he had been in my Master's Company at the *Angel* the Night before, and after Mr. Car was gone, he was robbed of Ninety-three Guineas, and Eleven Shillings in Silver, and of a Ring which he valued at eight Guineas. He did not say who robbed him, but he told us, that he lay there all Night, and got up in the Morning; that he came down Stairs, and complained to the Woman of the House that he was robbed, and then he said he went out to advise with a Friend; but when he returned, the House was shut up, and the People were all gone. He told us, he should be glad if Mr. Car could give him any Information of them, and where they were gone. He did not then pretend that my Master was concerned. I asked him if he suspected any Person in particular? And he told us, No, he did not. I have looked after Mr. Car's Chambers 8 Years.

Q. Are you marry'd?

Grainger. No, I was hired to do his Business.

Car. What Time was I a-bed that Night?

Grainger. Before the Watchman came One o'Clock. I was not a-bed when he came Home; he ordered me to get him a clean Shirt against Morning. At this Time he was lame, and had nine Holes in his Legs.

C. But he could walk about.

Grainger. Yes, with his Garters unty'd, and he could not get up two Pair of Stairs without resting. My Master was very angry, because we did not ask the Prosecutor where he lived, and he told us, if he came again, he must see him. Accordingly, when he came again, my Master was coming out of his Study, upon which the Prosecutor turned round, and brought in the Constable, and said, — There's your Prisoner.

Jane Lucas. I was Servant in the House when the Robbery was committed; I went to Bed that Night about Twelve, and I left in the Kitchen only my Mistress, the two Prisoners, and the two Drawers, — no Soul else was there.

Q. Why, was not the Prosecutor there?

Lucas. O! yes, the Man that lost his Money.

Q. Were not the Drawers in the Kitchen?

Lucas.

Lucas. No, *Edwards* and *Travers*, that we called *Nat*, were about the House, but not in the Kitchen. I heard no Noise all Night; but next Morning, when I got up, I found the Street-door a-jar, I imagined the Drawers had forgot to shut it over Night; I rung the Bell to call them up, and my Mistress was in Bed, but she called to me, to know the Reason why *Nat* was not come down: I went up to see what was become of them, and I found their Bed made, and that they had not been in Bed all Night. I came down and told Mrs. *Prevost* of this, and she was 'frighted, — *Lord* (says she) *they have certainly killed the Man; run and call Adams, and see if the Man is safe.* I went up, and found the Prosecutor snoring in Bed, then I ran immediately to Mrs. *Prevost*, and told her the Man — snor'd. *Lord* (says she directly) *we are all ruin'd, — let me go and see what I am about.* The Prosecutor presently came into the Kitchen, and he cried, — *I am robbed, — I am robbed.* — three Times in the Kitchen, — but he did not charge any body; and away he went. Mrs. *Prevost* being very timorous and fearful, she went away too, — because she did not know where to go, nor what to do. Call *Betty Adams*, — says she, — and let her be gone too, till we see whether we are safe.

Q. Was any one in the Kitchen beside yourself, when the Man said he was robbed three Times?

Lucas. No, there was none but himself; for my Mistress was doing her Things up in the Bar, — she was so 'frighted.

Q. Why, did not you say, your Mistress was in Bed?

Lucas. Yes, Sir.

Q. Why, when did the Man come down, and say he was robbed?

Lucas. While we two were talking of it, — she in Bed; — but she got up. She laid in a little Room behind the Bar.

Q. But, when the Man came into the Kitchen, and said he was robbed, — she was in some Confusion, and was for packing up her Things to be gone?

Lucas. Yes, Sir. And indeed I tell the Truth of the Thing, — was it for K — G —, I would not tell a Lye to damn my Soul.

Q. What were the Words she made use of when she heard the Man say he was robbed?

Lucas. I can't tell whether she heard the Man say he was robb'd or no.

Q. Why, you say she cry'd out she was ruin'd, — and undone?

Lucas. Yes, Sir, — but that was before the Man came down, and she bid me lock up the Doors, till — Things were put in Order.

The Prisoner Adams. Why, did not the Man come into the Kitchen for his Hat and Cane? — And did he not speak to me at the same Time?

Lucas. I can't swear whether Mrs. Adams was there or not?

C. You said, there was none but you in the Kitchen, when the Man came down Stairs.

Lucas. Sir, I was busy a dressing my Mistress. — I was busy with her in her Room, and she sent me to call Mrs. Adams.

C. To give her Notice to go off, — Was it not?

Lucas. Yes, — Sir.

Joseph Allen. All I know of the Matter is this. This Creature (Lucas) lived with me about 6 Months, and I believe her to be an honest, harmless Creature. I sent a Porter to Mr. Car in Newgate, to let him know she had liv'd with me. I know Mr. Car, and have employed him, and paid him. — I know no Harm of him, — not I.

Eliz. Brissow. I live over the Way, and sell Greens. On that Saturday Morning, — I think it was last Saturday was three Weeks, I heard a great Mourning, between eight and nine in the Morning, — and I heard a Man say, — Ob! — Ob! — Ob! — I am undone! — what shall I do? — Give me my Money and Ring! — And another Voice said, — What would you have me do? I can do nothing till they come: Then I lost the Voice, and presently the House was shut up.

Dr. Lilly. I have known the Prisoner Car some Years, he was well born and educated, but I have had no great Acquaintance with him. I thought him too well educated to have been guilty of such a Fact: I always thought him an honest Man.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jones. The Gentleman that lost his Money, came to enquire for Mr. Jones, by Mr. Bird's Directions. He said he had been at the *Angel* the last Night, and had been robbed of 70 Guineas, some Silver, and his Watch and Ring. The Woman of the House he said took his Money; — he named none else.

Car. I desire *John Bunday* may be called; he heard *Quarrington's* first Complaint.

Bunday. I know nothing of the Matter, only I heard *Quarrington* tell Mr. Gold (a Constable) that he had been at the *Angel*, — all Night, — I think, and Mr. Car (he said) was up Stairs with him. He came to Mr. Gold to take Charge of him, for he said that Car had robbed him of 93 Guineas, eight or ten Shillings in Silver, and a Diamond Ring.

Mr. Justice Poulson, *William Trigg, Joseph White, Thomas Hitchings, James Alder, Andrew Thompson, William and Peter Hack, Charles Bailey, Edward Mabert*, and — *Pardoe*, always took the Prisoner Car to be an honest Man, and never heard any Thing like this of him before.

Adams. I have no Witneses, for Mr. Mabson, told me the Matter was made up.

Bartholomew Smith. Mabson, I believe, had told Mrs. Adams that the Affair would be made up, for I went to her in *Newgate* last Tuesday, and she told me she should have no Occasion to trouble her Friends, for Mabson had been with her. Mr. Quarrington was at the Coffee-house with Mabson, and Mabson asked him what he intended to do? He reply'd, he would do nothing without his Attorney.

The Jury found both the Prisoners Guilty, Death.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

Mr. Thomas Car, was descended from very honest Parents, such as had not only liv'd in Affluence and Reputation, but had made some Figure in the World: His Father dwelt in the Parish of *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden*, and his Mother is still living: He was well educated, and when fit for Business, put to one Mr. Walker, in *Princess-street*, near *Covent Garden*, a *Scrivener*, or *Notary Publick* in the aforesaid Parish; this, and his Father's Interest therein, procured him the Place of *Vestry-Clerk*, which he possessed for some Years, and might have lived very handsomely thereupon.

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The first, and indeed the principal Cause of his Misfortunes, was a strong Inclination to a voluptuous Life; if he would have been content with a moderate Subsistence, his Business would very well have afforded it, without his having Recourse to irregular Practices; but having taken it into his Head to live like a Man of Pleasure, he was forced to strike out of the ordinary Road of Business, to accomplish his End. His first Deviations from Honesty were in the Business of the Parish; these were not found out immediately, and when they were discover'd, Compassion to him, and Respect to his Relations, preserved him in that Employment, 'till his Conduct, which grew worse and worse, was at last so bad, that he was removed from his Office; whereupon he broke up House-keeping, and took Chambers in the *Temple*.

During the Time he liv'd in *Bridges-street*, he used to manage Business at the *Old-Bailey*, and was particularly concerned in an Appeal against *Stone Clough*, who was executed thereupon (though he had been acquitted on a Trial at the Suit of the King) for the Murder of his Fellow Servant, at the *Green Lettice*, in *Holbourn*. By Degrees he became acquainted with a certain Knot of People who were concerned in procuring Evidence on particular Causes, when, and wherever such Assistance was necessary; to which detestable Practice, if Mr. Baron *Thompson*, and other worthy Magistrates had not opposed themselves, it must by this Time have swell'd to an enormous Height; as it was, Mr. Car had a great Share in the Success which for some Time that Practice met with, and though he took Care not to appear so publickly in it as others did, yet his Precautions did not prevent many Imputations on his Character, and so he was compell'd to keep mostly that Company, which, as it brought him into the Path of, so it hurry'd him to Destruction.

He was a Person in himself capable enough of Business, if he had sufficiently attended to it, but Horse-Races, Gaming-houses, Play-houses, and Tavern Kitchens, were Places in which he could make but small Improvement, except in low Wit and Buffoonry, to which he addicted himself 'till he became contemptible to all, who were not Objects of Contempt themselves. His Business by this means came to lie chiefly in trifling with just Suits, negotiating with

with *Bailiffs*, to deceive those who employed them, and in finding Means to screen fraudulent Dealers behind the *Letter of the Law*.

In the last Years of his Life he became very intimate at the House where this base Scene happened, which brought him to this dismal End ; it had been long (to the Scandal of the Neighbourhood) infamous for such Practices, some Instances having before appear'd at the *Old-Bailey*, so that nothing could excuse a Man's having any thing to do there, who would not either pass for a Fool or a Knave. Mr. Car always insisted, that his Business led thither, and what Sort of Business his was, the Reader has heard ; 'twas to defend Mrs. *Prewest*, who was then under Prosecution for keeping that disorderly House. The Prosecutor, *William Quarrington*, did himself no great Credit, with Regard to his Character, by going thither (as he himself said) with a Woman of the Town ; and he gave no Instance of his Prudence, in pulling out and exposing to View such a Sum of Money in a House where the People would permit him to converse with a common Woman.

Mr. Car, in his Defence call'd Witnesses to prove, that he was in his Chambers in the *Temple* at the Time the Robbery was committed, as also several Persons to his Reputation ; he was however found Guilty ; all the Circumstances the Prosecutor mentioned being supported by concurring Evidence. After he received Sentence he asked some Favours from the Court, on Account of his bad State of Health, which were granted him, and he was treated with the utmost Indulgence during the many Weeks of his Imprisonment.

His Conduct in this Space of Time was far from commendable. He saw a great deal of Company, entered with them into all Sorts of general Discourse, and appeared to be less concerned for himself than others were for him. He always owned his Belief that Mr. *Quarrington* was robbed of the Money, tho' he persisted in it, that he knew nothing of the matter, but was gone long before, and would fain have had it pass for a Proof of the Truth of what he said, that he had acquainted the Prosecutor how to come at *Adams*. She had, it seems, intrusted him with the Knowledge of the Place to which she retired, and so enabled him to bring her to share in his Punishment, as she had shar'd

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in his Crimes. He insisted likewise on his having never absconded, and seemed only desirous to vindicate himself, tho' in all other Respects he allow'd that the Evidence of the Prosecutor might be true.

After the Dead Warrant came down, when most Criminals are wont to quit their false Hopes, and come to Reason, he retained his former Conduct, and tho' he shew'd some Apprehension of his Approaching End, yet, excepting taking Care for an Undertaker, he made little Preparation for it: He yet entertained Thoughts of receiving Mercy, insisting still on his Innocence, and desiring those to whom he spoke, to vindicate him after he should be dead.

It may without Breach of Charity be said, his Want of Concern could not be derived from Innocence, or seem a rational Contempt of Death, because, setting aside the Crime for which he died, it was notorious that he had done many wrong Things, which ought to have induced him to a serious and particular Repentance. While he was Vestry Clerk at *Covent-Garden* he had been entrusted with a voluntary Collection of the Inhabitants in the Parish. This Money he embezzled, and became thereby not only guilty of a Breach of Trust, but also of destroying the Charity; a Thing so base and dishonourable in its Nature, that it needs no Aggravation. Detaining Debts he was employ'd to recover, and deceiving those whom he undertook to defend, were Methods he too often practis'd to supply his Extravagance, and therefore, as he had injured many, and was able to make Restitution to none, he had too just Cause to have been seriously concerned for his mispent Life, and to have taken his Sufferings patiently.

What has been said is not intended to blacken his Memory, or to deprive him of the Pity which naturally arises in every Man's Mind, on those who fall Victims to Justice and the Law. The Design of these Accounts is to benefit the Living, the Dead can receive neither Good nor Hurt from them. It is to be hoped, that such as have only enter'd on the Paths which brought this unhappy Man to his Ruin: And therefore the Sacrifices made by the Law, ought to be well explained, as the best and almost the only Means to deter others from the like Practices. Reputation is quickly lost, hardly ever to be recovered; and when it is lost, People are apt to run headlong into the most dangerous

gerous Practices, in order to procure Supplies for their Necessities and Pleasures, not apprehending how high a Price they may one Day pay for their past Follies and ill Conduct.

Mr. Car's Letter to his Mother.

Madam,

IN this distressed Condition in which I now am, the Sense I have of my ill Conduct towards you, gives me no less Pain than the Thoughts of my approaching Death; the Violence and Shame whereof, as I hope it will expiate my Offences in the Sight of God, so I trust that this Declaration of my Sorrow, will make some Atonement for my Behaviour towards you.

It is a Point of Justice due to my Father's Tenderness and yours, that I should acknowledge the Pains taken in my Education, and that it was entirely my own Fault, that I fell into those Paths which have brought me into this miserable Condition. All I can now do is, to own your Goodness towards me, to regret my despising the Counsel, you gave me, and to ascribe my Fall chiefly to my Folly in this Respect.

Comfort yourself under your Afflictions, with Remembrance of your own Care to prevent them, and let not my Misdeeds, which have drawn so heavy a Judgment on their Author, affect you, who had no Concern in them. The World is censorious and unjust, but not to such a Degree, as to reflect on a good Mother, for having had a bad Son; on the contrary, all discreet People will compassionate you, and contribute to make you easy and happy, which, that you may be here and in the World to come, is the last Wish of,

From my Chamber in the

Your Dying Son,

Press-Yard, Jan 18, 1737.

THO. CAR.

Elizabeth Adams, 30 Years of Age, born in Wiltshire, had good Education; she was marry'd to one Adams a Barber in the same County, by whom she has two Children now living, one about 12 Years of Age, and another about 13. This Man she married thro' the Persuasion of her Friends, tho' she knew she could never have any Regard for him, having settled her Affections on another young Man. She had been married but little more than two Years, before she left her Husband and two small Children,

Children, and came to *London*, where she had not been long, before she got acquainted with a Person who took Lodgings for her in *Holbourn*; but one Day, as she was calling out of her Window, to the People at an opposite Alehouse, to bring her a Pint of Beer, at that very Instant, her Husband *Adams* (being come to Town upon some Business) was buying some Fruit of a Woman, under her Window where she lodg'd, and he said to the Fruit Woman, *I believe I know that Woman's Voice*, by her Speech she should be a *Wiltshire* Woman. You may soon know that, said the Woman, by enquiring at the House where she lodges; accordingly her Husband went to the House, and asked if there was not a young Woman lodged there above Stairs; yes, says the Gentlewoman of the House, and you may speak with her if you please Sir; she lodges up one pair of Stairs. He went up and knock'd at her Door; upon her opening of it, to his great Astonishment, he found his Wife big with Child, and to her great Surprise, she saw her Husband. When they had recover'd themselves from their Surprise, she fell on her Knees, crying and begging Forgiveness for her past Faults, and promising him at the same Time never to be guilty of any ill Thing for the Time to come, if he would be so good to forgive her, and that she would make him the best of Wives. Well, says he, my Dear, you had no Reason to leave me; but, if you will behave as an honest Woman ought to do to her Husband, and act a Mother's Part by your two Infants, who can no ways have offended you, I'll look over all your past Faults, and I will take care of the Child which I see you are big with, in the same Manner as if it was my own. In about a Week's Time he paid for her Lodgings, and took a House in *Houndsditch*, and furnished it, in order to settle in *London*, and designed to send for his two Children; but he had not been three Weeks in the House, before he was informed that his Goods would be seized for the Ground Rent; being something surprized at the News, he acquainted his Wife with it, and she advised him to take 2 or 3 Rooms unfurnished in the Neighbourhood, to put the Goods in, which accordingly he did, and desired her at the same Time to pack them up and send them there, he being obliged to set out the next Day for *Wiltshire*, to settle his Affairs there, and his

his Design being likewise to bring up his Children with him ; but no sooner was he gone, than she sent for an *Upholder*, and sold all the Goods to him, and put the Money in her Pocket ; then she took Lodgings in *Drury-lane*, and never saw her Husband since, which is between nine and ten Years ago : Since she left her Husband she had four Children by a certain Person not far from *Wood-street*, and two by another, who are all dead. She acknowledged she had been very undutiful to her Mother, and likewise had wrong'd the best of Husbands. It was reported since her Condemnation that she kept a Coffee-House, but she said she never was Mistress of any Publick House in her Life ; and she hoped that her dear Father (who keeps an Inn in the Road to *Bristol*) her Husband and Children would not hear of her ignominious Death.

They were executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1737-8.*

George Price, for the Murder of his Wife, *Oct. 10, 1737.*

GEORGE PRICE, of *Isleworth*, was indicted, for that he, not having God before his Eyes, &c. on the 10th of *October*, in and upon *Mary* his Wife, did make an Assault, and with a certain Knife, Value 1*d.* which he held in his Right Hand, the said *Mary*, in and upon the Neck, feloniously did strike and cut, giving her in and on the Neck a mortal Wound, of the Breadth of five Inches, and the Depth of two Inches, of which mortal Wound she instantly died.

The Council for the King having opened the Indictment and the Charge, the Witnesses were called.

Thomas Barber. The Deceased lodged in my House, On *Monday, October 10*, she went out in the Morning, and returned about eleven o'Clock, and told me her Husband was come, and she was going to meet him, and to go abroad with him, and she borrow'd a Hood and Cloak of my Wife. But she not coming Home all Night, I blam'd my Wife for being so free in lending her Things ; upon which she said, she would get Mrs. *Lamb* to go to the Prisoner's Master, to know what was become of the Woman. Some Time after this Mrs. *Lamb* came and told me

me, she had been at Mr. Cokes, and the Prisoner had told her he had not seen any thing of his Wife, but if the Hood and Cloak did not come Home again, he would pay for them. Some Time after this I was mentioning the Thing to a young Man, who came to my House, and he informed me, that the Prisoner fetched his Wife out in a Chaise from the *Wool-pack*, a Publick-house in *Monkwell-street*. The Prisoner had promised to pay for the Things if they should not be returned; but on *Tuesday*, the 11th of *October*, about two or three o'Clock in the Afternoon, a Man brought to me in the Shop a Bundle, with a Letter. I asked the Messenger from whence he came? He told me it came by the Post, and away he went immediately. I opened the Bundle, and found the Hood and Cloak, and this Letter with them, which I have compared with about twenty Letters of the Prisoner's own Hand-writing, found since absconded, and I apprehend this (which I received with the Things) is the same with the rest. I examined the outside of the Bundle for the Post Mark, but could find none. What made me suspect the Prisoner the more, was my finding this Stuff in one of the Letters to his Wife, I think they call it *Savin*, and there are some Directions in the Letter concerning the poisoning his Children.

Mr. Coke. I have some Knowledge of the Prisoner's Hand-writing, and I take this Letter, (which came with the Bundle) to be wrote by him, and have Receipts now in Court, and a Letter which he sent me the Day after the Fact was committed, and they seem all to be wrote by the same Hand.

The Letter, produced by Mr. Barber, was read.

Mrs. BARBER,

I Have sent your Cloak and Hood, and if that Person comes, that I used to call my Husband, for the Box, let him have it; for I promised, when he parted with me, to leave it at Mrs. Lamb's till he called for it, and was never to see him any more. When I heard he was coming, I thought it my prudent Way to make off, because I have run him so much in Debt. I am now gone to a Relation in the Wild of Kent. Take what other Things there are left, I mean to pay you and Mrs. Lamb; if there should not be enough,

enough, what is left unpaid, I will send as soon as God sends me any (Thing;) but I was ashamed to say, when I found it was known that I was not his Wife.

From Yours,

MARY CHAMBERS.

Directed to Mrs. Barber, a Grinder, near Cripplegate.

Mr. Barber. Chambers was the Deceased's Maiden Name, and this is the very Letter which I received with the Hood and Cloak on *Tuesday, October 11*. When the Prisoner was examined before the Lord Mayor, I was present, and heard him own, that he took her out in a Chaise from a House near Cripplegate, and that he delivered her to a Man at the Monument. After I had received this Letter, I went to Mrs. Lamb's, and there I found the Prisoner; I told him I was afraid he had made away with his Wife; he declared his Innocence, and I told him I had received a Letter which tended to make him Innocent, but I doubt you wrote that Letter yourself. Upon this he burst out a crying, and desired me to have a Care what I said, for (says he) my Master will not trust me to shave him, if he should hear I am suspected of such a Thing.

I charged him with having taken his Wife out in a Chaise, from a House at Cripplegate; but he denied it to me, and said he was that Night at the Playhouse, without mentioning which of them. I taxed him further in the Presence of his Fellow-Servant, upon which he said he would go Home to his Master who understood the Law, and he should clear him. He went Home to his Master, but he absconded that very Night; all this passed on the same Day I received the Letter and Bundle, *Oct. 11*, and that very Night he run away.

When I heard of a Woman being found murdered at *Hounslow*, I went thither, and knew her to be *Mary Price*. I found her in the Stock-House at *Isleworth*; I am positive it was the Deceased, and I found the Scar of a Wound upon her right Leg, which she received by a Pitch-fork when she was a Girl. When the Prisoner was before the Lord Mayor, among other Questions, he was asked, how he came by the Chaise again, for it appeared that he brought it home again at Night? His Answer was, That he left his Wife and the Chaise with another Man at the Monument,

ment, who drove away with her, and that he found it again at Night at the same Place, a Boy having brought it thither.

Martha Barber. The Deceased lodged at my House between three or four Months. On the 10th of *October* she went out about eight o'Clock in the Morning, and came home about ten and eleven, and borrowed a Hood, a Cloak and an Apron, to go out again in ; but, as she did not come home all that Night, I got Mrs. *Lamb* to go to Mr. *Coke's*, to enquire if the Prisoner had seen her ; he sent me Word he had not seen her, but if she ow'd me any thing, he would come and make Satisfaction. The Deceased having told me when she went out, that she was going to meet her Husband, who was come that Morning out of *Kent* by the Hoy, I sent to the Master of the Hoy, found that she had met him that Morning. I was uneasy about my Hood and Cloak, but the next Afternoon (*Tuesday*) the same Hood and Cloak which I lent the Deceased, was brought home, with the Letter that has been read, by a Man who said the Parcel came by the Post : The Apron was found in Mr. *Coke's* House after the Prisoner absconded. The Prisoner promised to pay me, what his Wife might have left unpaid.

Prisoner. I don't know these People, nor did I ever see them, till they charged me with this Fact.

Jonas Harris. On Monday, *October* 10, the Deceased came into the *Wool-Pack* in *Monkwell street*, and call'd for a Pint of Beer ; I had some Knowledge of her, and so we fell into Discourse. She told me her Husband was that Morning come from *Canterbury*, and she was waiting for him ; she said he had provided a Place for her at *Wandsworth*, and was to come and carry her thither in a Chaise. About two o'Clock the Prisoner came to the House, but without the Chaise ; he would not come in, so the Deceased went to the Door, and talked to him a little while ; then she came again into the House, and he went away ; as soon as he was gone, she told me that her Husband had hired a Chaise, but the Horse wanted shoeing, and that he would bring the Chaise to the End of the Street, when the Horse was shod, and she was to go to him there when she saw the Chaise. About half an Hour afterwards I saw the Prisoner (if a Man may swear through the Glass) in a blue

blue Livery, answering to the Description that the Woman had given me, with the Chaise, at the End of *Hart-street*, near *Cripplegate*; as soon as she saw him, she started up, and said she must be gone: And I saw her go down the Street towards him.

Mr. Coke. The Prisoner went away in a blue Livery; that is the Colour I give.

Mr. Harris. When we heard of a Woman being found murder'd at *Hounslow*, I went down with *Mr. Barber* to view the Body, and I am positive it was the reputed Wife of the Prisoner; she had a particular Mark upon her Arm.

Jane Hart. The Prisoner came to our House the 10th of *October*, between eleven and twelve in the Forenoon, to hire a Horse and Chaise: I told him we had only a Chaise, but I recommended him to *Mr. Milling* for a Horse; he went and hired the Horse, then he came back and agreed with me for the Chaise; he gave me but two Shillings for it, because he told me he wanted it only to give an Acquaintance an Airing, and should go no further than *Sir Gregory Page's* on *Black-Heath*. He had the Chaise from us between two and three in the Afternoon, and my Husband helped him to put the Horse in it. The same Night, about twelve o'Clock, the Prisoner brought home the Horse and the Chaise, and I saw my Husband unharness the Horse: Then he desired to know, if he could not lie at our House that Night; but we told him we had People come from *Canterbury*, and that our Beds were full. The Prisoner said, if they were *Canterbury* Men he would go and see if he knew any of them, and he went into the Rooms where they were; but not knowing any of them, he said he would go Home to his Master's House.

William Hart. The Prisoner paid me two Shillings for the Chaise, and *Mr. Millings*, at the *Three Colts*, had four Shillings for the Horse; I saw him drive away, and when he returned with the Horse and Chaise at twelve o'Clock at Night, I told him he had been a long while at *Black-Heath*; I have been further (says he) I have been at *Dartford*. Have you, says I? then the Horse has had a bloody hard Job of it, to go so far in so little Time, when the Roads are so very bad. The Horse had sweated much, but the Sweat was dry'd upon him when he came home.

Jane

Jane Proffer. On the 10th of *October* in the Morning, the Deceased came to my Master *Coke's* House, to know if her Husband was come from *Canterbury*; when she heard that he was expected that Day in the *Hoy*, she said she would go down and meet him at the *Hoy*. About eleven o'Clock she returned to our House, and told us he was come, and she had got his Bread and Cheese, and the Dram that his Mistress had given him, in case he should be sick, and she could not stay at all with us, because he had appointed her to meet him somewhere by *Wood street*, to carry her to see a Place which he had provided for her. I asked her, if she would go with him, when she knew he had attempted to poison her? Yes, says she, I will, I neither love him nor fear him. I desired her to let me hear from her, and she told me she would, and that if I did not see her next Morning, or before Noon, I might depend upon it she was kill'd; then she went away. Between twelve and one o'Clock that Night, the Prisoner came home to my Master's House, and complained that his Back ached very much, and he wished he had had the Dram that his Mistress had given him; but (says he) I left it behind me at a Publick-house. Upon that I asked him if he had not seen his Wife? No, says he, as God's my Judge, I have not seen her since I parted with her at my Uncle's: I have had two Children by her, but I have parted with her. While we were talking, a Woman knocked at the Door, and enquired for him. He took her into the Laundry, as they passed along, I heard her say, — *Why, when did you see her?* Hearing this, I went into the Laundry, and asked her, if she did not come to enquire after *George's* (the Prisoner's) Wife, or Sister? (as he called her) Yes, she told me she did, and asked me, if she did not come there last Night? I told her she did not, and would have had more Discourse with her, but the Prisoner was too intent upon getting her out of Doors, so I followed her, and overtaking her, I took her to the *Three Tun* Alehouse; I asked her what the Prisoner had said concerning the Deceased? Why (says she) he says she is none of his Wife, and what can any Body do to him then? But, must the Woman be murdered, says I, because she is not his Wife? I am resolved I will go down to the *Hoy*, and enquire what Time she was there; and accordingly I took my Master's

Brother's Man with me, and we went down to the Hoy, and heard the Deceased had been there to enquire for the Prisoner; then we went home, and acquainted our People with what we had done, and we went directly to Mrs. *Lamb's*, and enquired for the Prisoner; we found him there, and I asked him, if he had found his Sister? (as he used to call her.) No, says he, nor, d—n her, do I intend to look after her. I told him I had been at the Hoy, and that he came from thence at eleven o'Clock, and I asked him where he had been from that Time to twelve, or one o'Clock that Night? He said he had been to see a Play at *Drury-Lane* Playhouse. From Mrs. *Lamb's* he came home with me, and as we came along together, he told me I had taken a great deal of Pains about the Deceased, and he would make me Amends. I had the Letter that was sent to Mr. *Barber*, with the Hood and Cloak, at the same Time about me, and upon comparing it with one the Prisoner sent me, about a Week after he absconded, I do believe it to be his own Hand writing. This is a Cap, Handkerchief, and Apron, (*showing them to the Court*) which my Master's Brother's Man found in my Presence (after the Prisoner was run away) in a Place where he locked up the Plate; we were forced to open the Lock, because he was gone away with the Key in his Pocket, and there we found these Things.

Mrs. *Barber*. I believe this is the Apron I lent the Deceased, but this Handkerchief I am positive to.

Proffer. I taxed the Prisoner with having seen her that Morning, and he then told me positively that he had not, and that if he ever did see her again, he would shoot her. But when he was examined before the Lord-Mayor, he confessed that he took her from *Wood-street*, and delivered her at the Monument to a Stranger, and if she was killed, it was for the Sake of a Guinea, which he had given her to buy her a Gown to go to her Place in. He likewise owned, that he had seen her at *Bear-Key* that Morning, and that he bid her go home and get a clean Apron, that she might go out with him.

Prisoner. Were there any Marks of this Villainy on my Cloaths?

Proffer. No, only you complained of a Pain in your Back.

John

John Taylor. I saw the Prisoner that Day at Mr. *Hart's*; I asked him how he did? He said he was just come out of the Country, and had a little Business to do, which would prevent his going home that Night; he desired me to take no Notice that I had seen him, because he should not go home before Morning.

Prisoner. Did I say punctually, that I *should not* — or, that I only *believed I could not* go home till Morning?

Taylor. He said he had a little Business to do, and could not go home till Morning?

Margaret Lamb. The Deceased had been at a Town called *Sea-Salter*, and when she came home, she visited me, and told me her Husband was a murdering Rogue, and had a Design upon her; that he had sent her Physick to take, and it proved to be *Savin*. She pulled a Letter out of her Pocket, and shewed it me at that Time, it was to desire her to lodge at *Clerkenwell*, and not to go near any of her Acquaintance.

Another Letter was produced, directed to *Jane Prosser*, at Mr. *Coke's*.

Mr. *Coke.* This I take to be the Prisoner's Hand-writing.

My dear Fellow-Servant,

I Find how the Villainy has been contrived that sent me away, but hope God will provide for me. She met me at Bear-Key, and I was surprized to see her, having parted with her before. So, says she, how do you do? My Heart came in my Mouth, and I could make her no Answer. Well, says she, if you turn me off to seek my Fortune, will you tell me good News? My Resolution is, says I, to have no more to say to you. Has the young Man had his Shirts? Yes, says she. Have you got a Service in Town, or do you go to your Aunts? says I. I am to have a Nurse Child from Putney, says she, and there is a young Man who knows you very well, will help me to the Child, but I want Money to pay for a Horse and Chaise to carry me thither, and this is the last Time I'll trouble you, says she. I being over-joy'd at that, I would hire one for her. She said,

if I would give her the Money, she would hire one herself. I thought I should be cheated of the Money, so I told her we must stay till To-morrow, for I must go home with my Master's Things. It will be too late then, says she, and I must go thither at Night. All this passed at a Public-house in Tower-street, by Mr. Watts's Academy, where I gave her the Bread and Cheese which I had in my Basket. It was God's Mercy I had not the Horse and Chaise to pay for, but God owed the Owner of them better Fortune. 'Tis a Scheme to take away my Life, because I did design to take up and lead a good Life. Give my Duty to my Master on my Knees, I will ask his Pardon for leaving his Service: I trust in God he will take me again, and stand my Friend, as I am a poor Servant and friendless. At present I am not able to come, I am so bad with Pains all over my Body and Head, that I can hardly stand; but I will starve myself rather than spend my Master's Money. Take my Shirts, dear Jenny, into your Charge, I have but few Things, but I hope God will bless me, which is all from,

Your unfortunate Fellow Servant,

Oct. 17, 1737.

GEORGE PRICE.

P. S. *If you please, shew this Letter to my Master, and to all those I owe Money to; tell them, with the Help of God, I will pay them all I owe, which will not come to seven Pounds. I asked her what Time the Man was to come home with her? She told me, she would have me wait. I said, I thought they might be back about Ten or Eleven o'Clock: They told me, if they did not come back by that Time, they would not come till next Morning. I said, that I would go then to the other End of the Town; but she repeated her Words, that I must not go till she saw whether she should have this Child or no, and that I must swear I had not seen her. I misfortunately promised to say as she desired me, it being the last Time that she troubled me; so I went to Drury-Lane, and from thence I run to Fish-street-hill, where I found a Boy leading the Horse and Chaise, who told me, he had Six-pence for bringing them from St. George's Church in Southwark, by a Man who looked like a Sailor; but it was not*
like

like the Man that went out with her, for he was like a Carpenter. The Boy told me, the Man came with him to the Foot of the Bridge, then left him, telling him, he would meet somebody to take the Horse from him. I laid down my Dram upon a Table, as God is my Judge I never tasted it, and you say she got it. She gave me the strictest Charge to say, if I chanced to meet any Body that knew her, that I had not seen her. I did so, but there is a God in Heaven, who by some Means or other will right my Cause. At present I am Fatherless, Motherless, and Friendless. I went to look for a Horse that would carry double, but I could not find one, so I got a Chair, and took her to the Bridge-Foot, where I met this Man, whom I never saw before, and I asked him the Reason of his going that Way to Putney? He told me it was to save the Expence of going over Sir Robert's Bridge. I gave her Half a Crown at the Alehouse in Tower-street, which I suppose she spent; for before she went off, she gave me her Handkerchief, Cap, and Apron to be washed.

Proffer. This Cap and Apron was found as I have mentioned, and the Letter was brought me by a Man who looked like a Countryman, and he asked me, if I knew one Jane Proffer? He told me, it came by the Carrier that comes in at the Old Change. I shewed my Master the Letter, and he kept it till this very Day.

Mrs. Barber. The Apron was clean when I lent it to her, and the Handkerchief I know she had on that Morning she went out.

Thomas Ansol, Surgeon. I was sent for to view the Body of the Deceased, by Order of Mr. Higgs, the Coroner. I found a large Contusion on her Neck, and a large Cut, which entirely separated the Tendon of the Neck, and divided the jugular Vein. Her Nose was likewise slit, and she had a slight Wound above her Eye-brow. These Wounds were curable, but the others in the Neck were mortal.

Thomas Scot. On the 10th of October, about a Quarter after six in the Evening, I was going over Hounslow-Heath to work, and I heard a Woman's Voice, I thought, about two or three hundred Yards from me. I laid myself down upon the Ground; for we Country-Folks imagine we can hear any thing at a Distance, much better in that Posture.

I heard the Woman cry, *O Lord ! My Dear ! My Dear ? I will never trust you any more, if these are your Favours.* The next Day the Woman was found murdered about two or three hundred Yards from the Place where I heard the Voice.

Mr. Coke. I had been in *Kent* all the Summer, and towards the latter End of it, I came up to Town with the Prisoner: As we came along, he had a Fall from his Horse, and hurt himself, so I made him go back, and ordered him, when he was better, to come up by the Hoy. He came home on the 10th of *October*, about 12 o'Clock at Night, as I was informed; I did not see him that Night, for my Brother got out of Bed and let him in. He was angry with him for being late, and, to justify himself, he told him, the Hoy was but just arrived; he told me the same Thing the next Morning. I asked him what was the Reason that he did not lie on-board, as the Hoy was so late? Sir, says he, I met Mr. *Milford's* Man, *John Taylor*, and he told me your Brother and you were out of Town. I thought these Excuses a little odd, for Mr. *Milford's* Man had seen him at twelve o'Clock at Noon that Day, and he had desired him to say, he had not seen him at all. However I gave him three Guineas to fetch something from Mr. *Godfrey's*, the Chymist, I knew 'twas a costly Thing, and did not know the exact Price; he brought home what I sent him for, which cost but ten Shillings, and that Day he absconded with the rest of the Money; for when I came home in the Evening, about six or seven o'Clock, I called for him, and my Brother's Man told me, he went out about five or six, and said he was coming to me at the Coffee-house; but he was not returned, and he believed he would come no more; from that Time he never came to my Service. The next Day he wrote me a Penny-Post Letter, telling me therein, that he was over Head and Ears in Debt; that he must go to Sea, and that he dare not shew his Head. He pretended he run away for Debt, but in that long Letter to *Proffer*, which has been read, he says, all his Debts in the World were but seven Pounds, four Guineas of which he owes my Brother's Man, who would never have troubled him for it. I have told you the Excuse he made to me and my Brother for coming home so late, was, the Hoy was but just arrived;

rived ; but the Reason he gave to *Proffer* was, that he had been at *Drury Lane* Play-house.

Francis Heath. I belong to Mr. *Fleetwood*, Master of *Drury-Lane* Play-house. This is the Book we keep our Accounts in. On the 10th of *October* last, there was no Play acted there at all.

The Prisoner's Defence.

My Lords, I declare I am entirely innocent of all that is laid to my Charge ; and I am so far from knowing any thing of the Murder of my Wife, that I can take a solemn Oath, I know nothing at all of it. 'Tis very plain, my Lord, that there is a Scheme of Villainy laid before you, but when I lay the Manner of its Contrivance before you, I make no Doubt but you will think so too. My Wife I loved as I do my own Life, I married her for nothing else ; and indeed she merited all my Love, being a virtuous, sober, good Woman. If she was not so frugal in the Management of what little we had, it was our Misfortune only. I hope your Lordship and the Jury will put a charitable Construction on my leaving my Master's Service. You will find I did not, without good Reason, and that I am not the Villain I have been represented. If I was, I think I should never have had the Confidence to have looked your Lordship and the Jury in the Face. I have no Friend but God to be my Councillor, and Innocency must be my Defence. And I believe several People now in Court have Reason to think I speak the Truth.—— now let them declare, whether they think I deserve some of my Wife's Speeches. I have taken Pains to preserve her Life,——never any to destroy it. If any of them can say I ever misused her, then let me suffer Blame ; but, till then, I hope your Lordship will hear my Cause. Ask Mrs. *Lamb* in what manner I used this Woman,——this Wife of mine ?

Mrs. *Lamb*. He used her very well : In a Fit of Sickness she had, he fetched his Master's Apothecary to her, and desired him to discharge his Conscience to her, and make her well. When she did not take her Medicines, the Prisoner would blame her. He paid her Lodging, and her Nurse. I know no Fault in him ; how this happened I cannot tell.

Council. How long is it since the Deceased had this Fit of Sickness ?

Mrs. Lamb. About Seven or Eight Months ago. I am not sure, whether the Apothecary is paid or not.

Prisoner. He is not paid ; this is his Bill. Pray call *Mrs. Sherwin*, and ask her where I spent the Evening on *Monday the 10th of October.*

Mrs. Sherwin. I remember nothing of it. There is a Woman under Misfortune in *Newgate*, and I went with an elderly Man to see her. While I was there, a *Breviate* was wrote out, by which I was to clear the Prisoner. I was to say, that he and his Wife were with me at Supper that Night, and I was to be well paid for my Trouble. This is the Paper of Instructions which I received from the Prisoner, and thus far (*pointing to the Middle of the Sheet of Paper*) he wrote himself. I was carried to *Newgate* by this elderly Man, to do Service for somebody, — I did not know who ; when I came there, I found it was for the Prisoner, and was to be paid for doing it, but I don't desire to get Money at such a Rate.

The Paper was read.

My Lord, on *Monday, October 10th*, about 9 o'Clock in the Morning, *Mrs. Price* came to my House in *Aldersgate-street*, and drank Tea with me. She told me she was going to see a Place, but that she must stay till her Husband came to *London*, (which would be that Day) because she wanted Money. She told me he would be surpris'd to see her, for at *Canterbury* she told him, she would send him Word when she got a Place, or else she would go to her Aunt's. She asked me to go to *Bear-Key* with her, to see if her Husband was come up ; I told her I could not go with her, but I would come after her, and she was to stay for me at the *Cock Alehouse* in *Tower-street*. I went out a little before two o'Clock, and met the Prisoner and his Wife in *Tower-street*. He had with him a Parcel tied up in a Paper, and a Twig-Basket with Pidgeons in it, which he said he was going to make a Present of to his Master *Lane*. I heard her tell her Husband, that she had heard of a Service in the Country, and if he would get her a Horse, she had a Person ready to go with her in the Evening. He said his Master would lend him Money, and therefore she should not go to her Place while he staid in Town, and

and she should have half the Money. He said he had some Business to do, and must go, but would meet us again at the *King's-Head* Alehouse in *Clement's-Lane*. We went there, and drunk a Pint of Two-penny, then he returned to us, and told us he was disappointed of Money, but he would get a Horse for her, or a Chaise; which she consented to, and complaining of the Poorness of her Cloaths, the Prisoner took out of his Pocket a Guinea and a Sixpence, and said, if he could get that changed, he would pay for the Chaise, and give her the Remainder of the Money. I told him, if he would give his Wife the whole Guinea, I would lend him ten Shillings to pay for the Chaise, which I did, and am not paid to this Day. The Deceased then ordered her Husband to bring the Chaise to the *Wool-Pack* in *Monkwell-street*, and charged him to tell his Fellow-Servants that she was gone into the Country, and had been there some Time; and she desired him to deny that he had seen her. All this I heard her say to him. While he was gone to see for a Chaise, a Man came to the Deceased, and she went out to see after her Husband. At Three o'Clock she returned to the Man, and the Prisoner with her in a Chaise. I saw the Man and she go away together in the Chaise, and the Prisoner asked the Man, what was the meaning of his going over the Bridge to *Putney*? The Man reply'd, that it was to save the Expence of *Putney* Bridge, and promised to be back about eleven o'Clock; the Prisoner said he would meet him to take the Horse and Chaise, if he did not exceed that Time; if he should, he begged the Man would put them up at the *Star* Inn, and he would fetch them from thence. He gave his Wife Half a Crown at parting, to bear her Expences, and kissed her.

Sherwin. These were my Instructions, and this was what I was to swear here: I received this Paper from the Prisoner Yesterday Morning, I had it to peruse often over; it is Part of a Play which I was to act here, and was to be paid very handsomely for performing my Part.

Mary Pennystone gave an Account, that the Deceased lodged with her three Quarters of a Year; that she had two Children in her House; that she went from her House last *Christmas* was Twelvemonth; and, that during

ring the Time she lived with her, the Prisoner used her well.

Mary Sale depos'd to the same Effect.

Mary Finch. I knew the Deceas'd before she marry'd the Prisoner : She lodg'd in my House, and was with Child by him, and she was deliver'd of two Children 3 Doors from where I live ; I nursed them for some Time, and parted with them last *Whitsunday*. He and she have din'd with me three Days together, and I saw nothing but that he used her well. He paid me for nursing the Children to a Farthing, at the *White-Horse* in *Bond-street*. He was civil to the Children, and never came empty-handed, without Biscakes, or half a Pint of Wine for them, but I can't tell what's become of them now.

Council. Do you know what Month it was when he paid you ?

Finch. I can't tell.

Council. Was it *May* or *June* ?

Finch. I don't know.

John Johnson gave an Account, that the Prisoner, on *Monday, November* the 5th, sent for him to the *Bear and Harrow Tavern*, and told him, he surrender'd himself to him, and desir'd to be carry'd before a Magistrate ; that in *St. Clement's Church-yard* he left the Prisoner to go home for his Hat, that he found him there again, and that they went directly to *Mr. Coke's* ; that the Maids there were afraid they were come to murder them, and called in some of the Neighbour's Servants, that when the Constable came he was not willing to take Charge of the Prisoner, till some Threats were used to him ; that the Prisoner said before the Lord Mayor, he had hired a Chaise for his Wife, and a Man had drove away with her in *Gracechurch-street*, who was an Acquaintance of hers, and that he had the Chaise again from a Link-boy about 11 o'Clock, at the *Monument*.

Prisoner. As soon as I parted with my Wife at the *Monument*, a Man told me he believ'd I did not know him ; but, says he, that's my Friend who is gone with your Wife, and if you'll go with me this Evening, I'll treat you ; I thought I must oblige him, because he and his Friend had helped my Wife to a Service, so I went with him to *Drury-Lane Playhouse*, and there being no Play acted

acted there that Night, we went to *Covent-Garden*, and saw *Volpone*, or *The Fox*, with the Entertainment of the *Mock Doctor*.

The Jury found the Prisoner Guilty. *Death*.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

George Price was born at *Hay*, in *Brecknockshire*, of reputable Parents, where his Father now lives, but his Mother has been dead about 16 Years. He was not put to any Trade, but served a Gentlewoman in *Brecknock Town* in the Quality of a Foot-Boy: This was the first Person he ever liv'd with as a Servant; and the extraordinary Liberties he was here allow'd fill'd People's Heads with odd Conjectures concerning him. He continued in his Service about 7 Years, and his Behaviour was all the Time more like that of a Master, than a Servant.

At the End of this Term he left *Brecknock Town*, and came to *London*; for some Time he liv'd as a Servant with an *Apothecary*, in *Clement's-lane*, *Lombard street*; from thence he went into the *Lady Page's* Service, and, after he had been in *London* about a Year and a Half, he returned to *Brecknock Town*, and continued some little Time with his former Mistress; then he set out again for *London*, and at parting she made him a Present of a very handsome Watch.

He had not been long in *Town*, before he got into the Service of one Mr. *Brown*, who then liv'd near *Golden-square*. Mr. *Brown* having frequent Occasion to go to *Hampstead*, his Man *Price* generally went with him, and at this Place began his Acquaintance with his deceased Wife, (*Mary Chambers*) who liv'd at a Publick House, where he fell in Love with her, and, after a Fortnight's Courtship, he married her at *Hampstead*; and when the Ceremony was over, he carried her in a Coach to the *White-bart* at *Highgate*, and there they both lay the first Night.

The next Day he returned to *Hampstead* with her, and took Lodgings; here he left her, and returned to his Master *Brown's* Service, where he continued some little Time, then left him, and while he was out of Place he took his Wife down in a very grand Manner, to see his Friends at *Hay*, in *Brecknockshire*, telling them she was a Captain's Daughter, and that he had great Expectations from her Friends, who were People of Figure and Fortune.

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After some little Stay at *Hay*, they both set out for *London*, and from thence she went to her Lodging at *Hampstead*, but he got into Mr. *Coke's* Service in *New Broadstreet*, and continued very fond of his Wife, visiting her as often as he had Opportunity. While she lived at *Hampstead* and he at Mr. *Coke's*, she lay in with two Children; which are since Dead; and 'tis thought was Poison'd.

About this Time, by going with his Master into *Kent*, he got intimately acquainted with one Mrs *S——w*, and became passionately in Love with her; she gave him Encouragement to pursue his Addressee to her, but his Wife and Children were dreadful Obstacles in the Way to his Happiness: Then it was that he began to meditate the dire Villainies he has been since guilty of; and had they not been brought to Light, he would have been shortly married to this Mrs. *S——w*. This was the Temptation to the Murder of his Wife, in whose Punishment the Justice of Divine Providence is very visible; for as she consented to her wretched Husband's Sollicitations, and, to oblige him, had not only murdered two Infants about a Year and a Quarter old, in full Life, but had likewise destroyed another, then unborn, so Providence suffer'd her Husband, her Adviser to her Crimes, to be the Instrument of its Vengeance upon her, and she was permitted to fall by his Hands, who urged her to her unnatural Crimes; nor was he suffer'd to rest after he had committed his Part, and concluded the Tragedy, but the Hell in his Bosom obliged him to discover himself, and surrender himself up into the Hands of Justice. But to go on with our Account.

He having resolved to remove his Wife infallibly out of the Way, that she might be no Bar to his fresh Pursuit, an Opportunity offer'd unexpectedly, which he resolved to make Use of. His Master, having on Account of a Hurt he received by a Fall from his Horse, left him at *Canterbury*, to come up by the Hoy when he should be able, his Wife happen'd to meet him at the Hoy the Morning he arrived; he, thinking this a very proper Opportunity to execute his barbarous Design upon her, told her, as soon as he saw her, that he had got a Nursery-Maid's Place for her at *Wandsworth* or *Putney*, and she must go Home and get a clean Cap and Apron, and must go with him that Day to
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see the Place. She went to her Lodgings to dress herself, and in the Way Home she called at his Master's, and told the Servants that her Husband was arrived, and acquainted them with what had passed between him and her at their Interview. His Fellow Servants advised her not to trust herself with him; but she told them she was not afraid of him, that he was in a good Humour, and had given her his Bread and Cheese, which she then shew'd them.

Accordingly having borrowed a Cap and Apron, and other Things of her Landlady, she went to the Place (the *Woolpack* in *Monkwell-street*;) where she was to wait for his coming to the End of the Street; as soon as she saw him at the End of the Street with the Chaise, she went to him, and he drove her away; as they went along, she desired him to stop for a Halfpenny worth of Snuff, but he told her, *She should never have any more.*

When he got her to *Hounslow-beath*, on the first *Heath* next *Hounslow*, he stopped the Chaise, and having got every Thing in Readiness (as he said) he threw the Lash of the Whip over her Head; in the Hurry he drew it over her Chin (the Marks of which remained after she was dead) but loosening the Whip, notwithstanding her Struggling, and the Resistance she made, he got it about her Neck, and before he had drawn it tight, she cry'd out, *My Dear! My Dear! For God's Sake,——if this is your Love I will never trust you more!* But he soon put it out of her Power to make any Noise, by drawing the Ends of the Lash with both his Hands.

While she was in the Agonies of Death, he relented, and loosen'd the Whip; but before she recovered herself, it came into his Mind, that as he had begun, he must go thro' the Business, lest the Attempt should provoke her to discover not only this Fact, but the Affair of the Children; upon which he fell to his devilish Work again, and twisted the Whip so violently round her Neck, that he broke the Handle in two Pieces.

'Twas about Ten o'Clock, when she was quite dead, and then he drew her out of the Chaise, and stripped off her Shoes, Stockings, &c. When she was stark naked, he drew her to the Place where the two Men hang in Chains, and there he gave her that large Wound which the Surgeons gave an Account of on the Trial; he likewise gave her several

veral Cuts over the Eye-Brows, and slit her Nose that she might not be known, and that it might be imagined she was robb'd, and stripp'd, and murder'd by Thieves. Her Cloaths he bundl'd up and brought to *London*, and, to prevent any Discovery by them, he cut them into small Pieces, and dropt them Bit by Bit about the Streets; but she having told him what Things she had borrowed of Mrs. *Barber*, her Landlady, he imagined he should be required to make Satisfaction for them, if they were not return'd, therefore he contrived to send Home the Hood and Cloak, as the most valuable Things, as Mr. *Barber* and his Wife had informed the Court in their Evidence against him, and this proved a Step towards the discovery of this horrid Fact. He was asked (after his Condemnation) by a Relation of his, whether his Mind was not full of Horror as he drove home in the Dark, after he had thus murder'd his Wife and left her behind him? he said, *No, it was not; for he was born to do it, and could not help it*, his Heart being very harden'd, both before and after the Fact.

After he had returned the Horse and Chaise to the Owners, he went Home to his Master's House, and was let in by his Master's Brother, between 12 and 1 o'Clock; the Reason he gave for his coming home so late, was, that the Hoy was but just arrived; and the next Day the Enquiry that was made after his Wife, both in the House and by other People, so terrify'd him, that he ran away towards the Evening, and went directly to *Portsmouth*, where he took up his Quarters at an Alehouse, and went by the Name of *Thomas Willis*, intending to take Shipping, and get out of the Kingdom: but one Night, while he was drinking a Pint of Beer in a Ground Room by himself, he heard the Crier proclaiming the Advertisement in the Street, (which had been sent down to the Sea Port Towns) forbidding all Captains of Ships, and Owners of Vessels, taking him on board, for that he was under a violent Suspicion of being a Murderer: He was in the utmost Confusion and Horror of Mind. But, recollecting himself as well as he could, consider'd he must not stay in a Publick House, nor yet dar'd he to venture out in the Street, for, being a very remarkable Person, he concluded he must be discover'd.

In the Agony of Soul he observed a Back Window in the Room which look'd into the Sea; this Window he open'd

open'd and fell from thence into the Water, making Shift sometimes to swim and sometimes to wade, 'till he came to a Landing-place without the City, where he came ashore.

In this Condition he wander'd all that Night, and the next Day, thinking to get into *Oxfordshire*; and towards the next Evening he came to a Farmer's House lonely situated, and enquired at the House if they wanted a Servant? The Farmer was not at Home, but his Wife told him, she thought he did not look like a Country Servant, or one that was fit for her Husband's Business. He told her he had liv'd well, but was now reduc'd; and should be glad to do any Thing in an honest Way to get Bread. She told him she could not say any Thing to it, he might stay if he thought proper 'till her Husband came in, and then he would have his Answer from him. When the Farmer came Home and heard what he had to say, he looked earnestly at him, (which put the Wretch into a Panic) and told him he wanted a second Plowman, but he was sure he would not do for him, he look'd (he said) as if he wanted to be hid for Debt, or something else. He owned he was under a Cloud of Misfortunes, and would gladly serve him. The Farmer told him, no, he did not greatly like him, but as 'twas Night, he might stay and lie with his Servants 'till next Morning. He was glad to have a House over his Head, tho' but for one Night, and thankfully accepted the Offer; but when the Servants (who lay in an Out house) went to Bed they were afraid of him, and told him, if he lay at their Farm that Night, he should lie in a Barn by himself in the Straw; which he was accordingly obliged to do.

From this Place he got to *Oxford*, and enquired for a Service; the Person that keeps the House, known by the Sign of the *Anchor* at *Folly-bridge*, (Mr. *Hooper*) did what he could to get him a Place. He offered his Service to a Gentleman (a Physician) there, but the Doctor insisted upon a Character from his last Master. Mr. *Hooper* asked him what was the Reason he could not obtain a Character from none of the Places where he liv'd? He made many Excuses, telling him some were dead, others he knew not where to find, and his last Master was a Foreigner, who was broke and run away. Mr. *Hooper* himself recommended him to the Doctor, and he was in hopes of getting into
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his Service, but while this Affair was depending, he happen'd to see an Advertisement in a New's Paper, which frighted him again, and made him resolve to quit *Oxford*; which he did very suddenly, and made the best of his Way to *Bredardine* in *Herefordshire*, where he lay one Night, then crossed the River *Wye*, and went to his Brother, who was an Apprentice to a *Sboemaker*, at *Winforton*, about 4 Miles from his Father's House.

Here he staid but a very little while, and desired him to go with him to his Father's at *Hay*, a Market Town in *Brecknockshire*. His Brother got Leave to accompany him to his Father's; when they came to the House, the Brother went in first, and burst out into Tears, for *George* had told him as they came along, what a Fact he had committed, and that he was forced to fly from one Place to another to avoid falling into the Hands of his Pursuers. The poor old Father having seen the Advertisement in the Papers immediately apprehended something extraordinary had happen'd, and the first Words he said were, — *Lord— you have seen George! I hope he's not in the Town!* Yes, says his Brother, he's just at the Door, but he's afraid you might have some of the Neighbours with you. There being none but their own Family in the House, he was fetch'd in, and the Minute he saw his Father he fell down on his Knees, and with a Flood of Tears begg'd his Blessing. Ah *George!* (reply'd the Father) I wish God may bless you, and that what I have heard concerning you may not be true! No, no, (said he) it is not, — it is not, — pray let me have a private Room, — make no Words, I have done no Harm, let me have a Room to myself!

As soon as he was put into a Room he pulled out half a Crown, and desired his Brother *John* to get him a Lancet, with that Money, *John* asked him what he intended to do with it, and persuaded him not to add Sin to Sin; telling him, he had done enough already, and that he would not be accessary to his farther Guilt. Let me but have a Lancet, said he, and I will put an End to all; he was now satisfied, he said, and desired only to see his Friends, and now would make them all easy, for he would die with them. His Father and Brother persuaded him from his bloody Purpose, and kept him hid 5 Days. Then it began to be rumour'd about the Town, that *George* was harbour'd

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in the House, and the People were confirmed in their Notion, by seeing Smoak come from a Chimney, where there never used to be a Fire before.

The Rumour prevailing, he began to think himself not safe, even in his Father's House and among his Relations. His Brother *John* persuaded him to go on Board a Ship from some Sea-Port, and be gone, but, it being windy Weather, he was afraid to venture at Sea.

At last he determined to get to *Gloucester*, which Place he reach'd undiscover'd, and staid a Fortnight at an Inn; during which Time every Body took Notice of his labouring under some Disorder of Mind; the Hostler asked him what was the Occasion of it? He told him, and every one else, that he was in Love with a young Woman who was just married to another Man, and his Pretence went down pretty well. At the End of the Fortnight, he found that Mrs. *M—n* (with whom he had lived at *Brecknock*) had 2 Sons at School at *Gloucester*; the Lads having seen him, they made themselves known to him, and, in a Letter to their Mother, they informed her, that their Man *George* was at *Gloucester*; she immediately wrote back to them, charging them to have nothing to say to him, for he was a Murderer. The Boys whisper'd this about, 'till it came to the Ears of the Hostler, that this was the Man who kill'd his Wife upon *Hounslow-beath*. The Hostler, as soon as he heard it, told him, if he did not make the best of his Way from thence, he would certainly be taken. I will not detect you, (says he) but I advise you to begone immediately.

The unhappy Wretch now thought it in vain to think of Refuge any where, he was tired of flying from Place to Place, nor had he any Reason to believe he should be safer any where else, than he had been in the many Places he had attempted to hide himself in; and being under strong Persuasion that his Crime was legible in his Countenance, that the Hand of Divine Justice was pursuing him, and that it would be in vain to resist it any farther, therefore he came from this Place to *London*, and surrender'd himself at his Master's House, into the Hands of Justice, as the only Means of putting an End to his constant terrifying Apprehensions.

The following is the Defence which PRICE wrote, intending to have spoke it all on his Trial, but thinking it would be improper to produce the Paper at the Bar, he recollect'd as much of it as he could, and deliver'd himself as was express'd in his Trial.

My LORD,

I Declare, That I am innocent of all that is laid to my Charge here in Court; and, so far from ever hurting my Wife, much less making away with her, such as murdering her, or knowing of her being murder'd in any Shape, I will take my Oath, that I know nothing to the contrary, but that she may be living to this Day, no more than what your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury has an Opportunity of hearing from Gentlemen, who, upon their Oaths declare, that they see her after she had been murdered in a barbarous Manner; but it is plain, my Lord, that it is a Scene of Villainy that has been laid out against us both, but where it springs from I know not; but I hope, and doubt not, but by that Time your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury has heard me declare the Manner of its being acted, but that you will think me *innocent*, as I really am; God forbid but what I should, for I loved my Wife as I did my own Soul, and she merited all my Love, had it been more than what it really was, for she was a modest, virtuous, sober, good-natur'd Woman; if she was not so frugal in the Management of the little we had to begin the World with, that tended to our Misfortune only, and there was no body else could bear a part; that I bore with Patience, and to confirm which, my Lord, if there is that Person in Court, or that can be fetch'd in, or that can say, George, you have used your Wife ill, or you have abused her in any Respect, or not done for her to the utmost of my Power, nay, more than was in my Power, for I was forced to trouble my Friends to compleat my Tenderness to her, if those Things can be laid to my Charge, then let your Lordship and the whole Court blame me for my Actions; until then, I hope your Lordship will put charitable Constructions, together with the Gentlemen of the Jury, upon the Folly that I have been guilty of, which was, that of leaving my Master's Service as I did; but

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even that, I was not without my Reasons, and such as I doubt not but will move your Lordship's Compassion together with the *whole Court*, to pity my *Circumstances*, and instead of thinking me that *Villain* that I have been represented to the World in the public New's-Papers, as I doubt not but your Lordship, upon *inquiring* into my *Character*, will find me to be a more tender hearted Person than he that should be guilty of such Barbarity: Justice I am not afraid of, my Lord, or I had never come without being forced to look your Lordship and the *Gentlemen* of the Jury in the Face. *Guilt* is a Stranger to me, therefore I stand without *Concern* upon my *Trial*, only for the Loss of my poor Wife. My Lord, I have no *Friends* to make *Intercession* for me in *Court*, only God for my *Counsellor*, and *Innocence* for my Defence, for here I expect no more Favour than what *Justice* give me a Title to, and that I don't despair of, having no *Remorse* of Conscience. If I was sure my Lord, that my Death would add to my Wife's *Happiness*, I would *willingly* sacrifice my Life for her. I think, my Lord, that there is several *Persons* in *Court*, my Lord, who were both *Eye* and *Ear* Witnesses of my tender Usage, that has Reason to think that what I say is Truth, if your Lordship *pleases* to hear them *speak*.

*This bold Defence I made,
My Life being sweet;
But Fortune did in Court,
With Justice meet.*

GEORGE PRICE.

After his Conviction he was asked, if he had any Hand in the Death of his Children? His Answer was, As God Almighty is to be my Judge, I know nothing but that they died, a Natural Death; my Wife sent me Wo & they were restless and could not sleep, and I own I sent them some Liquid *Laudanum*, if she gave them too much, I cannot help that.

A Reverend Clergyman having seen the Letters which were found in his Wife's Lodging, and hearing he continued solemnly protesting his Innocence in this Respect, out of a compassionate Regard to his Condition, he paid him a Visit, and advised him to an ingenuous Confession for his heinous Crimes, and in particular for being a Mover in the Death of his Children. He again affirmed his Innocence
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in that Respect, and deny'd his having any Knowledge how they came by their End. But when the Revd. Clergyman let him know his Letters to his Wife were in Custody, which were too flagrant a Proof of this Wickeness, he fell in a Passion, and, after he had thrown out some angry Expressions, he grew sullen, and could not be persuaded to speak, or give any Answers to the Questions which were asked him. Thus we may plainly see what Regard is to be paid to the most solemn Asseverations of Wretches harden'd in Guilt, and habituated in a constant Course of Wickedness; and that it is too often seen, they are more concerned for appearing innocent in the Eyes of the World, which they are about to leave, than they are for their eternal Interest, and everlasting Welfare.

The above Prisoner died in his Cell a few Days before the Time appointed for his Execution.

William Newington, for Forgery, June 27, 1738.

WILLIAM NEWINGTON, of London, Gent. was indicted for falsly making, and forging, and causing to be made and forg'd, in the Name of *Tho. Hill*, a Paper writing, purporting in itself, an Order for the Payment of One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, — which Order is contain'd in the Words and Abbreviations following, viz.

Sir Fra. Child and Comp.

Pray pay to Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. or Bearer, the Sum of One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, and place it to the Account of

S I R,

*To Sir Fra. Child, and
Comp. Temple-Bar.*

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Hill.

With an Intent to defraud Sir Francis Child, Samuel Child, John Morse, and Barnaby Bakewell, of the said Sum, June 27.

The Indictment farther charged the Prisoner with assisting in making and forging the said Order, June the 27th.

The Council for the Prosecution observed to the Jury, that the Indictment charged the Prisoner with three Sorts of

of Offence, *viz.* with making and forging the Note ; with assisting in the making and forging it ; and with uttering and publishing it, knowing it to be forg'd and counterfeit ; every one of which Species of Forgery was by a late Act punishable with Death. And though all the three Offences were charg'd upon the Prisoner, yet, if he should be so unhappy as to fall under the Proof of any of them, it would be equally fatal to him. And that whoever considered the wild Havock Forgery was capable of making among the Properties of Mankind, would cease wondering that the Law would so severely punish it, and rather be surprized that this Punishment was not annexed to the Crime, by the antient Laws of the Land ; for if the Breach of other Laws of Society is punish'd with Death, how much less Punishment is that Crime worthy of, that tends to destroy all Commerce ? It was farther observed, that this Species of Robbery was the very worst a Man could be guilty of, for a Person might guard against private Robbers, by Caution ; against public ones, by Strength ; but against Forgery no Vigilance could protect, no Strength could defend. And, that it was Matter of Concern to see one so young in Years, capable of being charged with a Crime of this Nature, &c. &c.

John Holloway, Porter. The Prisoner at the Bar, sent me with the Note, from *Child's* Coffee-house in *St. Paul's* Church-yard. He took it out of a Pocket-book, and wrote something on the Back of it, then he gave it to me to carry to *Sir Francis Child's*, and to receive 120 *l.* for him. I was to have Three-pence, and no more. Accordingly I carried it as I was ordered by the Prisoner, and gave it to a Gentleman in the Shop : He shewed it to others, and they all seem'd to be in a little Sort of a Study ; after which they told me, I might go, but they believed the Note was not good. I desired them to give me the Note again, and send somebody with me to the Coffee-house, where the Gentlemen that gave it me waited for my Return. They did not send any Body with me, so I came alone to the Coffee-house, but the Gentleman was gone, and had left Word that he was gone to the Faculty-Office in *Doctors-Commons*. I went thither, and enquir'd for him by the Name of *Casjar* (because that Name was put on the Back of the Note) but I could not find him.

About

About two or three Hours after, my Father told me a Gentleman wanted me at the *Horn and Feathers*, in *Carter-Lane*. I went thither, and told the Prisoner the Note was stopped; then stay here, says he, till I put my Shoes on, and I will go back with you. I waited there, and about the Place, two or three Hours, but he came back no more.

Council. Look at this Note.

Holloway. This is the very Note, I know it by the Writing; ——— here's *Julius Cæsar, Doctors-Commons*, upon the Backside. There was this Endorsement upon it when I carry'd it. I saw him write something upon it, when he gave it me; what it was I could not tell, but I look'd at it as I went along.

Prisoner. Was all that Endorsement upon it, when you carry'd it to Sir *Francis Child*?

Holloway. I observed *Julius Cæsar, Doctors-Commons*, was upon it.

John Burbeck. This is the same Note that the Prisoner brought to me. All the Endorsement was then on the Back, and nothing else.

Council. To *Holloway*. Was any Thing wrote upon it, after the Prisoner deliver'd it to you, to go for the Money?

Holloway. I was going to write my Name upon it, and had wrote *John Hol*——

Here the Note was read.

Sir Fra. Child and Comp.

Pray pay to Sir *Roland Hill*, Bart. or Bearer, One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, and place it to the Account of

Your Humble Servant,

To Sir *Fra. Child* and

Comp. Temple-Bar.

Tho. Hill.

Endors'd *Julius Cæsar, Doctors-Commons*.

Council. The Porter says, the Prisoner was preparing to come to your House about this Note; pray did he ever come?

Mr. Burbeck. No.

Mr. Gabriel Leaver. I have done Business for Mr. *Tho. Hill*, while the Prisoner was my Clerk; I am well acquainted with his Hand, and do not believe this to be his Writing.

Writing. I take the whole Body of the Note to be the Prisoner's own Writing. The Words (*Tho. Hill*) and the Body of the Note, I take them to be all wrote by the same Hand ; and likewise the Endorsement on the Back. I believe them to be the Prisoner's. I have compared the Note with some Writing of his, which I have at home.

Peter Mixer. I never saw the Prisoner before *Tuesday* the 27th of *June* last, between Eleven and Twelve o'Clock in the Forenoon, he came into *Child's* Coffee-house, and, wanting a Porter, I called *Holloway* to him ; he asked, whether we knew him ? I told him, Yes : Then he called for a Pen and Ink, and wrote something upon the Paper, which he delivered to the Porter, after he had asked him his Name, and the Number of his Ticket. I believe it was the same he wrote upon, which he gave the Porter, but he had several other Papers in his Case. When the Porter was gone, I knew he was to bring Money, for he was no sooner out of the House, but the Prisoner asked me what Time the *Faculty-Office* would be shut up ? I look'd at the Dial, and saw it wanted Twenty or Thirty Minutes to 12. Upon which he got up, and said, — if the Porter comes back, tell him I will be here again presently ; but he went away, and I saw no more of him. When the Porter return'd, I told him the Gentleman was gone to the *Faculty-Office*, and about Two o'Clock, Sir *Francis's* Man came down with the Note. I directed him to the Porter, and heard no more of it till *Wednesday* Morning, then I heard the Man was taken, and saw the Note.

Holloway. I was present when the Prisoner was taken. He was found the same Evening between Ten and Eleven, at the *Fountain* Alehouse in *Cheapside*. Nothing passed between us till we got him to the *Compter*, but there I asked him how he could send me with such a Note ? He said, he believ'd *the Devil was in him* ; and now he had nothing to do, but to make Friends to Mr. *Thomas Hill*, and he had Friends who would make it up at any Rate. His Mother (he said) lived sixty Miles off in the Country. We found him out very easily, Mr. *Leaver* told us his Name, and where he liv'd ; and when we saw him at the *Fountain*, he seem'd in a Hurry, and said, — for God's Sake don't discover me ; I will go with you.

Mr. *Burbeck*. When he was before Mr. Alderman
Vol. IV. O *Barber,*

Barber, he owned he sent the Note, but he said, he found it.

Prisoner. I hope your Lordship will indulge me in asking the Porter a Question or two. Was the Note folded up, or open, when I deliver'd it to you?

Holloway. He opened it, and shewed me what it was for; then he folded it up, and gave it into my Hand. It was open when he bid me go to Sir *Francis Child* for 120*l*. and come back presently, — he would stay for me. As I went along, I opened it, and look'd at it.

Prisoner. He says, when I was taken at the *Fountain*, I seem'd in a Hurry; I had Opportunity to make my Escape. Ask him whether I did not come to him voluntarily?

Holloway. As soon as I came into the Room, I call'd for Mr. *Newington*, he got up, and said, Here! He met me in the Room, and said, for God's Sake make no Noise on't, — or some such Words.

Prisoner. I own I gave the Note to the Porter, but I found it on *Ludgate-Hill*, after Ten o'Clock, in this Pocket-book, and I immediately put it into my Pocket, and carried it into *St. Paul's Church-yard* before I look'd at it. I took all Occasions to inspect the Papers, to see if any Reward would be offer'd for it, and not finding it to be advertised, I sent it by the Porter.

Council. Did you advertise it?

Prisoner. No.

Then a Gentleman produc'd a Letter, which the Prisoner had sent him to borrow a Coat, and the Prisoner desired it might be compar'd with the Note, in order to shew that the Hands were not alike; but it was observed, that if the Prisoner wrote the Note, he would necessarily disguise his own Hand, and endeavour to imitate Mr. *Hill's*.

Mr. *Studley*, Mr. *Hunt*, Mr. *Hilder*, Mr. *Gosling*, Mr. *Warnet*, Mr. *Godman*, Mr. *Vaughan*, Mr. *Leaver*, and Mr. *Graves*, gave the Prisoner a good Character; some of them he had liv'd with, and had been entrusted by them, in particular by Mr. *Leaver* with Nine Thousand Pounds, and that he discharg'd his Trust honestly.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty. *Death*.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

William Newington was born at, or near *Chichester*, in *Sussex*, where his Mother (a poor Widow) now lives. He

was

was very well brought up, and had all the Education his Parents Circumstances would afford him. When he was fit for Business, he was put as a Clerk to Mr. *Cave* of *Chester*, with whom he liv'd about 6 Years. Then he left Mr. *Cave* and came to *London*; where he had not been long, before he was employ'd by *Studley*, an eminent and worthy Attorney at Law in *Nicholas-Lane, Lombard-street*, as a Hackney-Writer. In this Business he continued about two Years and a half; but being naturally of a gay Temper, and inclined to Company, (which is always too easy to be had in this City) Mr. *Studley*, upon some Dissatisfaction, on Account of *Newington's* Behaviour, discharged him.

After this he serv'd Mr. *Gabriel Leaver*, an eminent Scrivener in *Friday-street*, as a Clerk, and liv'd with him between two or three Years, and, during his Continuance with Mr. *Leaver*, his Honesty was never call'd in Question. He left this Service about a Twelvemonth ago, since which Time, we have not been able to find that he was fixed in any settled Business; however, he always appear'd well dress'd, and kept a pretty deal of Company; and if this unhappy Affair had not happened, he was to have been marry'd in a Month or two, to a young Gentlewoman of a very handsome Fortune. 'Tis imagined that under these Circumstances, he might be in some Necessity for Money, to support his Gaiety, and carry on his Design. This laid him under a Temptation, by this bold Attempt, to remove all his Difficulties; and for this Purpose (he own'd) he drew this Note upon Sir *Francis Child*, in the Name of Mr. *Thomas Hill*, who he knew kept Cash with this Gentleman; but the Hurry and Confusion of Mind he was in, even while he was writing the Note, occasion'd his forgetting to date his Draught, which was one Cause of its being more narrowly inspected, and discover'd to be counterfeit. His Defence upon his Trial was very trifling and insignificant, and rather confirm'd, than remov'd the Circumstances of Guilt he appear'd under at the Bar; of which he himself seem'd sensible, and therefore rely'd more upon the Character that was given him in Court, by the many reputable Persons who appear'd for that Purpose, than on any Thing he could say in his own Behalf.

When he was brought up (on *Saturday*) to receive Sentence, he read the following Lines, from a Paper he had

in his Hat ; which were taken from his Mouth, by the Person that took down his Trial.

May it please your Lordship !

This my most melancholy Case was occasion'd by the alone inconsiderate Rashness of my unexperienced Years. The Intent of Fraud is, without Doubt, strongly and most plainly prov'd against me. But, I assure your Lordship, I neither wanted nor abounded ; and, in my Life, I never had any Thoughts tending to wilful Injustice, till a few Minutes before the immediate Execution of this rash Deed. I hope your Lordship has some Regard for the Gentlemen who have so generously appeared in my Behalf ; and as this is the first Fact, though of so deep a Dye, my Youth, and past Conduct, may, I hope, in some Measure, move your Lordship's Pity, Compassion, and generous Assistance.

After Sentence, he was confined in a Cell ; and, till the Dead Warrant came down, he had no Belief that he should die ; but seem'd pretty confident, that the Intercession of his Acquaintance, would prove effectual to the saving his Life ; nor was he without Hope, even after he knew he was appointed to die. A Gentleman discover'd to him, that he was one of this unhappy Number, on the Evening of the Day the Report was made. He received the melancholy News with some Emotion, and seem'd at first to be very much shock'd. But recollecting and composing himself, he said, — *God's Will be done !* — And bursting into Tears, he bewail'd the Concern his Mother must feel, when she should hear his Doom ; and mourned that she, who had been so tender of him, should live to see him made a Spectacle to the World, by such a shameful Death ; and that he should be the wicked Occasion of bringing her grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

When she receiv'd the dreadful Tidings of her Son's wretched Circumstances, she set out from *Chichester* with a Heart over-whelm'd with Sorrow : And when she arriv'd in *London*, it was a Week before the Load of Grief she was under would suffer her to see her unhappy condemn'd Child. On *Saturday* the 8th Instant was their first Interview : And she, upon Sight of her Son in that miserable Condition, with Difficulty was prevented from Swooning ; while the Son stood a mournful Spectator of his Mother's Distress. When she had recover'd herself a
little,

little, she fell on his Neck. — He dropt down on his Knees, and threw his Arms round his aged Mother's Neck, imploring her Blessing, and Forgiveness of his Folly, in bringing himself and her to Disgrace. The moving Scene drew Tears from the Eyes of those who were accustomed to Scenes of black Distress, and Death. The Evening before his Execution she took her last Leave of him, under all the Distress that a tender Parent must feel for a beloved and only Child under such direful Circumstances.

He was Executed at Tyburn, on Friday, May 26, 1738.

William Barkwith for a Robbery, Nov. 13, 1735.

WILLIAM BARKWITH, an Attorney, was indicted for assaulting *Geldsbrough Griffin*, Esq; on the King's Highway, in the Parish of *Heston*, putting him in Fear, &c. and taking from him 12 s. in Money, November 13.

Mr. Griffin. I don't know the Prisoner. I was robbed about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon on Tuesday the 13th of November, on *Hounslow-Heath*, in the Parish of *Heston*, of twelve Shillings. I was coming over the Heath in a Chariot, and the Person that robbed me came up with a Pistol, and order'd the Chariot to stop: It was stopp'd accordingly, and the Man demanded my Money and my Gold, and threaten'd to shoot me. The Glas was drawn up, but he swore he would shoot through it, if I did not let it down. Upon this I let it down, and he demanded my Money and Gold — those were the Words. I told him I did not travel with Gold about me, because I had no Occasion for it; but I had some Silver, and he was welcome to that; so I put four Half-Crowns and two Shillings into his Hand, I could not discover any thing of his Face, because he had either a Mask or a Crape over it. When he had got my Money he went away, and my Servant told some People who came by, that I had been robb'd by one who was just gone before. They pursued him, and took a Man; but I am not certain whether he was the Person that robbed me. I was coming to *London*; and so the Man was brought to Town likewise, and was carried before Col. *Deveil*, and I was present when he

was examined ; but he neither deny'd, nor confess'd the Fact.

Prisoner. I desire he may be asked, whether he is pretty positive to the Hour.

Mr. Griffin. I reckon it was about three o'Clock, or between 3 or 4 ; it was light.

Prisoner. I would ask him, if he had a Watch in his Pocket ?

Mr. Griffin. I had ; but I did not look at it. There was a Gentleman in the Chariot with me at the same Time.

Prisoner. I ask him, whether he put the Glas down himself, or the Gentleman that was with him.

Mr. Griffin. The Gentleman who was with me let the Glas down.

Prisoner. Just now he said he let the Glas down himself.

Mr. Griffin. He did it by my Order ; ——— there's nothing in that. As to the Horse the Man was upon, I saw nothing but his Head, the rest of his Body was behind the Chariot Wheel.

Henry Mascal. On *Tuesday* the 13th of *November*, I was driving my Master over *Hounslow-Heath*. About 3 o'Clock a Man on Horseback stopp'd me ; then he went up to the Side of the Chariot, and swore he would shoot through the Glas, if it was not let down. As soon as the Glas was down, he bid my Master deliver his Silver and Gold. He told the Highwayman, he never travel'd with Gold about him, but always with a little Silver to bear his Charges. When he had got what he could, he rode off, and one *Mr. Stone* coming along on Horseback, I told him my Master had been robbed, and he got Assistance, and pursu'd and took the Prisoner, but I can't swear to him : I thought he had rode on a bayish Horse.

Prisoner. I would ask the Witness, whether he did not tell *Col. Deveil*, when we were all before him, that he believ'd I was not the Man ?

Mascal. I did say, I thought he was not the Man. — I did not see his Face when the Fact was committed.

Prisoner. I ask him, whether he did not assign two Reasons before *Col. Deveil*, why he thought I was not the Man ? Whether one was not, ——— that the Man who robbed

robbed the Chariot, had a lighter colour'd Coat ; and the other,— that the Man was something taller than I am.

Mascal. I was so 'frighted, that I could not tell what colour'd Coat he had on ; I said nothing like that, but I took him to be a taller Man than the Prisoner. The Prisoner was carry'd before Colonel *Dewell* the next Morning.

John Stone. I was coming from *London* the 13th of *November*, and about Three o'Clock, between *Hounslow* and *Butcher's-Grove*, I saw a Chariot stopp'd, and a Man at the Side of it. I kept riding on, and saw the Man (who had been at the Chariot) move off. When I came to the Chariot, the Servant said, Sir, we have been robb'd by that Person who is just gone along. I rode gently along, and saw a Man turn down towards a Place call'd *Cranford* ; I follow'd him, but lost Sight of him at a Turning in the Road : However, I rode to my Lord *Berkley's* Steward at *Cranford*, and borrowed a loaded Gun, then I went in Pursuit of him again till I came to *Uxbridge*, and in a Lane near Lord *Bolingbroke's* Park, I saw a Man off his Horse, making Water, and I believed him to be the same Man I had pursu'd on Horseback ; but, as I was alone, I did not chuse to attack him myself, so I stopp'd my Horse, and turn'd him round, and saw a Man coming to my Assistance with a Blunderbuss. Then we went forward, and the Man fled ; we rode very hard after him, but my Assistant's Horse's Bridle happening to break, we were oblig'd to stop a little, and so the Person we pursu'd got out of Sight. For some little Time we kept on in the straight Road, but not seeing him, we turn'd towards *Arlington-Fields*, and went down a Lane into an open Field, and there my Companion caught Sight of him again. He (finding himself pursu'd) rode into a Lane that leads into Lord *Bolingbroke's* Park ; but there being a Gentleman's House at the End of the Lane, he turn'd his Horse short, and came up again by the Canal, where he met us full-butt, and we were forty or fifty Yards off him, only there were some Pales, and a Ditch with Water between. When he saw us so very near him, he seem'd to be very much surpriz'd, and put his Hand into his Pocket, or Bosom, as if he felt for his Pistol ; upon which the Man who was with me bid him stop, or he was a dead Man. I cry'd, for God's Sake don't shoot

him ; and then the Prisoner turn'd short again ; his Hat fell off, and he rode away without it, thro' a Place where there were near twenty People grubbing up Wood. We follow'd him, and cry'd, *Highway ! Highwayman !* but lost Sight of him again. We hunted after him an Hour ; and, Night coming on, we gave him over for lost ; but, as I was making the best of my Way home, towards *Drayton*, in a common Field I stood still a little, to consider which was my nearest Way. While I stood still, a Man halloo'd to me, and I saw three Men had got hold of the Prisoner. I am positive the Prisoner is the Man they had seiz'd. When I got up to them, I bid them carry him to a Public-house, and I think I gave the Constable Charge of him myself.

Prisoner. I would humbly request he may be asked, if he is sure I am the Person he had been in Pursuit of ?

Mr. Stone. I can't take upon me to say he is the same Man I pursued ; for I never was so near him, as to see his Face plainly, and his Cape was done up about it. The Horse he rode on, was a brown bay Mare, or Gelding.

Robert England. I was Servant to my Lord *Berkley*, at *Cranford*. *Mr. Stone* came to my Lord's Steward to borrow a Gun, and to ask for Assistance to take a Highwayman. The Steward desired me to follow his Friend *Mr. Stone*, and assist him. I took a Horse out of the Stable, and a Blunderbuss in my Hand, and overtook *Mr. Stone* in Lord *Bolingbroke's* Lane. There we had the Prisoner in Sight, and rode hard after him ; but my Horse's Bridle happening to break, I was oblig'd to clap my Hands round his Neck to stop him a little while, and in the mean Time we lost the Prisoner. As soon as we could, we followed him again, and, upon Enquiry, we were told he had rode hard down the Lane ; so we made after him, and saw him ; which he perceiving, made a short Turn, round a Hedge by a Canal, into a Place where there were high Palés, and a Ditch between us, and here we met him. When he saw us coming up to him, he pulled a Pistol out of his Pocket ; upon which I presented my Blunderbuss at him, and told him, if he did not stand, I would shoot him. He seeing this, turned his Horse short ; his Hat fell off, and he made the best of his Way to get off. This was about 3 o'Clock. We rode hard after him ; he whipp'd,

whipp'd, and I whipp'd; but I lost Sight of him near Lord *Bolingbroke's*. After this we enquired of some People who were grubbing up Roots, if a Man had not rode by without a Hat? They told us he was just gone past, but I never got Sight of him more: For Mr. *Stone* and I parted soon after; he turn'd towards *Cranford*, and I went to *Hounslow*.

Prisoner. Is he sure I am the Man he pursued?

England. Yes, I am sure he is the Man. I was not very near him, but I was near enough to see some of his Face, when I came up with him against the Pales, but not enough to know it again.

Prisoner. Why then do you think I am the same Man you pursued?

England. By his Dress: He had a Surtout Coat, and a Hood on it to pull over his Head, and it was pulled over his Head at that same Time; he was a thin young Gentleman, and such he seems to be now. His Horse I took to be a Bay Gelding, but it proves to be a Bay Mare.

Samuel Simon. I saw the Prisoner come riding down a wide common Field (in the Parish of *Drayton*) without a Hat. His Horse was very much sweated, and in leaping over a Brook, the Horse and Rider had like to have been down. He turned the Corner of the Hedge, and in a Minute's Time I saw him on Foot; then I and two others pursued him down a little Lane, over a Hedge into a Field, where we found him with a Pistol in his Hand, attempting to shoot himself through the Head. I begged of him not to shoot himself, and then he turned the Point of the Pistol toward me, and snapp'd it; I saw Fire, but it did not go off. I was fearful because of the Pistol, and fell back; but finding he could not make the Pistol go off, I went up to him, and took him with it in his Hand. He told us he would hurt none of us, and said, he was ruin'd and undone, for he had robbed a Gentleman's Coach. We asked him how much he got from the Coach; he told us Twelve Shillings, but he had abused nobody, and therefore he begged upon his Knees we would let him go. We told him we dared not, and took him down the Field with us, and call'd to Mr. *Stone*. As we were carrying him along, he told us, there was a Man in Pursuit of him upon a Grey Horse.

Mr. *Stone*. I rode after him upon a Grey Horse.

Prisoner. Ask him, if he is positive I mentioned a Grey Horse, and if I did not say it was a White Horse.

Simon. He said it was a Man on a Grey Horse.

Prisoner. Ask him, whether I surrendered myself, or whether they took me by Force?

Simon. At the very Instant I took hold of him, he said he would not hurt any of us. This is the Pistol he then had; 'tis in the same Condition as it was at that Time. [*The Pistol was unscrew'd, and was loaded with one Ball.*]

John Taylor. As my Brother and I were coming along *Dragon-Field*, at the Corner of the Hedge we met the Prisoner riding without a Hat; he rode a great Pace, and came up just against us, frequently looking behind him as he rode. He got over the Brook, and rode round the Corner of a Hedge, and was then out of our Sight. In a small Time he came up a Lane into our View again, and after he had stopped a little while, he turned round, and went back again. Then we follow'd him, and found his Coat and his Whip in the Lane, but I did not see him quitting his Horse; it was in a Place called *Holloway-Lane*. I saw him run out of the Lane into the open Field, and I follow'd him thither, with a Stake I had got out of a Hedge: In this Field I saw him stand with a Pistol against his Head; then he put it into his Pocket, and pulled out another, he made two Attempts to shoot himself. When I came up to him, he said, If you'll use me like a Man, I'll surrender to you. We told him, we would not hurt him, and desired him to put down his Pistols; one of them he put into his Pocket, and the other he kept in his Hand, which the former Witness took from him. This is the Pistol he had in his Pocket: I took it from thence, and it is loaded with one Ball, but there was not above a Corn or 2 of Powder in the Pan. He fell down on his Knees, and begged we would let him go, telling us he was ruin'd, for he had robbed a Gentleman's Coach upon *Hounslow Heath* of 12 Shillings, and had been pursu'd by a Grey Horse. As we carried him to *Drayton*, we met Mr. Stone, who searched him, but found nothing more upon him.

William Marsh, Brother-in-Law to the last Witness, confirm'd the former Witnesses.

The

The Prisoner's Defence.

Prisoner. There are several Gentlemen in Court, who well know I have had the Honour to serve Mr. *John Lewis* of *Lincoln's-Inn* many Years, in the Quality of a Clerk. He is now retir'd into the Country, and having no Occasion for a Clerk, he dismiss'd me. Before my Dismission from his Service, I had Orders to go to Mr. *Leak* of *Denham*, to settle an Account between his present Wife, and a Gentleman deceas'd, and I was now going to put the finishing Stroke to them. As to my carrying Pistols, I humbly hope I had some Reason so to do, the Roads being so much infested with Highwaymen, and as I was not of so much Quality as to ride with Holsters, I thought it more decent to carry them in my Pocket. I did not ride from these Gentlemen, till they, in a most furious Manner, rode after me, nor did I ride fast, till they threaten'd to shoot me; and I rode over common Fields, till I thought I was out of their Hands; but perceiving somebody at a Distance, like the Man who pursu'd me, I got off my Horse to screen myself from him. The Truth is, I did not confess any Thing to these Men, but they have sworn thus for Lucre, and for the Reward; and as to my offering to shoot myself, that is of a Piece with the rest.

John Hawel, Esq; Mr. *Lewis*, of *Lincoln's-Inn*, was my Clerk some Years ago; he afterwards took Chambers himself, and the Prisoner was his Clerk for 6 or 7 Years. He entrusted him, and he serv'd him faithfully till about *July* or *August* last, when, having no great Occasion for a Clerk, he discharg'd him. The Prisoner has likewise done Business for me; I have observ'd him to be industrious for many Years, and this is the first Fault I have heard of him.

John Hopkins, Esq; I have had Chambers in *Lincoln's-Inn* many Years; and Mr. *Lewis* being a particular Friend of mine, the Prisoner has frequently been at my Chambers; I never observ'd him to have behav'd ill, and I believe if he had, his Master would have told me. As to this Fact, I have nothing to say.

Mr. *John Jenkins*. I have Chambers on the next Staircase to Mr. *Lewis*. The Prisoner was several Years a hir'd Clerk to him. I had an Intimacy with Mr. *Lewis*; and the Prisoner, in his Master's Absence, has often come

to

to my Chambers for Instructions. When he has not been employ'd in his Master's Business, I have employed him myself, and have observed him to be a very industrious young Fellow. He has engros'd Writings for me (when he has been at Leisure) and has earn'd considerable Sums of Money; he has receiv'd several Sums from me, and likewise upon his Master's Account; the last Money I paid him was I think in *July* last. He was a Person I should not have suspected, to have been guilty of such a Fact.

Mr. David Lewis. Mr. Lewis, who was the Prisoner's Master, is a distant Relation of mine: I have known this young Man as his Clerk for many Years. I looked upon him as a careful, industrious young Man, one who had a very fair Character, and I never heard any Thing otherwise of him till now.

Thomas Lewis. The Prisoner was my Brother's hir'd Clerk, about five or six Years. My Brother has been out of Town about 2 Years and a half, during which Time he has been entrusted with Affairs of great Consequence, and continued to act for him as his Clerk till very lately. My Brother has wrote me Word, that he has Effects in his Chambers to the Value of several hundred Pounds, and if the Prisoner had been in such Distress as tempted him to illegal Courses, he believes he would sooner have disposed of some of those, than have run this Risque. In Confirmation of his Master's good Opinion of him, he desired me to supply him with what he wanted in Goal. I have heard his Master often give him a good Character, and have heard him say, he intended to be the making of him. He intended to have been here himself, but some Affairs of Consequence prevented him, and he is at the Distance of 150 Miles from hence.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty. *Death.* But recommended him to his Majesty's Clemency.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

William Barkwith, (aged about 22) was born in the Isle of Ely, in *Cambridgeshire*, of very reputable Parents, who bestow'd on him a liberal Education, and instill'd early into his Mind the Principles of Religion and Virtue. He lived under the Tuition of his Parents, 'till he was about 14 Years of Age, and by that Time had acquired a competent

petent Knowledge of the Classics, and some Skill in the Greek Tongue. To these Acquirements his future Application added the Knowledge of several modern Languages, as *French, Italian, &c.* His Genius was naturally turned to every Branch of polite Literature, of which his easy judicious Conversation, and beautiful Compositions, both in Verse and Prose, were evident Proofs.

In his 14th Year he was sent to *London* to pay a Visit to an Aunt who lives in Town; his Parts were then so conspicuous, that it was thought adviseable by his Friends to continue him there, in order to fix him in some Employment suitable to the rising Genius they discover'd in him.

He was accordingly (in a little Time) employed by one Mr. *Lewis*, who serv'd his Clerkship with Mr. *Howel*, the Time he continued with Mr. *Lewis* he behaved with the utmost Sobriety, Diligence and Integrity. So great was the Esteem of his Friends for him, and the Confidence they reposed in him, that he was often employed by Mr. *Lewis* in Matters of the highest Consequence, and entrusted with very large Sums of Money, wherein he not only prov'd his Judgment and Application, but his Impartiality, Candor and Integrity. In this Scene of Life he continued 'till some Affairs of Moment called Mr. *Lewis* into *Wales*, where he remained for some Time, in whose Absence Mr. *Barkwith* was left to get the Rents of his Estate in *Fetter-lane*.

And now comes on the *Era* of all his Misfortunes. He had for some Time retain'd a very great Affection for a young Gentlewoman, who liv'd in the same Neighbourhood. The Restraint he was under in his Master's Presence, and his necessary Attention to Business, did not permit him to make his Addresses. Balls, Plays and Assemblies, in Complaisance to her Vanity and Levity, he began daily to frequent, and every Extravagance was enter'd into, that could oblige or amuse her.

So great was his Infatuation in regard to this young Lady, that he was never easy but in her Presence; nor could her repeated Insults to him cool his Affection, but on the contrary, they only served to heighten his Passion for her. As she had no Fortune of her own, she began to throw all her Dependance upon him, and he often made her considerable Presents, and run such Lengths to support her Pride and Extravagance, as plung'd him into insuperable Difficulties, and pav'd the Way to his Ruin. His

His Master, upon his Return, found his Affairs in a very odd Posture, contrary to his former Experience of Mr. *Barkwith's* Conduct and Assiduity. The Cause was immediately enquired into, and it appeared, that the unhappy Amour before mentioned was the Source of every Part of his ill Conduct. His Master, apprehending Things were grown too desperate to admit of a Cure, with a good deal of Reluctance dismissed him, tho' he ceased not upon all Occasions, to shew him particular Marks of his Esteem. Mr. *Barkwith* upon this took Chambers of his own, and began to practise a little for himself; but as he never was regularly admitted an Attorney, so all his Transactions run in his Master's Name. In this Situation he continued about six Months, and in all Probability might have retrieved himself, had not his Passion for the young Gentlewoman diverted his Mind from Business, and betray'd him into greater Extravagancies. About the Middle of *September* last he was arretted for a Debt of 10 *l.* to which he put in Bail, and afterwards paid the same.

This Accident taking Air began to alarm his Creditors, and gave them an unfavourable Opinion of his Circumstances. Their Demands upon him now encreased daily, and indeed much faster than was in his Power to satisfy. He made Application to some Friends for their Assistance, but (as is too generally the Case in Adversity) he met with very little Help from them. Those Persons to whom he had formerly reached out the Hand of Friendship in a liberal Manner, were now the last to offer him their Assistance, and seem'd insensible of his Distress.

These Difficulties almost distracted him, not that he felt so much Uneasiness, for himself, as for his being incapable any longer to sooth the Vanity, and support the Extravagance of the young Lady. To repair these shatter'd Circumstances he had Recourse to the worst of all Expedients. On *Tuesday* the 13th of *November*, in the Morning, he rode out of Town, under Pretence of going to *Denham* in the County of *Bucks*, where (as he since declared) he had an Affair of Consequence to settle in regard to an Estate belonging to, or late in the Possession of one Miss *P——l*, Whether Business called him to *Denham*, or not, is very uncertain; but, be that as it will, about 4 o'Clock the same Day in the Afternoon, he attacked *Goldsborough Griffin*, Esq;

Esq; in his Chariot upon *Hounslow-beath*, and took from him Twelve Shillings, viz. four Half Crowns and two Shillings, riding off in a very civil manner, without offering any Violence whatever.

Within a few Minutes after the Robbery, a Gentleman behind upon the Road (who had observed the Chariot to stop, &c.) came up, to whom the Coachman addressed himself, saying, *We have just been robb'd, yonder goes the Man*, pointing forward towards Mr. *Barkwith*, who was yet upon the Road within View. Hereupon the Gentleman pursued him, but, being unarmed and alone, he struck off to the next House in View, and there supplying himself with proper Fire-arms, and engaging a Servant to assist him, he renewed the Pursuit, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour, came up to Mr. *Barkwith* again, there being only a Hedge betwixt them. They held forth a Musket, and bid him *surrender, or he was a dead Man*. This so amazed him, that without making any Reply, he put Spurs to his Horse, and rode off with the utmost Expedition. His Pursuers quickly lost Sight of him, and had he not alighted to take up his Hat, which the Wind blew off, it is very probable he would have escaped 'em, but that Accident gave them Time to come up with him again; when finding himself closely pursued, he quitted his Horse and struck off into the Fields, where being in great Disorder and Confusion, and pretty much fatigued, he threw off his great Coat, which being observed by some Labourers, they suspected him, and accordingly made up to him; he thereupon took out a Pistol, and snapped it at his own Head, but that missing Fire, he took out a second, and repeated the Attempt; but as they happen'd to be unprim'd, no Hurt ensu'd. Hereupon he surrender'd, acknowledging he had that Afternoon robbed a Gentleman on *Hounslow-beath*, of 12 s. and that he was pursued by one on a grey Horse, declaring it was the first Robbery he ever committed, and that it was absolute Necessity induced him to it.

He made pressing Instances for his Liberty, and large Promises in regard to his future Conduct, &c. He was detained in Custody that Night, and on the Morrow was examined before Justice *Talb*, in the County of *Middlesex*, who gave Orders for his being brought to *London*, and carried before some Magistrate there for further Examination. He

was

was accordingly brought before Justice *Deveil*, who, upon the Depositions of the Witnesses against him, committed him to *Newgate*. His Behaviour before his Trial was in all Respects modest and discreet; he seemed to have a proper Sense of his Misfortune, tho' not those melancholy Apprehensions common to guilty Minds.

The following is the Copy of a Letter, which he sent, some time before his Trial, to the young Lady.

Dear Miss,

YOU cannot be unacquainted with my Commitment to this miserable Place, nor with the melancholy Circumstances that preceded it; but the gloomy Situation of my Soul, I am persuaded, you are in a great measure a Stranger to. It is beyond the Power of Language to express the deep Anguish that preys upon my Spirits, and the insuperable Grief of my Heart. With Regard to myself, my Concern is nothing, but what I feel for you racks me with a Thousand Tortures. It is not the Reproach of the World, it is not Death in all its Horrors that dismays me; but to forfeit your dear Presence is a Thought to the last Degree insupportable.

Tho' I have had some Reason to doubt your Fidelity, yet I cannot question your Concern for the Misfortune I am now plunged into; but tho' you should totally reject and disregard me, yet will you ever possess the first Place in my Thoughts, and remain the eternal Mistress of my Affections.

With respect to the Fact I am charged with, there can be no certain Proof brought against me. The Gentleman robbed swears that he believes I am not the Man, and his Coachman has sworn positively, that I am not: so that I am not without Hopes of being acquitted: But should it happen otherwise, and the impending Ruin fall upon me, I must conjure you by all our former Endearments, to pay me a Visit, and let me once more embrace you, and bid you a long Farewel, before I plunge into Eternity. I am,

Dearest Creature,

From the Master's
Side, Newgate,
Nov. 20, 1730.

Your most affectionate,
Most inviolable,
But unworthy Servant,
W. BARKWITH.

To

To all young Men in general, more especially those of the City of London.

Countrymen and Friends,

YOU either have been, or by the Paper will be informed, of the Ruin I am plunged into. In order to set my unhappy Circumstances in a true Light, and thereby prevent any false Accounts being divulged, I have myself put Pen to Paper, and hope that what I have now to offer will meet with your Attention. My Education and Conduct in Life, the World (I apprehend) has been apprized of: With regard to the former, I have only to say, that it was not inconsistent with the Profession I afterwards engaged in, (*viz.*) the Law, nor in the least below the Character of a Gentleman. In respect to my general Behaviour since I appeared in publick Life, I shall make the following Observations. About the Age of Fourteen, I wrote for one Mr. *Lewis*, a worthy Gentleman, an Attorney, with whom I had wrote for some Time; and during that Time acquired an universal good Character, and was esteemed by my Friends in general, as a Person of great Sobriety and unsullied Integrity. About two Years since, I unhappily placed my Affections on a young Lady; my Passion was so violent and sincere for her, that all my Attention to Business was entirely confounded by it, and I was utterly incapable of enjoying any Satisfaction out of her Presence. The Consequence of all this was the total Neglect of my Business at Home, and all kind of Extravagance Abroad; a Discharge from the Service of my Master, and a general Disesteem of my former Friends and Acquaintance. Thus discarded, and driven to Extremity, what Course could I take? or what Asylum could I fly to? I saw nothing but Distress behind me, and a melancholy Scene of Incertainty before me. It was wholly out of my Power to gratify the Gaiety of the young Gentlewoman of my Affections, or to support the Figure I once made in Life. These Circumstances appeared to me in a most shocking Light, and I could not bear the Thoughts of forfeiting the dear Esteem of the young Lady, nor of being publicly reduced to Extremity. Hereupon I precipitately and inconsiderately rushed upon the unfortunate Attempt,
for

for which I am now sentenced to die. Heaven itself can witness for me, that I never had the least Intention of depriving any Man of his Property, till invincible Necessity surrounded me, and that I then attempted it with the utmost Reluctance. My Fate is now irrevocable, and I have only to implore the Divine Being for the Pardon of my Sins, and his gracious Support under my approaching Trial. I hope the Consideration of my wretched Fate will have some Influence upon your Minds, and be a means of deterring you from being engaged in the like measures. The Folly, Extravagance, and Luxury of young Gentlemen at this Time, especially of those about the Inns of Court, is but too notorious: Would they take Warning by my Example, they would undoubtedly prevent those shocking Evils that are the sure Attendants upon Extravagance and Debauchery. Let them in the full Career of their Pleasures reflect upon me. I have enjoyed all the mad Delights the World could supply me with, have exhausted my Patrimony, impaired my Health, and embarrassed my Circumstances, in the Pursuit of vain Pleasure, and the Gratification of the Passions; the Consequence of which Conduct and Indulgence (with Bitterness of Soul I speak it) is my inevitable Destruction. Dear Friends, let Moderation and Temperance guide you in Pursuit of Pleasure, acquiesce in the Dispensations of Providence, rest satisfied with the Portions that Heaven has blessed you with, and be scrupulously tender of every Man's Property. I am now upon the Point of bidding an eternal Adieu to the World, and what I speak is from the very Bottom of my Soul, and from the clear Ideas I have of the Beauty and Excellence of Virtue and Sobriety, and the pernicious Result of Vice and Immorality. *Finally, my Bretheren, whatsoever Things are honest, whatsoever Things are just, whatsoever Things are lovely, whatsoever Things are of good Report, if there be any Praise, if there be any Honour, think on these Things.*

From my Cell in Newgate,

Dec. 18, 1730.

W. BARKWITH.

SOLI-

S O L I L O Q U Y.

WHY shudders Nature at th' approaching Scene?
 Why starts my Soul, that wont to be serene?
 Why all this Tremor thrilling thro' my Veins?
 And whence the Grief my throbbing Heart sustains?—
 Life is, at best, but one continu'd Chain
 Of irksome Toil, Anxiety, and Pain:
 A transient Bliss, imbitter'd with Alloy;
 A Midnight Dream, a visionary Joy:
 At most the short Extension of a Span,
 The gloomy Labyrinth of a wretched Man.
 Who'd crawl a Reptile in this Maze of Strife,
 When Death is but an Entrance into Life?
 A quick Transition from this dreary Strand,
 To the Eliseum of the promis'd Land;
 Where Light ineffable for ever glows;
 Where Joy resides, and endless Pleasure flows.
 Hush then, my Soul, be chearful and resign'd,
 Nor tremble at the gloomy Scene behind.
 Death is a Debt we all to Nature owe,
 Severe to none but those who think it so.
 Eternal God! thy gracious Aid impart,
 Enlarge my Mind, and fortify my Heart;
 My Soul enlighten with thy sacred Truth,
 And purge me from the crimson Guilt of Youth;
 Receive me to the Bosom of thy Love,
 And let me live eternally **A B O V E !**

P. S. On *Thursday*, between 6 and 7 in the Evening, the young Lady, whom Mr. *Barkwith* made his Addressee to, came to the *Press-Yard*, in *Newgate*, to take her last Farewel of him; when, as soon as they beheld each other, they burst into a Flood of Tears, which was so moving as to draw Tears from those few Spectators that beheld it.

He was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 21st of *December* 1730.

Richard

Richard Brabant, for Forgery, January 1, 1740-41.

RICHARD BRABANT was indicted, for that he, being a Person of a wicked and corrupt Mind, greedy of Lucre, &c. and unlawfully devising and intending to cheat and defraud *James Martin*, of London, Goldsmith, *Robert Surman*, of London, Goldsmith, and *Richard Stone*, of London, Goldsmith, of a great Sum of Money, viz. 52 *l.* 10 *s.* of good and lawful Money, &c. and to get and acquire the same to himself; the said *James Martin*, *Robert Surman*, and *Richard Stone*, being then concerned as a Company in the Banking Business, and keeping Cash, and also then keeping a publick Shop: After the 24th of June, 1739, viz. January 1, 1740-41, in the Parish of *St. Mary Woolnoth*, he, the said *Brabant*, out of his wicked Mind, Intention, &c. made and forged, and caused to be made and forged, a certain Paper Writing, purporting a Note, Order, Power, or Authority, in the Name of *James Tipper*, for the Payment of Money, bearing Date, January 1, 1740-41, and directed to Mr. *Martin*, and Company, authorizing them to pay to *Tho. Noble*, the said Sum of 52 *l.* 10 *s.* and place it to the Account of *James Tipper*: The Tenor of which false and forged Order is contained in these *English* Words, Abbreviations of *English* Words and Figures following:

Jan. 1st, 1740-41.

Pay to *Tho. Noble*, Fifty-two Pounds, Ten Shillings,
and place it to the Acc^t. of

l. s. d.

JAMES TIPPER.

52 10 0

To Mr. *Martin* and Com.

Thereby meaning and intending, that the said *James Martin*, &c. should pay him, the said *Brabant*, the said Sum of 52 *l.* 10 *s.* Whereas in Truth and Fact, the said Paper or Writing was never subscribed by the said *James Tipper*, against the Peace, &c. in Contempt of our Lord the King and his Laws, and against the Form of the Statute in that Case made and provided.

The Jurors further present, that he, the said *Brabant*, being a Person of a wicked and corrupt Mind, &c. afterwards, viz. January 1, secretly, feloniously, &c. the same

same did utter and publish, he well knowing it to be false, forged, and counterfeit, &c.

He was a second Time indicted (as above) for making, and causing to be made, a certain false and counterfeit Order for the Payment of 10 *l.* 10 *s.* in order to defraud *James Martin* and Comp. of the said Sum. The Tenor of which forged Order, is contained in these *English* Words and Figures following :

Dec. 31, 1740.

Pray pay to the Bearer, Thomas Noble, Ten Pounds, Ten Shillings, and place it to the Acct. of

l. s. d.

10 10 0

JAMES TIPPER.

To Mr. Martin and Comp.

The Indictment further charged, that he, the said *Brabant*, the said forged Order did publish, well knowing the same to be false, forged and counterfeit.

George Clark. I am Clerk to Mr. *Martin* and Comp. Bankers in *Lombard-street*.

Council. Do you know Mr. *James Tipper*?

Clark. Yes, he keeps Cash at my Master's; the Prisoner was his Book-keeper.

Council. Do you remember the Prisoner's coming to your Master's Shop with Draughts for Money?

Clark. Yes : On the Thirty-first of *December* last, he brought me this Note for Ten Guineas, and I paid him.

Council. Look on the Name at the Bottom; whose Name is that?

Clark. I took it to be Mr. *Tipper's* Hand-writing, otherwise I should not have paid the Prisoner.

Council. Did he bring any other besides this Ten Guinea Note?

Clark. Yes; the Day afterwards (*New-Year's-Day*) he brought another for Fifty Guineas, and I paid it to him.

Council. You keep *New-Year's-Day* as a Holiday; did he make no Excuse for coming then?

Clark. He said his Master was going out of Town, and desired it might be paid.

John Ellis. I know Mr. *Tipper* very well, and am acquainted with his Hand-writing.

Council. Look on those two Notes; do you take those Notes, or any Part of them, to be Mr. *Tipper's* Hand-writing?

Mr.

Mr. Ellis. No; neither the Signing, nor the Body of the Notes. I have been conversant with his Hand above Twenty Years, and have seen him write an hundred times.

John Goodeve. I have known *Mr. Tipper* upwards of Sixteen Years, and have seen him write often.

Council. Do you think those Notes were wrote by *Mr. Tipper*?

Mr. Goodeve. No, I am of Opinion they are not, for this Reason; this seems to be wrote after some Copy, and is a stiff Sort of a Hand.

Mr. Ellis. I observe there is a Stiffness, as if the Person was got into an unusual Course: It wants the Freedom of an Original; they are pretty well done, but there is a Heaviness which will be in all Copies.

Joseph Orr. I know *Mr. Tipper*; he went into *Essex* the 30th of *Dec.* and did not return till New-Year's-Day at Night.

Mr. Clark. The Prisoner brought the Note in the Forenoon to our Shop.

A Witness. I have known *Mr. Tipper* 4 Years, and am frequently with him at the Water Side when Tobacco's are weighed.

Council. Do you think those Notes are his Hand-writing?

Witness. No, I believe not. The Prisoner was employed by my Master (*Mr. Tipper*) to write and improve me in Accompts: He had a very good Hand at imitating, for I have heard him say, he could do any Gentleman's Hand, if he saw it but once, to such an Exactness, that it should not be distinguished from the Original. I saw him counterfeit a Gentleman's Hand from a Frank so nicely, that I could not discern the Difference.

John Nichols. I was with *Mr. Tipper* at *Baddow* in *Essex*, on the 31st of *December* last; I came from thence with him on New-Year's-Day, and parted with him at *Rumford*.

Mr. Clark. When the Prisoner brought these Notes to our Shop, I desired him to write his Name, and where he lived, on the Back, and I saw him write *Thomas Noble*, while I was telling him the Money.

Council.

Council. We shall now call *Thomas Noble*, to prove that *Mr. Tipper* had no Dealings with him on the 31st of *Dec.* last.

Thomas Noble. I never had any Dealings with him at all.

Prisoner. I am innocent of the Affair; I only desire *Mr. Tipper* would give me a Character.

Mr. Tipper. I am a Tobacco Broker. The Prisoner was recommended to me as a Person out of Place, and wrote a good Hand. While he was with me he behaved very well, and I had not the least Reason to suspect him. On the 30th of *December* last I had Occasion to go down into *Essex*, and left the Prisoner in Care of my House: I returned on New-Year's Day at Night, and the Prisoner had left the House, and taken the Key away with him, so that I was forced to set a Ladder up against the Window, and put a Boy in.

Council. Did you leave any Letter which you had wrote in the Prisoner's Custody?

Mr. Tipper. Yes, I left a Letter open, and ordered him to insert some Particulars, but when I came home, it was not done.

Council. Look on those Notes; are either of them your Writing?

Mr. Tipper. No, neither the Signing, nor the Body of the Notes; neither had I ever any Dealings with *Thomas Noble*.

The Jury found the Prisoner guilty on both Indictments. *Death.*

The following Account Mr. Brabant gave of himself, a few Days before he was executed.

I Was born in the Year 1720, in the Parish of *Melsum*, near *Sandy-lane*, in the County of *Wilts.* My Father was a Grasier and Farmer, in the same Place, who, at a proper Age, put me to School to *Mr. Jones*, who keeps a Boarding-School in the City of *Bristol*, with whom I remained two Years and upwards, in which Time I became a good Proficient in Writing and Accompts, and acquired some small Knowledge in the *Latin* Tongue.

My

My Father being no longer able to maintain me there, and it being out of his Power to advance Money to put me to a Trade or Calling, ordered me home, when, though young, I perceived my Father's Circumstances were at a very low Ebb ; but (he being supported by my Mother's Brother, my Uncle *John Lewies*, who lives near *Eversham* in *Worcestershire*, in good Credit and Repute) a Servant Boy was turned away, and I ordered to supply his Place, which was to drive Plough, look after Cattle, &c.

In this Capacity I continued with my Father some time; but my Brother being jealous of my obtaining more Favour with my Mother than himself, frequently used to beat and ill treat me in such a manner, that I could no longer bear with it. I acquainted my Father therewith, who severely reprimanded him, but to no Purpose, he continuing his usual Behaviour towards me ; whereupon I acquainted my Father with my Intention of leaving him ; which accordingly I did in a few Days Time.

My Mother finding I was determined to go and leave them, gave me two Guineas in my Pocket. My first Journey was to *Salisbury*, where an old Schoolfellow of mine then lived at the *King's-Arms-Inn*, to whom I applied for Business : He at first seemed glad to see me, but, finding I was in Pursuit of Business, and none to be found for me in that Town, soon grew cold ; on which I took my Leave, and set out for *Great Marlborough*, in hopes of finding Business : But when I came there, I could get none to do, except to draw Beer at the *Angel-Inn*, which I refused, and proceeded forward to the *Devizes* ; where, upon Enquiry, a Gentleman, who keeps a Boarding-School, employed me as an Assistant two Days ; but, finding I was not qualified for him, he dismiss me.

My next Journey was to *Bristol*, where, on my Arrival in Town, I waited on my old Master *Jones*, who was very glad to see me, and, upon my relating to him my Story, he employed me in his School, where I had an Opportunity of improving my Hand.

Here I lived half a Year, to the Satisfaction of my Master and myself. Not being contented in this happy Station, I gave my Master Notice of leaving him and going to *London* : He endeavoured to dissuade me from going ; but, I being determined, left him, and away I came.

On

On the 17th of *January*, 1739, I arrived at the *Three Cups Inn* in *Bread-street*, where I soon became acquainted with one *John Farrel*, an *Irishman*, who lived not far from the said Inn, and goes under the Denomination of a *Distiller*, keeping a little *Gin-shop*: He proposed to me, as I was a Stranger in *London*, and out of Business, to come and live with him, which I accepted, and accordingly went to his House, where I continued from my Arrival in *London*, until within a few Months before this fatal Fact was committed.

During the Time I was with *Farrel*, he pretending to be a Solicitor, I used to do what Writing there was to do; his chief Business was to Bail, and procure Bail for any one who wanted, and would pay him for the same; and once in particular, he persuaded me to justify in the Court of *King's-Bench*, for 16,000 *l.* when at the same Time I was not worth one Shilling: For this I was handsomely rewarded, with which I bought some fine Cloaths, and put up for a Man of Fortune, when it was agreed betwixt me and *Mr. Farrel*, I should turn Fortune-hunter, whereupon he recommended me as a Man of Fortune: And one Night a Grand Ball was made, when my intended Spouse was there, and upon Enquiry, I found it was *Bite the Biter*; I took her for a Lady of Fortune, and she took me for a Man of Fortune: But, upon Enquiry, I found my fine Lady to be the noted *Betty Jones*, who kept a Coffee-house in *Drury-lane*, which, I am credibly informed, is a Habitation for Thieves and Pick-pockets, her Brother being a noted one, commonly called or known by the Name of *Little Richard Jones*.

Being thus imposed upon by my Friend, as I thought him (who, if it had been real, and I succeeded, was to have a Share of her Fortune) I left him, and never after saw him until I was committed to *Newgate*, where he came to visit a poor Woman Prisoner, whom he had defrauded of 14 Guineas, under Pretence of soliciting her Cause, when at the same Time it was not in his Power to do her any real Service; since which, I understand, she perished for Want.

Upon my leaving *Mr. Farrel*, I went to lodge at *Mr. Price's*, the Sign of the *Crown*, in *Daggers-Court*, *Lothbury*, where a Countryman of mine lodged, and who re-

commended me: here I staid till my Money and Cloaths were gone, and not knowing what Course to take, I offered my Service to draw Beer for Mr. *Price*, who, not wanting one himself, out of Compassion (knowing I wrote a good Hand) recommended me to Mr. *Tipper*, where I continued four Months, during which Time I was ready and willing to do any thing, such as run on Errands, black Shoes, &c. and when he had any Writing to be done, I was glad and willing to do it, and at other Opportunities instructed his Clerk, *Joseph Arrd*, in Accompts.

Mr. *Tipper* was so well satisfied with this my Behaviour, that he had recommended me to go as a Writer to Captain *Westcoate*, who was bound for *China*. But he going into the Country, left Directions and a Letter with his Clerk, to get an Order for the Remittance of 2 l 10 s. to a Relation he then had on board one of his Majesty's Ships at *Plymouth*. His Clerk being busy, desired me to take the Letter, and get the Order, which I did from a Gentleman in *Bride-lane*. When I had got the Order, instead of going to Mr. *Tipper's* with it and the Letter, I took it home to my Room where I lodged, and kept it all Night, when I had an Opportunity of trying to counterfeit his Hand, which by Morning I had compleated, and received the Money the same Day.

There being a Man at Mr. *Tipper's*, who was but half-witted, I told him I was going away, and asked him to go with me, which he consented to: That Night we went to the *Angel Inn* in *Piccadilly*, and next Day I drew the other Draught, and received the Money. At Night I returned to the Inn aforesaid; the next Day I provided myself in *Monmouth-street*, with what Cloaths I wanted, and bought some Necessaries for my Man *John*. The next Day I took Lodgings at one *Paul D—s*, a Haberdasher, there my Stay was but three Days, he and I no ways agreeing in our Tempers.

The next Lodging I took was at one *Ottaman's*, a *Swede*, in *Gerrard-street*, *St. Anne's*; whilst I was here, I daily used to dine at one *De la Rant's*, at the *Turk's-Head Tavern*, in *Greek-street*, *Soho*, where I often met, and renew'd my Acquaintance with him: He judging by my Appearance, keeping a Servant, and spending of Money, I was a Man of Fortune, he proposed to recommend a young Lady

dy of his Acquaintance to me for a Wife. I was glad of the Proposal, and desired to see her there the next Day at Dinner.

After Dinner, and drinking plentifully, I was very sweet upon my new Lady, when it was agreed that she should stay with me that Night, upon Condition of my marrying her the next Morning: *D—*, not caring to take my Word, obliged me to enter into an Agreement of 500 *l.* to perform my Promise: The next Morning, reflecting on what had passed, I grew cool, and refused to marry her; on which Mr. *D—* threatened me with the Agreement. I then began to enquire what Fortune she had, and who were her Relations? *D—* informed me her Name was Miss *H—*, and that she was descended of a good Family, in whose Power it was to give her a plentiful Fortune, and that, after the Death of her Grandmother, she would have a Fortune that nobody could hinder her of: (Who I hear is dead since my Confinement, but not a Farthing of Money for my Wife.) Upon this I consented to be married, and accordingly after Dinner to the *Fleet* we went, where we were married at the Expence of *D—*, who was present; after a Day or two I enquired for her Relations, but all the Relations or Friends I could find she then had, was only Mr. *D—*, by whom she has had two Children, both now living and at Nurse. By this time I began to be in some Concern about what I had done, in defrauding that worthy Gentleman Mr. *Tipper*, and was afraid of being discovered by my Man *John*, whereupon I took him to *East-Smithfield*, where I had an Acquaintance lived; I applied to him, and told him, if he could get my Man *John* pressed, I would give him five Guineas: *John* (having some Thought of my Intentions) immediately left me, and went to one in *Carnaby* Market, a Relation of his, who directly secured him, and acquainted Mr. *Tipper* therewith; Mr. *Tipper*'s Clerk being at Home, went directly to him. *John* gave Intelligence where I lived, and was to be found, the Clerk came to my Lodging at Mr. *O'Hammon*'s, to ask for me, I was then gone out, as Mrs. *O'Hammon* informed him. *D—* and my fine Wife were then in the Parlour, and desired him to walk in, which he did, he had no sooner been in, than one came to the Door, and knocked hard, *D—* thinking it was me, desired him to conceal

himself in a Closet in the Room, which he refused. Mrs. O Hammon suspecting something was the Matter, told Mr. Tipper's Clerk I was gone out, but was to return very soon, and if he would wait at the *King's-Head* Alehouse in *Gerard-street*, he would see me come past: He, not regarding this, left a Woman at the Alehouse, and went himself to Colonel *Deveil's* for a Warrant; but before he returned, as I came past the Alehouse, the Woman cry'd out *Stop Thief!* on which I was secured, and brought into the Alehouse: I had not been there five Minutes, before Mr. Tipper and his Clerk came in, when Mr. Tipper called me by my Name, and asked me if I knew him, which I deny'd, and said my Name was *Jones*; but, being carried directly before Col. *Deveil*, I was searched, and in my Pocket was found the Fleet Certificate, the Agreement between me and my Wife, Bills of Parcels and Receipts, and notwithstanding all this, I still denied either knowing Mr. Tipper, or that my Name was *Brabant*, though there were present a *Milliner* who liv'd in the Neighbourhood, of whom I had bespoke, for me and my Wife, 200 *l.* worth of Linnen, and also a Gentleman of whom I brought a Diamond Ring for five Guineas and of whom I had bespoke a Gold repeating Watch, both of whom confronted me, so that I was committed to *Newgate*. The above Ring, with another, I gave my Wife, which I have often since repented, she never sending or bringing me any Relief, since my Confinement.

The four Guineas I brought into *Newgate* with me, being soon gone, I made my Case known to my Brother in the Country, and desired he would come up to Town, and advance the Money for me, in order to mitigate my Prosecution. He came to *London*, and to see me in *Newgate*, but never came near me afterwards.

I gave over all Hopes, and expected nothing but a Trial, unless I could by any Means make my Escape, which was my last Hopes. Being on the Master's Side, I constantly kept up Stairs, so as the Turnkey had no Opportunity of seeing me so often as the other Prisoners; I thought it very practicable to go out in a Disguise at the Door, amongst Strangers: For this End, I sold a Velvet Waistcoat and Breeches for 2 *l.* 5 *s.* Part of which Money I was to have given to a Fellow-Prisoner, one *John Collins*,

kins, to let me have his Cloaths, and to assist in cutting off my Irons, which he did ; but in the Morning of the Day my Design was to have been put in Execution, my Escape was, by some other Prisoner, who was inform'd thereof, discovered to the Turnkey, who immediately double iron'd me, and put me on the Common-Side, where, to my Shame, I met with a just Fate, and earnestly entreat all young Men to take Warning by me.

RICHARD BRABANT.

He was Executed at Tyburn, *Wednesday, March 18, 1740-41.*

Mary Young *, *alias Jenny Diver, and Elizabeth Davis, alias Catherine Huggins, for a Robbery, Jan. 17, 1741.*

MARY YOUNG, *alias Jenny Diver, and Elizabeth Davis, alias Catherine, the Wife of Henry Huggins, were indicted for assaulting Judith Gardner, on the King's Highway, putting her in Fear, and taking from her Twelve Shillings in Money, the Money of the said Judith, in the Parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, January the 17th.*

Judith Gardner. Last Saturday Night, between 6 and 7 o'Clock, I was coming out of *Sherbourne-Lane*, and had Thirteen Shillings and a Half-penny in my Pocket ; the last House I came from was the *Black-Bull Alehouse*. There were some Boards laid over a wet Place at the Corner of the *Mansion-House*, and a Man laid hold of my Arm, and said he would help me over the Boards ; I said, if I wanted any Assistance, I could give the Man a Half-penny. Notwithstanding that, he held my Arm up a great Height, so that he numm'd my Fingers that I had no use of them. While he was doing this, the Prisoner, *Young*, came before me, and immediately I felt her Hand in my Pocket ; upon that I put my Hand into my Pocket, and seized her by the Wrist ; — her Hand was clenched in the Bottom of my Pocket : Upon my doing this, she with her other Hand struck me a great Blow on the Side

P 3

of

* *Jenny Diver was sentenc'd for Transportation by the Name of Jane Webb in April Sessions, 1738.*

of the Face, so that I was obliged to quit her Hand which was in my Pocket, else I should not have lost my Money: I then took fast hold of her Cloak, and never left her till I got Assistance to take her from me. The Man immediately quitted me, and ran away; I cried out, *For God's Sake stop that Man, for he has held me, while the Woman has robbed me.* A Coal-heaver happening to come by, laid hold of him by the Collar, and that other Woman, *Davis*, went up to the Man, and helped to get him away; she said she knew him, for he was a *very good House-keeper*, and lived the other Side of *Moorfields*: — She did not molest me, but endeavoured to get the Man away from my Friend, and, on his escaping, she was secured. I am sure the Prisoner, *Young*, is the Person whose Hand I took in my Pocket, for it was just under the first Lamp by the *Mansion House*, as you go from hence. When she pulled her Hand out of my Pocket, it was clenched, and I lost out of the thirteen Shillings and Half penny, two Half Crowns and seven Shillings, — I am sure I had it in my Pocket when the Prisoner came up to me. I can't say how near *Davis* was to me, but she help'd to pull the Man from the Coal-heaver, and *Young* dragged me, till she came up to them.

Prisoner. Did you see any Money in either of our Hands?

Gardner. No, but *Young* had her Hand clenched in my Pocket, and I said, *Hussey*, you have got my Money; upon which she struck me such a Blow, that I was obliged to quit her Hand; I should not have lost my Money, if I could have kept her Hand.

The Prisoner *Young* offered me, at the Butcher's Shop in *Bearbinder-Lane*, a Guinea and a Gold Ring, if I would put up with this, and let her go; she offered to leave it with Mrs. *Jefferies*, the Mistress of the Shop: I had her near an Hour in Custody before I could get an Officer. — The other Woman, *Davis*, on the Man's escaping, was secured by the Coal-heaver. I found *Young's* Hand in my Pocket, but she gave me the Blow before she left my Pocket.

Prisoner. Was you in Fear?

Gardner. Yes, to be sure I was; I was in Danger of my

my Life ; the Man kept me close up to the Boards, and the Woman came before me immediately.

Young. How long was it between your losing your Money, and your laying hold me ?

Gardner. I never left her, till Mr. Day, the Green Grocer, came to my Assistance.

Young. Where did you lay hold of me ?

Gardner. Just at the Corner of Walbrook ; — I had not set my Foot on the Planks, but I was as near to them as could be.

Davis. How far from Stocks-Market was it, that you laid hold of me ?

Gardner. I never laid hold of you, but I saw you pull the Man away : Mr. Day laid hold of the Woman in the red Cloak (*Young*) and the Mob helped to bring the other into Bearbinder Lane.

Prisoner. Was you in any Fear when your Money was taken away ?

Gardner. Yes, I was afraid I should get a Mischief by them ; I was afraid of my Life. I had her Hand in my Pocket some Time after the Man left me, and the Moment I cry'd out, he ran away. It was my right Arm which the Man held, and my Pocket I commonly wear under my Gown, on the right Side, so I clapped my left Hand, which was at Liberty, under my Apron, into my Pocket, in this Manner [*Here the Witness shewed the Manner in which she seized Young's Hand in her Pocket*] and seized her Hand clench'd in the Bottom of my Pocket : The Man, when he took hold of me, said, *I will help you over Child, for if you should slip into the Water, you will be worse off* : Immediately *Young's* Hand was in my Pocket, and I said, this Woman has got all that I have in the World : I quitted her Hand in my Pocket, to get hold of her Cloak, and to prevent her doing me further Mischief.

Samuel How. Last Saturday Night I was going to see my Sister and her Child home, and just as we came to the Mansion House, the poor Woman cry'd out, *Lord, I am ruin'd ! I am ruin'd !* I left my Sister, and laid hold of the Man, and this Woman said, this Man has ruin'd me : I held him about a Minute and a half, and these two Women (the Prisoners) came to me, and got hold of me : —

Those are the Women at the Bar, I will take my Affidavit of it, they were both upon me at once, and if it had not been for them, I should have held him. I saw them both near the Prosecutrix, before she cry'd out.

Davis. How far was it from the Place where the Man got away, to the Place that he laid hold of me?

How. While the Man and I were struggling, and they were upon me, away run the Man; I pursued him, and they ran after me, and then I laid hold of that Woman in the white Cloak (*Davis*) but she had a red Cloak on then; — I would not tell a Lie, if I knew it.

Mr. Day. I was sitting in my back Room, and a great many People were running by to *Bearbinder-lane*, and just against the Butcher's Shop, this Man had hold of the Woman with the white Cloak (*Davis*.) The Prosecutrix said, that Woman (*Young*) had picked her Pocket of Twelve Shillings, she had not a Hat on then, but one under her Cloak. I was resolved to see the *Upspot* of this, so I held her, and desired *Mr. Jefferies* to get an Officer, but he could not; however, at last I got one, who took the Prisoners into Custody.

Young. Was the Man at the Butcher's Shop by?

Day. Yes; the Woman said, that is the Woman that picked my Pocket, and I said I would not let you go till it was set to rights; — You took a black Hat out of your Cloak, and put it on.

Mary How. My Brother was going home with me and my Child, and just at the End of the Pales in *Stocks-Market*, I heard the Woman cry out, *The Man had held her, while the Woman robbed her*; my Brother then laid hold of the Man's Collar, and the two Prisoners flew at him, with both their Hands in his Face; I heard them say, the Man was a good House-keeper, and they knew him well. I laid hold of *Davis's* Cloak, and she desired me not to use her ill. The Woman that cry'd out was by the two Prisoners, but I really can't say, whether she had hold of *Young's* Cloak.

C. Was the Woman that complain'd she was robb'd, following the Man.

Mrs. How. Yes, directly down the Lane, they all went down by the Side of the Boards together. I put my Child into the China Shop, and followed them.

Young's

Young's Defence.

John Howard. I keep a *Hatter's Shop* in *Lothbury*, under the Church. Last *Saturday Night* about 7 o'Clock, I had been at a *Wine Vault* in *Bearbinder-Lane*, for a Hat to dress, and coming down the Lane back again, I heard a great Noise, the People cry'd, *Stop him! Stop him!* just by the *Mansion-House*. Coming nearer to the Place, I saw two Women, one nearer, the other farther off, one seemed to be in the Crowd, and they said this is one of the Women. They were both taken up, and somebody cry'd, *he has pick'd my Pocket*; I was surpriz'd, for these Women, to my Thinking, were going soberly along. The first Woman (I can't say which it was) had a white Cloak under her scarlet one; I believe it was that Woman that stands there (*Davis.*) They were going before a Justice, and I went down *Bishopsgate-street* with them to a Square there — I thought it a strange Thing, that the Woman should cry stop him; so I ran down *Throgmorton-street* with them, but my Cough coming, I could not keep even with them, but I sounded them all the Way, till they came thither; and while I stood here in the Yard, I heard a Man say, *I am sure I could never say who pick'd her Pocket, but I catched hold of the Man's Collar, and he got away.* I was close by the *Mansion-house*, when I heard the Words *Stop him!* — I was coming down *Bearbinder-lane*, and turning the Corner, there was a great Mob: — I had been to *Salter's-hall*.

Jury. We desire he may be asked, who these Wine-Vaults belong to?

Howard. I was ordered to go there, — it is a Wine-Vault just through *Salter's-hall*. I can't tell the Name. I went to one of the Servants, who had left Word for me at my Shop to come to him.

Jury. What is his Name?

Howard. I can't tell, — if I go to a Wine-Vault, I ask for the Servant that ordered me to carry the Hat.

Jury. Is it a Wholesale or Retail Cellar?

Howard. I don't know, there are a great many hundred Pipes in the Cellar.

C. Is it customary to dress Hats for People whose Names you do not know?

Howard. Yes, I carry them home, and sometimes I am

paid, and sometimes not ; if I carry a Hat to a Tavern, I say it is for one of the Drawers, and then enquire about the House for the Owner. I did not hear Women mentioned, but the Woman cried *Stop him ! he has robbed me ;* and when I saw the Crowd altogether, that *Davis* was a matter of 10 Yards from the Crowd.

C. Were they not held by any body ?

Howard. I believe it was that *Gentlewoman* (*Young*) in the Crowd, but I can't say any body held her. I have seen *Davis* before: — I know her no farther than her passing by my Shop two or three times, but if I was to meet her in the Street again, I don't know her, I could not swear to her.

Prosecutrix. I never saw this Man all the Time.

Mr. Day. I know the Man very well, and should have seen him, if he had been there.

John Michena. I had been to Mr *Siddal's* on *London-Bridge*, and coming back about seven at Night, there was a Mob, and I went to see what was the matter ; I heard a Woman cry out, *The Lord have Mercy on me, the Rogue has picked my Packet ;* and nothing said about Women ; — no one had hold of the Man nor Woman. There was a Man, and likewise two Women coming along, and another Woman after them, and there was nobody laid hold of, that I saw, for I did not stop, but went directly Home.

Davis's Defence.

Ann Jones. I know Mrs. *Davis* very well, she is a Mantua-maker, and lives near me by *Buttlem-Wall*, thro' *Great Moorgate*. She called me between three or four in the Afternoon, to go with her to the *Black Boy*, in *Deadman's Place*, and coming back by *Stocks-Market*, there was Fighting and a Noise, I was frightened and lost her in the Crowd ; — they said, they had laid hold of a Woman, but I did not see her ; I heard a Woman say, she had lost her Money, and spoke something of a Man, but nothing of a Woman. I take in Clear-starching and Plainwork.

Elizabeth Broadwater. I know nothing of this Affair, but the *Gentlewoman* (*Davis*) has lodged in my House about eight or nine Months ; she is a Mantua maker ; she behaved very well to me, and paid for every thing. I keep

a Cook's-shop, almost the very next Door to Mr. Wright's, the Baker's, at *London-Wall*, by *Great Moorgate*.

Jury. I am afraid you are near *Stocks-Market* very often.

Broadwater. No, I am not, — I live with my Father, and my Father lives with me.

Lydia Walker. I live in the Walk which leads from *Holy Well-Mount*, to *Hoxton*, and take in Quilting. Mrs. *Young* I have known better than a Year, she rents a Room in my House at two Shillings a Week, and takes in Plain-work. I have seen her receive Money, and never saw *nothing* but what was modest and well behaved.

Amelia Harwood. I have known Mrs. *Young* about three Quarters of a Year; Mrs. *Walker* desired me to help her to some Plain-work, and a very good *Workwoman* she is; she has worked for a great many good House-keepers that I know, and they liked her extraordinary well. I met her in *Whitechapel*, and desired her to go with me to the *Rose* at *Holbourn-Bridge*, so just as we came by the China-shop, the Corner of the Market, there was a Crowd, — it was about 6 o'Clock, and Mrs. *Young* said, somebody is beating his Wife, and she would go to see what was the Matter. We went up a Passage, and the Woman laid hold of her, and said, you are one of the Women that helped to rob me; presently another Woman was taken, and I was afraid they would lay bold of me.

G. Where was it, that the Woman laid hold of *Young*?

Harwood. I was in so much Surprise that I could not take Notice.

G. to Ann Jones. Was any body in your Company except *Davis*?

Jones. No, I did not meet that Woman in the red Cloak (*Young*) all the Way.

The Jury found both the Prisoners guilty. *Death*.

The following is a particular Account of the Transactions of the Life of Mary Young, alias Jenny Diver, &c. &c.

AS I am in a few Days to suffer for what I most justly deserved, and am to give an Account to the righteous Judge of all Things, for my past wicked Transactions.

I thought it a Duty incumbent on me, as I could no other Way make Restitution, to publish an Account of my past mispent miserable Life; I know in doing this, I shall give much Offence to those who have been Partners in my Crimes, and Partakers of ill-got Goods; but let them consider 'ere 'tis too late, that the Course they are now pursuing will one Day or other bring them into my sad State! I know, if it was possible to speak with the Tongue of Men and Angels, without they beg of God, and have a sincere Desire to reform, my unhappy Exit, as that of many Others before me, will be rather an Encouragement to pursue their wicked Practices, than work in them a Desire of reforming, as I must confess with all the Agonies of Horror, Remorse and Anguish of Mind, it was formerly with me! But Oh! If they felt the Racks and Tortures I now do! how would they wish! what would they give! had they reformed by timely Advice. I do sincerely hope that my untimely Exit may be a Warning to all unhappy Persons, and that they would take Example by me, and shun the fatal Rock on which I split. I hope those, I have any ways offended or injured, will forgive my past Transactions, for which I am very sorry and repent of, as the following Account contains a sincere and faithful Narrative of my Facts; and the various Methods taken in the Performance of 'em, I hope, as I have made a true Discovery, that my Companions will forgive me for so doing; and I beg that God would grant them his Grace and enable them for the future to take some honest, though ever so mean an Employ. The Hopes of which has engaged me to say thus much.

Mary Young, alias Murpbew, alias Webb, alias Jenny Diver, (whose true Name was Mary Young) was so great a Proficient in her Art, that she got the Name amongst her Companions of Jenny Diver, alias Diving Jenny, from her great Dexterity in picking Pockets; she followed this Profession between 14 and 15 Years; was born in the North of Ireland, but was entirely ignorant of her Family. When she was about 10 Years of Age, she was put to School by an old Woman whom she used to call by the Name of Nurse, who bestowed some small Matter of Learning upon her, as Reading, Writing, and Plain-Work, which latter she was dextrous at, being reckon'd an extraordinary

traordinary Workwoman with her Needle. When she was about 15 Years of Age, having an itching Desire to see *London*, and Quarrelling with the old Woman who kept her, she made an Agreement with the Captain who was to sail in three Days: Now her next Scheme was, how to leave the old Woman, and to get her Cloaths handsomely away, and Money to bear her Expences in her Passage, and when she came to *England*, to live on, 'till she could get into some Business, for as yet, she had not imbib'd any Principle to wrong or defraud any body, as she herself confessed.

There was a young Fellow who has paid his Addressee to her in the Quality of a Suitor, for the Space of a Month; now this Person being very solicitous to persuade her to become his Wife, she told him there was but one Way to make them both happy, and that was to go to *England*, telling him the old Woman, her Nurse, would never consent for her to marry him, and if he really loved her, as he pretended, he would soon comply with her Request; the young Fellow, being overjoy'd at this Proposal, promised her he would; when she had so done, she told him how she had already made an Agreement with the Captain, who was to sail in about three Days, and directed him where he liv'd, desiring him to get Things in Readiness by that Time; he promised her he would, and accordingly took his Leave: As soon as the appointed Time came, the Morning when they were to sail, the young Fellow, who was a Servant to a Gentleman of Fortune, and being willing to bring his new Bride a handsome Sum to support Expences, robbed his Master of upwards of Eighty Pounds, and his Gold Watch; and both getting Aboard, she for fear of her Nurse, and he for fear of being discovered, the Ship hoisted Sail, and arrived two Days after at the Town of *Liverpoole*, in *Lancashire*.

As soon as they came on Shore, *Jenny* being Sea-sick, her Spark proposed to stay two or three Days, in order to refresh themselves before they proceeded for *London*; so he, for fear of being known, got a Lodging at a private House in that Town. Now the Day being come in which they designed to depart, he pack'd up her Cloaths and his own, and put them in the Hands of the Waggoner, in order to be carried to *London*, proposing themselves to follow, and

so walk easy Days Journeys, till such Time they should get safe to Town. As soon as they had so done, they went to a Public-house, in order to get some Refreshment before they set out; and as soon as they came in, who should be there but a Person who was sent in quest of him by his Master; the young Spark was extremely surprized, and would have retreated faster than he came in, but it was too late, for the Person seized him, and told him he was his Prisoner, and immediately upon this hurry'd him with a great Mob before the Mayor. As soon as they came there (*Jenny* following him at some Distance, for in the Hurry and Confusion nobody took Notice of her) she heard him confess the Robbery of his Master, but never mentioned one Syllable about her; now just before this Accident, he had given her ten Guineas, in order to put in a little Purse which she had; the rest of the Money and the Watch being found on him, he was committed to Prison; as soon as *Jenny* heard this, she went aside to a Public-house, and wrote him a Letter, expressing a great Concern for this Misfortune, and promised to return his Things that were pack'd up for *London*; and likewise the Money which she had of him when it was in her Power; so done, she made the best of her Way to Town, never, as she confessed, being the least dismay'd at this Accident. After the Hurry was a little over, she was as good as her Word; for as soon as she arrived at *London*, she sent his Things, and, sometime after that, his Money. He was cast (which was after she had been in *London* some Time) for his Life, but was transported afterwards

As soon as she arrived at *London*, she got acquainted with one *J. M——y*, who was her Countrywoman, who took a Lodging for her near *Long Acre*, where she proposed to take in Plain-work; but Business not coming in according to Expectation, *M——y* takes her aside one Day, and thus expostulates the Case with her; says she, *Jenny*, Trading being dead, suppose we were to take a new Method of Life, which at present you are a Stranger to, but what I am acquainted with: *Jenny* being mighty desirous to know what it was; why, replied the other, if you'll go along with me this Evening, you shall be instructed in this new Art; but I must first swear you to Secrecy, for fear, if you should not like it, you should discover; upon

upon which *Jenny* promised she would obey her Directions in all Particulars, and swearing Secrecy, she was admitted into the Society that Evening, which consisted of four Persons, two Men and a Woman, with herself; their Business, that Evening, was to go upon *Cbeving the Froe*, (that is *Cutting off Women's Pockets*;) in order to do this, they attended the Theatres after the Play was over; she was appointed (as Being a young Novice in the Art) to stand *Miss Slang all upon the Safe*, (that is, *to stand safe at a Distance, as if not one of the Gang, in order to receive the Things stolen*) They got that Night two Diamond Girdle Buckles, and a Gold Watch, which they fenced at a Lock for seventy Pounds, now *Jenny* had but ten Pounds for her Share, by Reason that she did the least Execution, and was in least Danger.

Jenny, finding Money coming in pretty fast this Way applied her time very diligently in this new Study; and in order that she might be well versed in this new Employ, and learn the Cant Language, one of her Companions used to come every Day to instruct her in the Theory of her new Calling, as well as the practical Part; in order to which; she used to set aside two Hours every Day, for this Purpose, and soon became a good Scholar, and well versed in the aforesaid Tongue; *Jenny's* Master coming often to instruct his new Pupil, they contracted such a Respect for each other, that they agreed to live together.

By this Time *Jenny* was grown a compleat Artist, and got great Reputation amongst her Companions. One Day when they were all out together upon Business, at a noted Meeting-house in the *Old-Jewry*, where abundance of People were crowding, in order to get in, *Jenny* being very genteely dressed, she observed a Gentleman who was a very *Rum Muns*, (that is, *a great Beau*) who had a very *Glim Star*, (that is, *a Ring*) upon his *Feme*, (that is, *Hand*) which she longed to make, so giving the Hint to her Companions to *Bulk the Muns forward*, (that is, *Push*) they pushed him quite in; whereupon, the Meeting being pretty full, as soon as he was in, *Jenny* held up her Hand to the young Spark, that he might help her forward, which he perceiving, very complaisantly gave her his Hand, in order to assist her, which she readily accepting of, she gripped his Hand very fast, and while she had hold of his Hand

Hand, the People who were on the outside striving for Entrance, and *Jenny's* Companions pushing forward, in the Scuffle she squeezed his Hand so hard, that he was glad to get it away, and did not perceive her to take off his Diamond Ring, which as soon as she had effected, she slipp'd behind her Companions, saying at the same Time, it is in vain to get in, I'll come another Time, when there is less Crowd; her Companions convey'd her clean off, before the Gentleman had Time to miss his Ring, who called out to stop the Woman, but it was too late, for she had brush'd off with the Booty; this gain'd her great Applause amongst her Companions, who now appointed her an equal Share of every Thing they got.

The next Exploit that *Jenny* went on was, *Slanging the Gentry Most rumly with a sham Kinchin*, (that is, *Cutting well the Woman big with Child*) which was thus perform'd, *Jenny* had got two false Arms made, and Hands, by an ingenious Artist, and dressing herself very genteelly, like a Citizen's Wife big with Child, with a Pillow artfully fix'd under her Coats for that Purpose, and her Arms fixed on, she, by the Contrivance of the Pillow, hid her real ones under her Petticoat, and the artificial ones came across her Belly; dressed in this Condition, with one of the Gang in the Habit of a Footman, she takes a Chair, and goes (it being on a Sunday Evening) to the Meeting-house already mentioned; now it was so contrived by the rest of the Gang, that one should go before as a Scout, and bring Word to the supposed Footman, in what Part of the Meeting to set the *rummest Froes*; and likewise to *Saweer clearly*, (that is, *to keep a good Look out*) that they should have *Vid Loges* (*repeating Watches*) by their Side, that *Jenny's* Footman might place his Mistress accordingly. Now it was so ordered, that our big-belly'd Lady was plac'd in a Pew between two elderly Ladies, who had both Repeating Watches by their Side; she sat very quietly all the Time of the Service, but at the Conclusion of the last Prayer, the Audience being standing, she took both the Ladies Watches off, unperceived by them, and tipp'd them to one of her Companions, who was ready planted for the Purpose (and who went and tipp'd them to *Slang upon the Safe*; and then went back to be ready for Business.) Now the Congregation breaking up, every body was in a Hurry

to get out, and the Gang surrounded the Ladies in order to make a greater Crowd, and help *Jenny* off if she should be *smoak'd*.

The two Ladies had no sooner got out of the Pew to the Door, but they missed their Watches, and made a terrible Outcry, which alarm'd that Part of the Audience, who, enquiring what was the Matter, was answered, that the Ladies had lost their Watches; and, being asked again, who took them, answered, nobody, without the *D——l* and the big belly'd Woman had, who was now got far enough off. Nay, says one of the Ladies, that's impossible, for she never moved her Hands from off her Lap, all the Time of the Service. This Accident gathered a great Mob round the Ladies, some enquiring, others confounded at the Strangeness of the Robbery: In the mean while *Jenny* was slipped out to a House hard by, and had altered her Dress, and delivered herself of her great Belly, and returned with the utmost Precipitation to her Companions, in order to be assisting in the helping off with more Moveables, who was very busy with the rest of the Crowd, and while they were astonish'd at the Accident, they took Opportunity to make the Gentleman's *Loges* and *Tales*, (or Men's repeating Watches) and to *Chive* the *Froes* of their *Bungs*, (or cut off the Women's Pockets.)

They were very successful that Day, for no sooner was they got to the *Biding* (or Place where they divide the Booty) but they examined the Contents of their Booties, which was three *Bungs*, with *Lowers* (Purses) in each *Lower* there were ten *Ridges* (or Guineas) and two *Vid Loges*. These, with the Money they had got, and two *Tales* (or Swords) amounted to thirty *Ridges* a piece, after they had *fenced* the *Loges*, &c. which was all carried abroad, and disposed of by *R——J——n*, since dead.

After this Robbery, the Gang consulted together, and thought it proper not to steer that Way for some Time, for fear of being discovered. *Jenny* got so great a Name by this last Affair, that they all swore to act for the future according to her Directions in every Thing; which she thanked them for, and then made the following Speech.

It is now two Years since I entered into this honourable Society, and I think it is a Duty incumbent upon me, to advise

advise for our general Preservation, that the following Articles ought to be made for the Use of our Gang.

I. *That no one else be admitted without the Consent of the whole Gang.*

II. *That no one Person presume to go upon any thing by him or herself, upon Pain of being entirely turned off, and left to shift.*

III. *That if any new Member be proposed by any of the Gang, that he or she shall be a Month upon Trial, and all that Time shall be instructed at convenient Seasons in the Cant Tongue, so that they may speak intelligibly to nobody but the Gang.*

IV. *That if any of the Gang should happen to be taken upon any one Action, that the rest shall stand by him or her, and swear any thing in order to get such released; and if convicted, a sufficient Allowance to be given him or her in Prison out of the Common Stock, that they may live in a Gentleman or Gentlewoman-like Manner.*

These Articles were agreed to, and signed by them all.

Their next Adventure was in *St. James's Park* upon a fine Day, when abundance of People of Fashion were walking. In that Place, *Jenny* being well dressed, and her sham great Belly, with one of the Gang in the Habit of a Servant attending her, they took the Opportunity, coming out at *Spring-Garden Gate*, when a great Concourse of People were crouding, for the sham Lady to make a false Step and stumble; presently abundance of good-natur'd Gentlemen and Ladies, seeing a big-belly'd Woman ready to fall, was very busy striving who should first lend their Assistance, notwithstanding which, the Lady fairly contrived to fall down, and when they went to help her up, she made Signs, and gave them to understand, that she had so hurt herself by the Fright, that she could not presently recover so as to be able to stand upon her Legs; by this time more People came up to see what was the Matter, and she had so ordered it, as to fall just in the Middle of the Passage; and while the Crowd was gazing on, and commiserating the Case of the poor supposed distressed Lady, the rest of the Gang were very busy in speaking with their Pockets, Diamond Girdle Buckles, &c. They managed their Business so dextrously, that they got by this Adventure, two Diamond Girdle Buckles, a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuff-

Snuff-box, and two Purses, which contained upwards of Twenty Guineas. The next Day the Buskles, Watch, &c. were advertised, and a large Reward offered for them, which M——y proposed to restore for the Reward, when Jenny started up, and asked, who would venture Home with them? I, says M——y. Would you? Do you not consider the Consequence of returning them? Why, replied the other, there is no Questions to be asked. What then? replied Jenny, suppose there is not, apprehend you no further Consequence than that? No, replied the other. Why then, resumed Jenny, my Reason is this; suppose you go Home with them, and get the Reward offered, here lies the Case, the Parties injured will, though they ask you no Questions, take particular Notice of your Person, and some Time or other, when you are out upon Business, you may be *smoak'd*, and then perhaps all may be *blown*; so my Advice is, that whatever Things may be got, though we can *Fence* them but for two Thirds of the Value offered, yet it is much the safer Way, and less dangerous. This Reason the Gang applauded much, and presently consented to send them to their usual *Fence*, (who was one that used to trip over to *Holland* very often upon the Smuggling Business, and who gave most Money for Goods got in that Manner) and the Gang, for the future, very seldom made Restitution, but generally dealt with this *Fence*.

Some small Time after this last Adventure, two of the Gang fell sick, and were rendered incapable of turning out upon Business for some Time; now Jenny and her *Quondam Spouse* were obliged to turn out by themselves upon the *Slang Mort Lay*, described in the following Adventures.

Jenny being dressed as a big-belly'd Woman already mentioned, and her Spouse, as a Footman, in a Livery, used to take the Opportunity of the Master of the House's absence in a genteel Street, when the Lady's pretended Footman knocking at the Door, asked if the Lady of the House was at Home, and being answered yes, used to say my Lady here is taken ill, and desires to speak with your Mistress; and so, when she had introduced herself and Servant, they was not idle upon the Occasion, but generally made what they could that lay in the Way. One Day Jenny and her Servant being upon Business of this Nature

in *Burr-street*, near *Wapping*, *Jenny's* Servant knocked at the Door, and a Person coming and enquiring his Business, My Lady, says he, there, pointing to *Jenny*, is a little out of Order, and, being some Distance from home, desires to speak with your Mistress; the Servant desired the Lady to walk in, and said, she would fetch her Mistress presently who was above Stairs.

So directly in goes *Jenny* grunting and groaning as if she was half Dead. Down comes the Mistress, and sends the Maid in a Hurry up Stairs for the Chamber-pot: While she went to fetch the Smelling Bottle. While they were gone, *Jenny* took the Opportunity of opening the Drawer, and taking out a fine dress'd Suit, worth 60 Guineas, which she presently put in a Place made on purpose on the Inside of her large Hoop, and was got sitting in her Chair by the Time the Lady return'd in a very moving melancholy Posture, pretending to be almost dead. As soon as the Lady came, and her Servant with the Pot, the pretended Footman was order'd into the Kitchen, who had 'till then attended his Mistress, but, out of Decency, was desired to walk down 'till his Mistress wanted him; while he was in the Kitchen, he took the Opportunity to convey half a dozen Silver Spoons, a Salt, and a Pepper-box into his Pocket; and as the Lady and her Maid above Stairs were very busy in applying her Smelling-bottle to Madam's Nose, she took the Opportunity to convey the Lady's Purse out of her Pocket; when she had so done, pretending to be a little Better, ask'd the Lady's Pardon for the extraordinary Trouble she had given her, and returning many Thanks for her great Care and Kindness, desired her Man might be called to get a Coach, which he did in a Trice, and ordered the Coachman to drive to Mr. — naming an eminent Merchant near *Tower-street*, at the same Time taking Leave of the Lady, and inviting her to the aforesaid Merchant's; but as soon as the Coachman had drove out of Sight, he was ordered to stop, and Madam *Jenny* pretending she could not ride easy in a Coach: Here, *John*, says she, give the Coachman a Shilling, and let him go about his Business. As soon as this was done, *John* and his Mistress retreated another Way, and went clean off with the Booty. Two or three Facts of this nature put a stop to their farther Proceedings; the Circumstances

circumstances which attended the committing of it, being put into the public Papers, so that they thought it safest to desist from any more Tricks of this Nature.

Some Days after, *Jenny's* Companions recovering, they pursued their old Adventures with great Success; for in less than 3 Years they acquired above 300 Pounds a piece, besides Expences by these illegal Practices.

About this time the Gang agreed to go into the Country upon Business there; so they took a Progress down to *Bristol*, in the Time of the Fair, kept there in the Summer Season. Here they thought it necessary to admit a new Member, whom they found at that Place, who was esteemed a good Hand upon *The Twang Adam Cove*, (that is, *could draw him in by a fine Tongue, or Way of talking those, whom they had a Design to impose upon*) him they admitted after reading the forementioned Articles, and swearing him to Secrecy; here it was thought proper to metamorphose one of them into the Habit of a Servant in Livery. The two Women passed for Gentlewomen, Merchants Wives in *London*, and who had come down to see the Fair, and the two Men for Persons who came down as Dealers, and in order that they might more safely accomplish their intended Designs, they lodged at separate Places, their Reason for so doing was, that if any of the Gang was detected, the others might appear for their Characters, as Acquaintance accidentally meeting there; they had their Lessons so perfect, that each knew one another's Meaning almost by a Nod.

One Day, the whole Gang being in the Fair, they espied a West Country Clothier, who had just received a Parcel of Money, to the Amount of a hundred Pounds, which he had given to a Servant, and ordered him to carry it to his Lodgings, and lock it up in his Bureau, and likewise gave him a Key, and bid him return in about an Hour to the Sign of the *Fountain*, a Tavern in the *High-street*. The whole Gang upon this follows the Fellow, and jostles him in the Crowd, but he was so careful of his Bag, that they could not get it from him by this Means; so they were obliged to have Recourse to the following Stratagem.

One of the Gang steps after him out of the Fair, and giving him a Tap of the Shoulder, Friend, says he, did not
you

you part from your Master just now, and did not he order you to go Home with a Bag of Money. *Yea*, replied the Countryman, *and what then?* Oh! says he, your Master has altered his Mind, and is upon the Point of Agreement for some Goods with my Mistress, and desires you will bring it, in order to pay for them, at the—— naming a House where *Jenny* and the rest of the Gang were gone to. *Oh! moighte weell, moighte weell!* says the poor credulous Fellow; *Ise go wi' you;* so Cheek by Jole they go along together.

In the mean Time *J——*, who was dressed as the supposed Lady's Servant, amused the Countryman with what a handsome rich Lady his Mistress was, and how gloriously he lived with her, and how free she always used him.

By this Time they drew towards the House where the rest of the Gang were waiting. When they came there, *Jenny's* supposed Servant introduced the Countryman (who artfully, as they passed along, got his Master's Name, unknown to the poor ignorant Fellow.) When they entered the Room, who is this honest Man? says *Jenny*. Oh! Madam, it is Mr. *S——*'s Servant, come according to his Master's Orders. Oh! honest Friend, says she, sit down, your Master is just gone a little Way, and will return presently, but you must stay till he comes back: *Yea, Yea, Madam*, says the Countryman, *I shall wait on your Ladieship.* Come honest Friend, says she, will you drink a Glass of Wine? *No, Ise thank you, Madam.* Come, come, don't be bashful, you shall drink, so pouring out a Glass of Wine, he drank it off; come, now you must drink another towards your Master's Health. *S'blies, Madam*, says the Countryman, *Ise drink that, thof'twas a whole Mile to the Bottom;* so, taking the Glass in his Hand, drank it off; now, says *Jenny*, you must drink my Health; the Countryman with the two first Glasses being pretty much spirited, chatter'd, *Ads Wounds, Madam, that Ise do thof'twas as deep as the Sea; and I codd——* and so off it goes; well done, honest Friend, says *Jenny*.

Now, every Glass the poor Countryman drank, was mixed with a certain Quantity of Liquid Laudanum.

As soon as she had done this, Here *John*, says she, take this honest Fellow, and treat him handsomely till his Master

ster comes, and then I'll send for him in again; so the poor Countryman making twenty awkward Scringes and Scrapes, goes out, and was conveyed to a more close Room, convenient for the Purpose, along with his new Acquaintance.

When they had been there about half an Hour, and drank three or four Glasses of more Wine, the Countryman began to yawn, and in some small Time fell fast asleep. As soon as he perceiv'd this, the Signal was given, and the Gang came in, and took the poor Fellow's Bag of Money, paid the Reckoning, and ordered the Servant not to disturb the poor Man, who was weary, but let him have his Nap out. They went away, and going separately to their Lodgings, they got their Things in Readiness, and then made the best of their Way for London, leaving the poor Country Fellow to curse his new Acquaintance.

They made so many Things at this Fair, that when they came to Town, and fenced them, they shared 50 *l.* a-piece, besides Expences.

By these Means the Gang supported themselves in the most splendid Manner, sometimes living very profusely, like People of Quality; only they kept up what they termed a common Stock, to support themselves in Case of any Disaster, which was thus raised: When any Booty was got and sold, a Tenth Part was put by, to relieve the Gang in Time of Need, and the remaining Part was equally divided amongst them.

The usual Places of *Jenny* and the Gang's Resort in London, where there was no extraordinary Crowd in other Places, was the *Change*, the *Bridge*, &c. One Day, being upon Business at the last mentioned Place about five o'Clock in the Evening, the Gang espied a Lady very well dressed, on Foot, walking over, and when she had got about half Way, a sudden Hurry of Carts and Coaches coming over at the same Instant, she stood up at a Door in order to avoid them. One of the Gang, being genteelly dressed, steps up at the same Time, and says, *Have a Care, Madam*; and so standing before her, catches hold of both her Arms, that she should not be at Liberty to *Tout* the rest, and holds them up: In the mean Time *Jenny*, and the rest of the Gang, were very busy with her, and they were so dexterous, that before the Coaches got by, they made her Pocket, and walked off with it. As soon as the

Hurry

Hurry was over, the Lady dropp'd the suppos'd Gentleman a fine Curtsey, and humbly thank'd him for his great Care, and so took her Leave, little dreaming of her Loss: For they found in the Pocket upwards of Thirty Guineas, a Gold Snuff box worth six Guineas, and a Case of Silver Instruments.

The next Day, being upon Business, the Corner of *Change-Alley*, they got a Pocket-Book, in which was two hundred Pound Bank Notes, which they sold to their old Friend *J——n*, for a hundred and thirty Pounds ready Cash.

Jenny now took genteel Lodgings not far from *Covent-Garden*, and, living in a very gay Manner, kept a Servant to wait on her, and her supposed Spouse. They lodged in this Place, that they might be the readier to attend the Theatre, and convey their Booties the soonest off.

One Night, when his Majesty was at the Play-house, the Gang dressed *Jenny* up very gay, like a Person of Quality, and going in her Chair with her Footman before her, she got a Place in the Middle of the front Boxes; but having no Opportunity to do any thing while the Play was performing, she came out before the Entertainment was over, handed by a young Beau, whom she had picked up. She sounding him, found him a Country young Gentleman lately come from *York*.

The Spark, being very much enamour'd with his new Mistress, desired the Honour of conducting her home to her Lodgings. Laird, Sir, says she, that's impossible, for I am married, and if I should let a strange Gentleman wait upon me Home, what do you think my Spouse would say? Then, Madam, quoth the Youngster, permit me the Pleasure of waiting on you to drink a Glass of Wine. Sir, says she, it is what I don't care to do, but added with a Sigh, if I thought you was a Man of Honour, I durst venture to drink a Glass of Wine, for sure there is no Harm in that; but I am told, that there is so few Men of Honour, it is hard trusting. Madam, replied the enamoured Spark eagerly, I would sooner kill myself, than hurt your Reputation. With this last Expression *Jenny* seemed to be overcome, and went with the Spark to the *Rose*, the Corner of the Theatre, and calling for a Room, he said a hundred fine Things to his new Acquaintance. After *Jenny* had

had drank a Glas, and sat a Quarter of an Hour, she seemed uneasy, and wanted to be gone; our Spark used many Entreaties for her Stay, but in vain, for she positively insisted upon going (for as yet she had not given the Gang necessary Directions upon this new Affair, so to be sure she could not stay) then the young Spark insisted upon going with her, but she begged he would not trouble himself; yet with much Entreaty on his Side, this last Request was, with some seeming Difficulty, granted.

Then he called the Drawer, and ordered a Hackney-Coach to be got ready, and handed the Lady in with much Complaisance. *Jenny* ordered the Coachman to drive slowly to her Lodgings, naming the Place where she liv'd, and as they were going Home, he pressed hard for the seeing her again. She told him, she expected her Husband would be out of Town in two or three Days, and in that Time he might call upon her. By this Time the Coach came to the Door, so *Jenny* requesting the Favour, that the Spark would sit still till she got out, and get himself out at some other Place for fear of her Husband, she would be glad to see him in 2 or 3 Days, and in that Time prepare for his Reception.

The young Gallant, so over-joy'd, took his Leave; so *Jenny* got out of the Coach, and going up Stairs, found the Gang come there before, for it seems the Signal was for her to stay till the Play was done, and she coming out before, they had missed her. As soon as she entered the Room, they began to upbraid her for being out of the Way, for it seems by wanting her, they lost their Right Hand, for they made but one Gold Snuff-box that Night; but she soon pacify'd them by telling them her Adventure, and what she intended to do.

The Evening being come, in which *Jenny's* Spark was to appear, he came dressed very gay with a Gold Watch in his Pocket, a Gold hilted Sword by his Side, a Diamond Ring upon his Finger, and a Gold headed Cane dangling in his Hand.

Jenny, being ready to receive him, had dressed up two of the Gang in rich Liveries, and *M——y* as her Waitingwoman, very gay, and the Lodgings being very genteel, all Things seemed to look very grand.

The young Spark seeing this Grandeur, seemed quite amazed, and to be sure thought her some Person of Quality, as he afterwards privately told her; by and by up comes a Bottle of Wine, and some rich Sweetmeats, then the Footman was ordered to withdraw. Now Sir, says *Jenny*, you must think I have a great Respect for you, to be so free with you in this Manner; I hope you are a Gentleman of more Honour than to tattle of a Lady's Favours. The young Gentleman replied, he would sooner cut his Tongue out: After some small Discourse, *Jenny* gave him to understand, that she did not expect her Husband till very late that Evening, so the Spark begged hard, that during that Time, she would make him happy in her Arms: In short, she so contrived Matters, that she made him believe none of her Servants knew any thing of the Affair of his Stay, except her faithful Chamber-maid and Confidant; so conducting him into her Bedchamber, the young Spark being eager to enjoy his Mistress, soon slipped off his Cloaths and got into Bed; she pulled hers off more slowly, pretending to be very bashful, upon which he jumped out of Bed in order to assist her; as she was unbuckling her Shoes, she pretending to be modest, caught hold of his Hand, and seeming to admire his Ring, took it off his Finger, and put it upon hers; as soon as she had got into Bed, the Signal was given from the supposed Maid, who knocked at the Door, and told her that her Master was come Home: *Jenny* immediately jumped out of Bed. Lord! says she, what shall I do, I am inevitably ruin'd! Madam, says her Lover, what shall I do? Oh! Sir, says she, I have hit it, get into Bed, and cover yourself all over Head and Ears, and I'll take your Cloaths and hide them, lest perchance he should take it into his Head to come into this Room, and in the mean Time I'll go and persuade him that I am not well, and perhaps I can make him lie by himself to Night, which if I do, then I can have the Pleasure of being with you this Evening.

The Spark immediately did as he was ordered, and *Jenny* slipped on her Night-gown, &c. and went out of the Room, and locked the Door after her: When she came into the Place where the rest of the Gang was, they held a Consultation; the Result of which was immediately to quit the Lodgings, and leave poor *Pill Garlick* in the Lurch,

Lurch, which was immediately put in Execution, and the poor unfortunate *Enamoretta* left locked up by himself, who no Doubt cursed his new Acquaintance, which, for the future, 'tis thought, gave him a Caution how he entered into Intrigues of this Nature; they examined the Contents of this Booty, which amounted, when the Moveables were fenced, to two hundred and fifty Pounds. Now *Jenny* had the greatest Share of this Booty, because she did the most Execution; her Share coming to upwards of Seventy Pounds.

After this Robbery, the Gang retired into the Country, where they carried on their Adventures very successfully for the Space of half a Year, then came to Town, where she had not been long, before she was taken up for Shop-lifting, and was convicted for Transportation.

She lay in *Newgate* almost four Months, and then was transported. During the Time of her Confinement she turned *Fence*, and bought such Things as came in her Way, she having a Quantity of Money by her, and knowing this Business could no Way affect her, she being cast already; and when she went away, she had as many Goods, of one Sort or other, as would almost have loaded a Waggon. When she came on board, she was treated in a quite different Manner from the rest of the Transports, and was put ashore at the first Port they came to in *Virginia*. *Jenny* staid no longer there than to see the Country, for Business in her Way could not be transacted there; so, after she had diverted herself as long as she thought proper, she agreed with a Gentleman for her Passage, who was bound for *England*, who brought her over.

When she came back, she did not chuse immediately to come to Town, but went and took a Progress round the Countries; and after she had sufficiently tired herself, and the Country People with her Exploits, she came to *London*, where she, with some others, used to resort about *London-Bridge*, the *Royal-Exchange*, the Play-Houses, and *St. Paul's*.

In *April 1728*, in the Mayoralty of *Sir John Barnard*, she was try'd by the Name of *Jane Webb*, for picking the Pocket of *Mrs. Rowley*, who had been at *St. Paul's* to hear the Rehearsal; one *Mr. Addy*, who detected her, was offered 50 *l.* not to appear against her on her Trial; but

he, like an honest Man, refused it. At the very Time Mr. *Addy* seized her for picking the Pocket of Mrs. *Rowley*, she was going to pick the Pocket of Dr. *Best's* Lady. Another Person, who appeared against her on her Trial, said, he saw her pick twenty Pockets that Day, and had known her to have been a Pick-pocket these five Years; she was found guilty, and ordered for Transportation, and accordingly was transported, but returned again, and followed her old Practices, till she was detected for robbing Mrs. *Gardner* near the *Mansion House*, on the 17th of *January* last, for which Robbery she was capitally convicted, and suffer'd.

All the while she was under Sentence of Death, she never omitted coming to Chapel, behaving herself very devout, and seemingly very penitent for her past wicked Life. The Day before she died, she sent for the Nurse that nursed her Child (who lives in *Little-Britain*) which is about three Years of Age, and begged that she would now and then see it. and, telling her the Child would be taken Care off, desiring her to give it good Advice, and instil good Notions into it, when she came capable to receive her Admonitions, which the Nurse faithfully promised to perform while she liv'd; on which *Jenny* reply'd, I don't doubt of your Love for my poor Child, and so God bless and protect you; pray for my poor Soul while I am living, for I have greatly offended my good God.

The Morning she went to Execution, she seemed very composed; but, when the Officer came to halter her in the Press-Yard, she was very much shocked. She was conveyed to the Place of Execution in a Mourning Coach, attended by the Reverend Mr. *Broughton*, who went and prayed to her in the Cart. After some Time allowed her for her Devotions, she went off the Stage, crying to God to have Mercy on her, Christ have Mercy on me, Lord receive my Spirit, Sweet Jesus receive my Spirit, &c. After she had hung the usual Time, she was cut down, and conveyed to *Panaras*, in order to be interr'd in the Church-yard.

She confessed the Fact which she died for.

She was Executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday, March 18,*

1740-41

James

James Hall, for Murder, June 18, 1741.

JAMES HALL, of St. Clements Danes, was indicted for that he, being a Servant to one John Penny, Gent. not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, &c. on the 18th Day of June, on the said John Penny, then and there being his Master, in the Peace, &c. traiterously, feloniously, wilfully, and of his Malice afore-thought, did make an Assault, and with a certain Iron Bar, Value 2 *d.* which he the said Hall in his right Hand had and held, on the hinder Part of the Head of him the said John Penny, traiterously, feloniously, wilfully, and of his Malice afore-thought did strike, giving to him one mortal Blow, which broke his Skull; of which said mortal Blow, he then and there instantly died.

He was a second Time indicted for stealing a Silver Case for Instruments covered with Shagreen, a Lancet with a Tortoiseshell Handle, a Pair of Steel Scissars, a Blade of a Knife, a Blade of a Penknife, a Silver Ear-picker, a Pair of Tweezers, a Pair of Steel Spurs, a Silver Pencil, two Razors, 7 Sticks of Sealing Wax, a Pair of Gloves, a green Silk Purse, twelve Guineas, and twenty half Guineas, the Goods and Money of John Penny, Gent. in his Dwelling-house, June 18.

He was a third Time indicted for stealing a Silver case for Instruments, cover'd with Shagreen, a Lancet with a Tortoiseshell Handle, a Pair of Steel Tweezers, a Silver Pencil, two Razors, seven Sticks of Sealing-wax, a Pair of Gloves, a green Silk Purse, twelve Guineas, and twenty half Guineas, the Goods and Money of a Person unknown, in the Dwelling-house of a Person unknown, June 18.

The Prisoner pleaded Guilty to each Indictment, and received Sentence of *Death* accordingly.

The Ordinary of Newgate's Account.

James Hall was 37 Years of Age, and came of very honest reputable Parents at Wells, in Hampshire, who took Care of his Education at School, to have him taught Reading, Writing, and Accompts, sufficient to fit him for any Business,

Business, which he might (being often urged thereto) make Choice of: But *James* being of a roving Temper, not liking Confinement, came to *London*, and chose to live as a Servant to a *Meal-man*.

He married a Wife, who, he said, was not a Woman of the best Character; however he lived with her some Years, and had several Children by her, now dead; at length they had so many Disputes and Quarrels together, being for ever jangling, that neither of them enjoyed a Moment's Peace, so that they mutually agreed to part, and accordingly made a formal Separation; and after a few Years, he married another Wife, who visited him sometimes while under Sentence, and brought with her their little Daughter of two Years and a half old.

Hall had been a Servant to *John Penny*, Esq; Principal of *Clement's-Inn*, upwards of Seven Years, when he committed this horrid Fact. His Master, being a single Gentleman, lived in his Chambers in *Clement's-Inn*, and had nobody with him but *Hall*, to whom he had been ever a kind Master.

He pretended not to be so vicious as many such unfortunate Creatures are, though he certainly had great Failings and had been much given to Women. Owing some small Debts, not exceeding (as he said) five or six Pounds, and having some other little Incumbrances, he knew not easily how to get from, the Devil put it into his Head to murder his kind Master. For this hellish Purpose, he provided a big Stick or Club, which he hid for several Days under his Master's Bed. He had taken this damnable Resolution a long time, before he could find an Opportunity to put it in Execution, and followed him several Times to do it, though his Heart failed him; but at last the Devil's Power prevailed, and he perpetrated this dreadful Scene of Villainy and Barbarity, on his ancient Master, who was between 67 and 68 Years of Age, in the following cruel Manner.

The old Gentleman had been out the 17th Day of *June* last, on some Business, and came Home about Eleven o'Clock at Night, and, as his constant Custom was, sat in an outer Room 'till Bed-time. About Twelve, Mr. *Penny* being undressed, rose to go from the outer Room to his

Bed-

Bed-chamber, and as he walked along, this Monster of Wickedness came behind him, and with the afore-mentioned big Stick or Club, as himself said, (though the Indictment call'd it a Bar of Iron) he cruelly struck the old Gentleman in the hinder Part of his Head, which beat him down, broke his Skull, and he never spoke more; yet his Barbarity stop't not there, for he redoubled the Blow; and though he was fully dispatch'd, yet did this vile Man cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, and let all the Blood in his Body run out: And so artful was he to prevent Discovery, that he mixt Water with the Blood which he had put into the Chamber-pot, that it might not coagulate, and threw it down thro' a Grate into a Sink before the Door; then stript both the dead Body and himself stark naked, to prevent any Spots of Blood being seen on his Cloaths, and carried his Master's Corpse upon his naked Back round the Garden, and threw it into the Bog-house. Some of the Blood was spilt on the Floor, which *Hall* endeavour'd to wipe off, but in vain; neither could the Woman, who wash'd the Chambers, remove it.

After this dreadful Scene was over, he kept Possession of his murder'd Master's Chambers, and went to the Coffee-House as usual for his Master's Breakfast: The Deceased being missing, his Friends and Relations began to be very uneasy about him; they enquired every where both in and out of Town, but to no Purpose. At last 'twas thought proper to search the Bog-house, where the Body was found, after having lain there ten or eleven Days. *Hall* was taken up on Suspicion, but, being taken up just as *July* Sessions began, it was deferr'd 'till this last Sessions, when he was upon his own Confession convicted.

James Hall and *John Stevens*, alias *Henry Cooke*, (try'd and convicted the same Sessions) being on the Master's Side of *Newgate*, and knowing how desperate their Cases were, meditated an Escape, and, by the Assistance of a Country Butcher at *Hadley*, who brought them Pistols and a Hanger, they were in Hopes to effect it: But being discovered by a Fellow Prisoner, Mr. *Akerman* with *Jonathan* the Turnkey, about twelve at Night, rushed in upon them, took two Pistols from *Cooke*, and confined them more close in one of the Cells; and next Day the Butcher, coming again with more Tools, was taken, and put into the Condemn'd Hold.

Hall, after this Attempt, finding no Possibility of escaping, confessed the whole of this shocking Scene on *Sunday, August 23*, to a Friend, and on the *Tuesday* following related the same to the Relations of the Deceased, and confessed that the Murder and Robbery was entirely his own Contrivance, and that his Wife was wholly innocent, though she had been taken up on Suspicion, a Woman having sworn that she saw her go out of the *Inn* the next Morning, with bloody Linnen in her Apron, which proved to be a little inconsistent, as it afterwards appeared, by *Hall* confessing that he himself threw them in the Bog-house in a particular Place, where they were found ; however, she was before that Confession, admitted to Bail on Five Hundred Pounds Security.

Hall was an obsequious, ill natur'd, sullen Man ; inclined to Women, Drinking and Gaming, for which his good Master often reproved him, and gave him the best of Advice. While under Sentence, he behaved quietly, and professed Penitence ; but seemed a little too hard-hearted and indifferent.

Though he confessed the Murder, yet he would not own the stealing any more than a Purse with 36 Guineas, notwithstanding a great deal more in Cash, and two Diamond Rings, the Whole amounting to a considerable Sum ; was missing, but was some Time after his Execution found in his Master's Chambers.

He was a Man of good Sense, and could talk very well, though he made such a bad Use of it. He went to Church sometimes, and once received the Sacrament from a Friend of his worthy Master's.

Being asked, Why he pleaded guilty, and did not stand his Trial ? He said, it was to discharge his Conscience, and save his innocent Wife, who might, perhaps, upon a positive Oath, have been convicted, though she knew nothing of the Matter, nor was in any Shape concerned.

He seemed mightily affected, that his Body should be hung in Chains, and exposed to open View for many Years after Death. But, being reminded of the Heinousness of his Crime, and, that his great Duty was to mind the grand Affair, the Salvation of his Soul, which lives when the Body is no more, he then seemed more composed.

On

On *Wednesday*, the ninth Instant, when the Dead-Warrant was brought to *Newgate*, *Hall* was intreated, in a tender Manner, to make a good Use of his precious Moments, and to beseech GOD for Pardon for his Sins : At which Time, he seemed much mollified, and almost wept ; which was the first Instance of his being observed to be tender-hearted, or much affected.

Being asked concerning a Report pretty current about the Town, of his going several Nights into his Master's Room, very late, when he was in Bed, with a lighted Candle in his Hand, and looking in his Face, and his Master asking him what he wanted, and his retiring ; also, about his Master's observing to some Friends, that for some Time past, his Man seemed to look surly, and their advising him to make a strong new Bolt for the Chamber-door on the inside ? He absolutely denied them, and said, they were idle Reports, and that he never knew his Master entertain any the least Suspicion of him.

Some further Particulars relating to JAMES HALL, together with the Circumstances that attended the Commission of this most barbarous Fact, and the Motives that induced him thereto.

SOME Days before his Trial came on, he being conscious of his own Guilt, and labouring under the Horror of an awaken'd Conscience, sent for one Mr. *Hawkins*, of *Queenbith*, (a very honest Man, who had taken some Pains to bring *Hall* to a Confession) and desired him to come to him on *Sunday* the 23^d of *August*, which he did, when *Hall* confessed to him the horrid Murder, with all its barbarous Circumstances, but particularly desir'd him, that he would not tell it to any one till he saw him again : And accordingly the *Tuesday* following, *Aug.* 25, Mr. *Hawkins* went to him, when he desir'd Mr. *Hawkins* would acquaint the Dean of *Litchfield*, and Mr. *Wotton*, Nephew of the Deceased, with it, which accordingly Mr. *Hawkins* did, and they all three went (with another Gentleman) to *Hall* in *Newgate*, when he confirm'd what Mr. *Hawkins* had told them, which was as follows.

I had a Design to murder my Master about a Month or more, before I did it ; and, having kept pretty much Company of late, and spent what I had, and being in Debt, I was resolved to stay no longer ; accordingly, *June* the 17th, having drank myself to a proper Pitch, I determin'd to put my Design in Execution.

That Night my Master came home between Eleven and Twelve, and I pulled off his Shoes and Stockings, and he pulled off his Breeches in the Dining-Room, and was walking to his Bed-side, with his under Stockings on, when I came behind him in his Bedchamber, (it being soon after Twelve) and with a large Oaken Stick, which I had kept under his Bed some Time for that Purpose, and which I had bought with Design to murder him with, and knocked him down at one Blow ; and I am very sure he never knew who struck him, or was sensible of any Pain ; after this I gave him two or three Blows on the Head, and believe he was quite dead, for he neither sigh'd nor groan'd : This Stick I had in my Hand eight or ten times before, with a Design to murder him, but my Heart always fail'd me till now.

It's impossible to describe the Horror and Confusion I was in at what I had done, and I would have given a thousand Worlds if I had had them, that I had not done so cruel an Act, and I hated myself for the Barbarity of the Action, and yet the Power of the Devil was so great, that he prompted me to cut his Throat, which I had no Occasion to do, for he certainly was dead, or dying, when I began.

In order to do this, I went into the Dining-room, and stript myself stark naked; that no Blood might appear on any of my Cloaths or Linnen, and then took a little black handled Knife (with which my Master used to cut Fruit and Cheese) and cut his Throat, from whence issued such a vast Quantity of Blood, that it filled almost five Chamber Pots, when mingled with a little clean Water, which I did to make it pass through the Sink at the Door, the more easily; three of which Pots thus mixed, I flung down the Sink, and two into the Coal-hole.

Then I ty'd his black Waistcoat, which he wore that Day, about his Neck, which, being lin'd with Duffel, I thought would the more easily suck in the Blood from his Throat. As soon as this was done, naked as I was, I
flung

flung him a-cross my Shoulder, and run with him to the Bog-house, and threw him in Head foremost, about One, or soon after in the Morning, at the large Hole, where they empty Close-stools.

The Horror and Fear I was in was so great, that I rather flew than ran, never felt the Ground under me. As I returned from the Bog-house, my Fears and Apprehensions were such, that the Inn appeared as if all in a Flame of Fire.

When I came back to the Chambers, I took my Master's Coat, bloody Shirt, the Stick I knocked him down with, and some Rags I had made use of in wiping up the Blood, and run a second Time naked down to the Bog-house with them, and threw them into the second Seat of the Necessary-house, on the left Hand, opposite to where I had thrown the Body down, and where I believe the Relations found them : After this I opened the Writing-desk, Scrutore, &c. and took about 36 Guineas from out of my Master's Pocket and the Writing-desk, which I put into my Master's green Purse, which I found in his Breeches Pocket ; I also took several uselefs Things, as Wax, Franks, &c. which, with the Purse, I carried to Mr. *Knighi's*, the Taylor, on the 18th, who, upon my Commitment to *Newgate*, deliver'd them to Colonel *Deveil*. My Master's two Mourning Rings I had taken from his Fingers before I carried his Body out of the Chambers, and which Mr. *Wotton* has found where I directed him. I was under such Confusion, whilst searching the Chambers, that I scarce looked over half the Drawers or Places, or scarce knew what I took.

After this, I was all the remaining Part of the Night washing and rubbing the Rooms with Cloths, but found the Blood very difficult to get out, which made me wet them again, and light the Fire in the Morning to dry them, and then I went to fetch Mrs. *Laws*, the Laundress, to wash them over again, telling her my Master had bled over Night at the Nose, and smear'd them.

All that Day I went from Place to Place, but could find no Rest, or be easy, the horrid Murder of my Master still running in my Mind : But, though I had done so foul a Crime, all my Thoughts were taken up how to conceal it ; and the Body being in so secret a Place, I
thought

thought would not be found. Whereupon I went on *Friday* Morning, *June 19*, to Mr. *Wotton*, my Master's Nephew, to enquire after my Master, and to tell him he lay out all Night, and that he went out the Day before by Water, and said he would return at Night, but never did, and that I was afraid my Master had come to some Harm, though I never told him my Master had bled at the Nose over Night, and blooded the Rooms, as I did the Laundress; for he asked me so many Questions, and was so particular in enquiring after his Uncle, that it gave me great Uneasiness, and terrify'd me; afterwards I went generally twice every Day to Mr. *Wotton*, to know where to go to enquire after my Master, &c. though every time I went, I was under great Anxiety and Disquietude; and in this dismal State I continu'd, being all the while terribly afraid of lying, or even being alone, in the Chambers.

On the *Sunday* after the Murder, I was so afraid, that I had my Wife to lye with me in my Master's Bed, and all Night long I could not sleep for Dread and Horror; and, a few Nights after, I had her again to lye at Chambers with me; and frequently asked Mr. *Wotton* to send somebody to lay at Chambers, for I did not care to be alone.

On *Monday*, *June 19*, Mr. *Wotton* took me up, and when before the Justice, I stiffly deny'd it, as I did likewise the next Day, even after the Body was found, tho' I was all over in a Sweat the Instant I heard the Body was taken up.

After I was in *Newgate*, hearing Mr. *Wotton* had found Blood on the Wainscot, on the Pictures, on the Boxes under the Bed, and other Parts of the Room, greatly alarm'd me, for I, in my Confusion, had over-look'd it, and never saw it, though I continu'd so long in the Chambers, for I had not Resolution to look about the Bed chamber; and likewise hearing Mr. *Wotton* had, besides the Parcel found at the Taylor's, such strong Evidence against me, I grew greatly afraid, and thought I should be convicted; on this I readily came into a Proposal made to me of an Escape, which miscarrying, and I being detected, threw me into a Flood of Tears, for then I knew all Hopes were lost.

Soon after I was put into the Cells, and there, being so much alone, I began more seriously to reflect on my unhappy Case; and that, by my Denial of the Fact, I might bring

bring an innocent Wife into the wretched Place where I was (for she was then at large on 500 l. Bail) which might kill her and my Child, though I did not doubt of her Acquittal.

On these Considerations, as well as to ease my own Conscience, I determined to make an ample Confession, which I had frequently a Desire to do, but, when just ready to confess, I flew back, and remain'd inflexible; but now, resolved upon it, I sent for Mr. *Hawkins*, formerly my Fellow-Servant, to whom I related the Whole of this barbarous Murder, and desired him to acquaint Dr. *Penny*, the Dean of *Litchfield*, and Mr. *Wotton*, with it, which he did, and they, and he, came to me in the Press-Yard, to whom I confirm'd what I had confessed to Mr. *Hawkins*; and accordingly, as I told them I would, I pleaded guilty to all the Indictments the first Day of the Sessions.

This Confession gave great Ease to my tortur'd Soul, and made my Mind much quieter.

N. B. The above Account, of the barbarous Murder of my late worthy Master Mr. PENNY, which I now deliver to Mr. APPLEBEE, is just after the very manner that I committed that cruel and most barbarous of Facts. — *The Lord have Mercy on my Soul!*

Sept. 12th, 1741.

Saturday, 7 o'Clock.

JAMES HALL.

From my Cell at Newgate.

The following is a true Copy of a LETTER, which
JAMES HALL sent to his Brother WILLIAM.

Loving Brother,

'T' is no small Addition to my present Afflictions, to hear of the great Concern that you in particular are under for my Misfortunes; I am very sorry that I should be the Occasion of giving you so much Uneasiness, as also the Trouble it must be to the whole Family, and others my Friends and Acquaintance; but you may satisfy yourself, that none but the Ignorant will in the least reflect on you for my Misconduct and unhappiness,

py Fate. I would not have troubled you with this long and melancholy Account, but that I naturally imagine it will be more Satisfaction to you, to have it from my own Hand, than from the common News-Papers, which are generally very imperfect.

Friday, the 28th of Aug. last, I was called to the Bar at the *Old-Bailey*, (being the first Day of Sessions) when my Indictments were read to me, to which I pleaded guilty, in some Measure to ease my own Conscience, and clear my Wife, whose Innocency I was well assured of. Notwithstanding which, by some vile Woman swearing falsely against her, her Life was almost in as great Danger as mine, and Justice *Deveil* would have committed her to *Newgate*, had she not found Friends to give 500 *l.* Bail for her Appearance at the ensuing Sessions.

This cruel Treatment, together with the great Trouble she was in before on my Account, (and knowing her own Conscience to be quite clear of what was, or possibly could be alledg'd against her, relating to her being privy to the Murder) took such Effect on her, that had she been oblig'd to appear in Court, and tried for what she knew nothing of, it was much to be feared whether it would not have prov'd the Death of her, had not she been cast for her Life, which in all Probability she would, had it not been in my Power to have clear'd her, which was more then, than any Mortal living knew except myself.

Such false Witness ought to be deem'd guilty of Murder, the same as any one who murders another by open Violence, (as you may find it set forth at large in the 10th Chapter of the *Whole Duty of Man*.) This single Evidence upon the Account of the bloody Linnen, which she swore she saw my Wife bring out of *Clement's Inn*, on *Thursday* the 18th of *June* last, at 4 o'Clock in the Morning, might have been the Occasion of taking away two Lives, and both Innocent, for all she knew at that Time, as I said before.

A Relation of my Master's, who seem'd inclin'd to speak in Favour of this Woman, by saying, that he was inform'd there was another Woman of my Wife's Acquaintance in the Neighbourhood, one Mrs. B——, who was very much like my Wife, and that the poor
Woman

' Woman might be mistaken, by taking one for the other,
 ' which, according to my Apprehension, is doing Mrs.
 ' B—the greatest Injustice that possibly can be; for, ad-
 ' mitting that she was taken for my Wife, it must be po-
 ' sitively charging her with bringing out the Linnen. To
 ' clear which beyond all manner of Doubt, I have since
 ' declar'd where I myself put both Coat and Shirt, which
 ' have been found accordingly. And now I leave the
 ' World to judge, what Grounds any one can have to speak
 ' the least in Vindication of the Person who swore against
 ' my Wife. My being so very particular and punctual in
 ' this Matter, is not in the least in Favour of myself, for I
 ' freely own the Justice of my Sentence; but as I have
 ' now only a few Hours longer to continue in this World,
 ' I think it my Duty to do all that is in my Power to
 ' clear the Innocent, and take the Guilt on myself. So,
 ' dear Brother, the Lord protect you and yours.

From my Cell in New-
 gate, Sept. 11, 1741.

I remain your loving Brother,

JAMES HALL.

*The following Letter JAMES HALL sent to his Wife the
 Night before his Execution.*

My Dear,

12 o'Clock, Sunday Night.

' I Am very sorry we could not have the Liberty of a
 ' little Time by ourselves, when you came to take
 ' your Leave of me; if we had, I should have thought of
 ' many more Things to have said to you than I did; but
 ' then I fear it would have caus'd more Grief at our part-
 ' ing. I am greatly concern'd that I am oblig'd to leave
 ' you and my Child, and much more in such a manner, as
 ' to give the World room to reflect upon you on my Ac-
 ' count, tho' none but the Ignorant will, but rather pity
 ' your Misfortunes, as being fully satisfy'd of your Inno-
 ' cency in all respects, relating to the Crime for which I
 ' am in a few Hours to suffer.

' I now heartily wish, not only for my own Sake, but
 ' the injur'd Person's, yours, and my Child's, that I was
 ' as innocent as you are, but I freely own I am not, nor
 ' possibly can be in this World; yet I humbly hope, and
 ' fully trust, thro' God's great Mercy, and the Merits of
 ' my

‘ my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, to be happy in the next.

‘ After I parted with you, I received the holy Sacrament comfortably, which Mr. *Broughton* was so good as to administer to me, who has also several times before taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and so has some others of his Acquaintance, by whose Assistance, and my own Endeavours, I hope God will pardon all my Sins for Christ’s Sake, and admit me into his heavenly Kingdom.

‘ My Dear, some of my latest Prayers will be to God to direct and prosper you and my Child in all good Ways, so long as he pleases to let you live here on Earth, that afterwards he may receive you both to his Mercies to all Eternity. I hope I shall willingly submit to my Fate, and die in Peace with all Men. This is now all the Comfort I can give you in this World, who living was, and dying hope to remain,

Your loving, and most affectionate Husband,

JAMES HALL.

To Mrs. *Hall*, at Mr. *Wright’s*, in *Princes-street*, near *Leicester-Fields*.

He was Executed at the End of *Katherine-street*, in the *Strand*, on *Monday, September 14, 1741*.

FINIS.



